

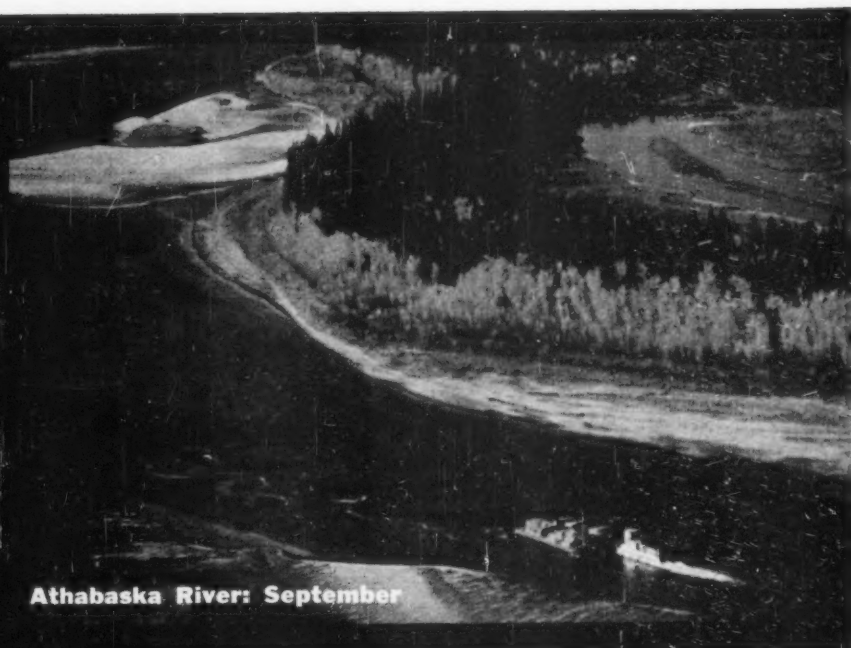
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NOVEMBER 15 1954 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

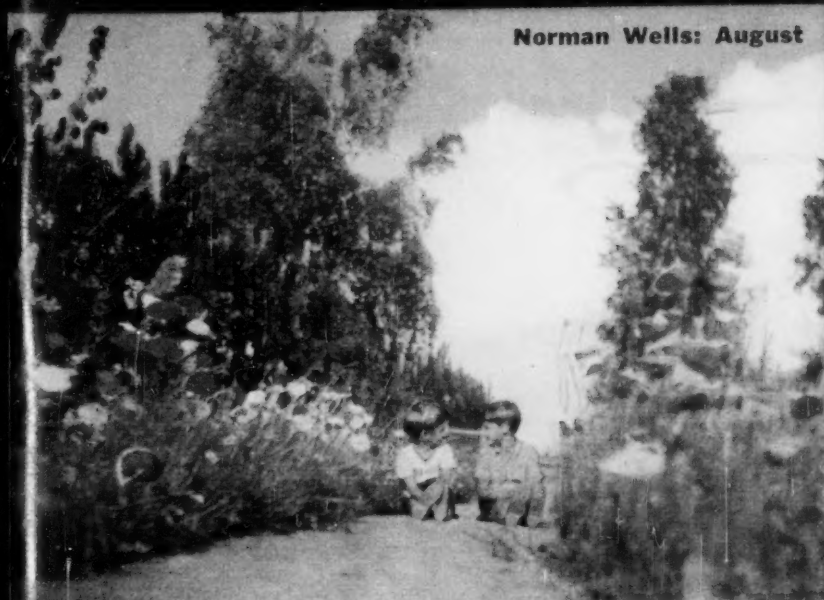
reports on The North



Barren Lands: February



Athabaska River: September



Norman Wells: August



Isle Royale: August



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EDITORIAL

We Haven't Done Right By Our North

MOST OF US take the same fierce and unearned pride in the Canadian north that we take in Jacques Cartier's voyage to Tadoussac or Marilyn Bell's swim across Lake Ontario. Every time we think of it our red corpuscles multiply by proxy and our stature soars by association. Just to be in the same general precincts, historically and geographically, makes titans of us all.

The fact is that, as a nation, we Canadians have put less heart, brain and muscle into the development of the north than we've put into any common undertaking in our national lifetime. The north has had more than its share of individual heroes and individual visionaries. It has had its corporate heroes and visionaries too. But the chief qualities brought to the north by government—and that means by the Canadian people as a whole—are timidity, parsimony, indifference and sloth. If the possession of vast amounts of land involves a duty to make use of it, we have not deserved the north in the past and have just barely begun to deserve it now.

As Trevor Lloyd has pointed out in one of his admirable studies of the north, our Arctic territories were thrust upon us largely against our will; only after repeated prodding from the British government and under the spur of United States interest in the area did our Parliament agree to "accept" the Canadian Arctic in May 1878. No one has since brought our legal claim into serious question but there have been many times, particularly during and just after the last war, when we appeared to be exercising the claim on sufferance. The United States was letting contracts for the Canol pipeline a month before the Canadian government authorized the project. Of a wartime plane route across the roof of Canada, Dr. Lloyd has written: "It is doubtful whether anyone in Ottawa knew of the whereabouts of all the scattered installations during 1943 and it has been said that the precise location of some of them was not revealed until U.S. authorities formally reported their discontinuance in 1944 and 1945."

In our highly incomplete network of northern radar and weather stations Canadians and Americans are again manning the Canadian north together. Since Canada is either not able or not willing to do the job alone, we can only rejoice that the Americans have been so ready with their help—and so careful to pretend, now that the pressure of war has been lifted, that it's really our show again and they're only participating as privileged guests. We can also only wonder why, within the last year, Mr. St. Laurent has found it necessary to refer so frequently to Canada's sovereignty in the Canadian north and to announce so pointedly that we don't intend to give it up. Could it be because Mr. St. Laurent has learned to fear what this nation should have learned to fear fifty years ago: the inescapable fact that history detests the absentee landlord and always catches up with him and leaves him dispossessed.

We have recently created a federal Department of Northern Affairs whose primary task will be to correct the ills of absentee landlordism in the north. The ills are there in plenty: the myth, so easy to believe back here in the comfort of the manor house, that the north is booming when, in fact, great areas are seriously depressed; the legend that we and our allies have solved the problem of northern defense when, in fact, we've only decided to forget about it; the fiction that we are educating the northern Indian and the Eskimo to be of greater use to themselves and their country when, in fact, we are turning them into a dependent peasantry.

If we face up realistically enough and quickly enough to the consequences of our neglect of the north perhaps history, so kind to us in the past, will be kind to us again. In the meantime southern Canadians—meaning ninety-nine Canadians out of every hundred—simply have not earned the right to be proud of the Canadian north. Until we do far more than we've ever done to populate and use it, we'll not be free of the danger of losing it to our enemies or to our friends.

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George Hunter, Pierre Berton, Doug Wilkinson.

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What The Public Has Not Been Told about ANTIFREEZE



If you hear there is only one "all-winter" or "permanent" antifreeze on the Canadian market, don't believe it! There are a number of first class antifreezes available in Canada.

All top quality antifreezes of the type commonly referred to as "permanent" are made from a remarkable family of chemicals called glycols. The glycols when mixed with water make a liquid which freezes only at extremely low temperatures and boils only at extremely high temperatures. It doesn't boil away during warm spells, as non-glycol antifreezes do. But these are just two of the reasons why "permanent" antifreeze is such an excellent value.

Every dependable glycol base antifreeze contains a chemical inhibitor to protect your car's cooling system . . . *positive* protection against rusting for the complete winter season. Automotive authorities

recommend that radiators be drained and flushed at least once a year. So . . . for maximum performance of your car this winter have the cooling system flushed and a fresh supply of antifreeze added.

It is more realistic to think in terms of "all-winter" protection, rather than permanent. But, whichever term you prefer, you can be certain a glycol base antifreeze will provide the best protection obtainable against both freeze-up and boil-away.

Remember — if you hear that there is only one all-winter antifreeze on the market, *don't believe it!* There are a number of dependable brands supplied by reputable companies! Ask the advice of your regular supplier as to the brand of antifreeze you should buy. See him soon — winter is just around the corner.

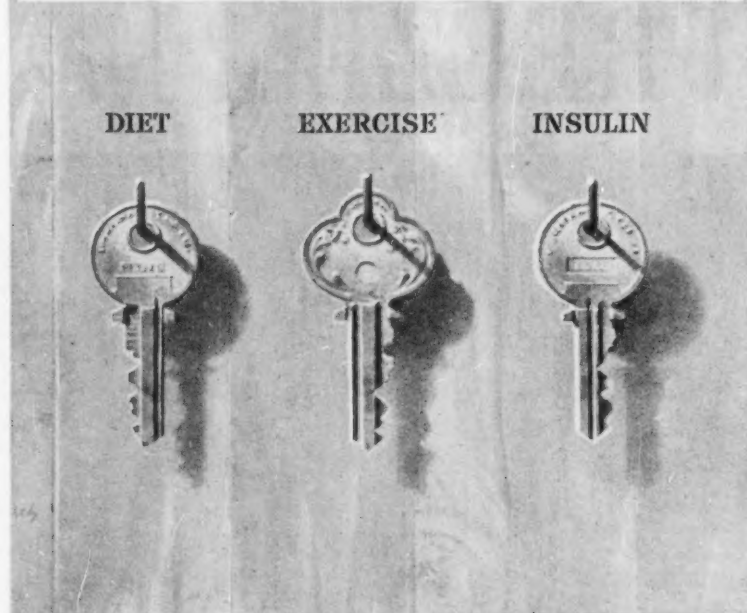
Dow Chemical of Canada, Limited does not make antifreeze but is the major Canadian manufacturer of glycol used in producing top quality all-winter antifreezes.

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THREE KEYS TO THE CONTROL OF DIABETES



DIET . . . Many diabetics can successfully control their condition by following a carefully regulated but varied and nutritious diet. There is one basic rule, however, that all diabetics must observe—they must restrict their intake of those foods that readily change to sugar in the body.

EXERCISE . . . In the successful treatment of diabetes, exercise is essential because it helps keep blood sugar at a safe level. In other words, exercise helps "burn up" sugars and starches so that they do not accumulate in the system and cause distress.

INSULIN . . . This substance is indispensable in those cases of severe diabetes that cannot be controlled by diet and exercise. Thanks to the development of increasingly effective forms of insulin . . . as well as greater knowledge of the disease resulting from continued research . . . diabetics can generally be controlled more successfully than ever before.

By faithfully cooperating with their doctors in using the three keys to diabetes control, most diabetics live full, active lives.

Studies indicate that hundreds of thousands of our people, who do not have diabetes now, are likely to develop it some time in the future. This is why it is so important to know the following facts:

1. You are more likely to develop diabetes if . . .

- a. the disease has occurred in your family
- b. you are middle-aged and overweight.

2. You should suspect diabetes if . . .

- a. you notice weight loss despite constant hunger and high food consumption
- b. you feel constantly fatigued, thirsty, or urinate excessively.

Early in its course, diabetes may cause no symptoms at all. In fact, it may progress silently and damage your health before you are aware of it. This points up the necessity of regular medical examinations. The earlier diabetes is discovered and treated, the better are the chances to bring it under control.

Fortunately, tests for diabetes detection are simple, speedy and painless. Everyone should have periodic health examinations . . . including urinalysis. If the test shows sugar, your doctor can make further examinations which tell whether you have diabetes. If you have the disease, you and your doctor can work together to help control it. With proper precautions, your chances of living long, happily and usefully are unusually good today.

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LONDON LETTER

BY *Beverley Baxter*



Can the North Produce Its Poet?

IT MUST be a wonderful thing to be the editor of Maclean's. There sits Ralph Allen in his ivory tower on University Avenue rejecting manuscripts, sending special writers all over the place, and generally behaving like something between an orchestra conductor and an imperial Caesar.

Therefore when he wrote me that Maclean's was doing an all-north number and wondered if I could fit my London Letter into the scheme of things I meekly answered "Yes." After all I sit for a north London constituency; my home is in the London postal district of North West 8; the House of Commons is on the north bank of the Thames, and the newspapers I once edited are on the north side of Fleet Street.

In fact by the time I finished this personal survey I felt like a Norseman and would not have been surprised if I had been served blubber for lunch.

The first time the word "north" fired my imagination was a few years ago in Toronto when, as a boy contralto in Professor Blakeley's Boy Trio of Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, we got an engagement to give an organ recital and concert in St. Andrew's Church in North Bay, Ont.

This was exciting. This was romance. Hitherto we had not journeyed beyond Galt and Guelph and London (Ontario) but now we were to go such a vast distance that we would travel overnight in upper berths. My father saw me safely to the train and I bade him good-bye with all the self-importance of a polar explorer going into the unknown.

Sometimes in our travels as a trio we took along a boy organist whom we affectionately called "the Shrimp" because he was younger than the rest of us. His name was Ernest MacMillan and he was pretty good with the organ keys. We did not suspect that he would someday be knighted for his services to music. However, it would be a dull world if young eyes could see the distant scene.

But at any rate the great Professor Blakeley was taking us to North Bay. He used to play a terrific piece on the organ called The Storm. By putting both hands solidly on the bass notes and expanding and contracting the bellows he would achieve such an imitation of thunder that people nearly put up their umbrellas. He was, in fact, a great showman. No wonder he ended up in Hollywood.

To this day I have never lost my love for trains. Even the little English trains that give a high soprano squeak and then dart out of the station still have a fascination. Imagine then an overnight CPR train drawn by an engine the size of Jove's chariot. How it groaned and shook and strained as it slowly left the station. There was none of that diesel engine nonsense of today

Continued on page 112



Cobalt looked like this when Baxter sold pianos there early in the century.

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A question for married women

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BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE in the North



The Loneliest Job in the World

FIFTY lonely men in five Canadian Arctic outposts are feeding out every day, to weather forecasters all over the world, some of the most useful information these harried soothsayers get from anywhere.

All fifty live north of any normal or natural human habitation. Even the Eskimo hadn't dwelt there for at least three hundred years, archeologists say, until the RCMP moved five families to Resolute Bay last year from areas where game is too scarce for the population. The eight men at Alert, on the shore of the polar sea that stretches unbroken to the North Pole 450 miles away, probably live farther north than anyone in the world.

They each spend a year there, most of it one long day and one long night, to do an important and long-overdue job that Canada and the U. S. had been neglecting until recently. Most of the weather on this continent, the North Atlantic and Western Europe originates in the Canadian Arctic, but as recently as 1947 the top of this Canadian sector was still a blank on the weather maps of the world. Canada did maintain fourteen meteorological stations on the northern mainland and the islands just north of the coast, but in the archipelago between Lancaster Sound and the polar sea we had nothing.

What little information we got from the really far north came, strange to say, from Soviet Russia. Weather observation is one of the few activities in which the Soviet Union still co-operates with the West, and probably the only one where the free world gets more than it gives. Only in the last four or five years have Canada and the U. S. been keeping their end up with a network

of far-northern stations, all on Canadian islands and under Canadian command, but jointly staffed and jointly financed by both countries.

It's a big, expensive job. Only the parent station at Resolute Bay, the most southerly of the lot, can be supplied each summer by sea. Ships can get to Alert and Eureka on Ellesmere Island some years, with luck, but the westerly stations at Mould Bay and Isachsen are always cut off by ice from the eastern Arctic and have to be supplied entirely by air.

Twice a year, in April and October, the RCAF assigns three or four of its "flying boxcars," C-119 transports, to move the goods that have been taken by ship to Resolute Bay and cached there. Each air lift moves about 350 tons in seven-ton loads, or approximately fifty round trips to all four "satellite" stations.

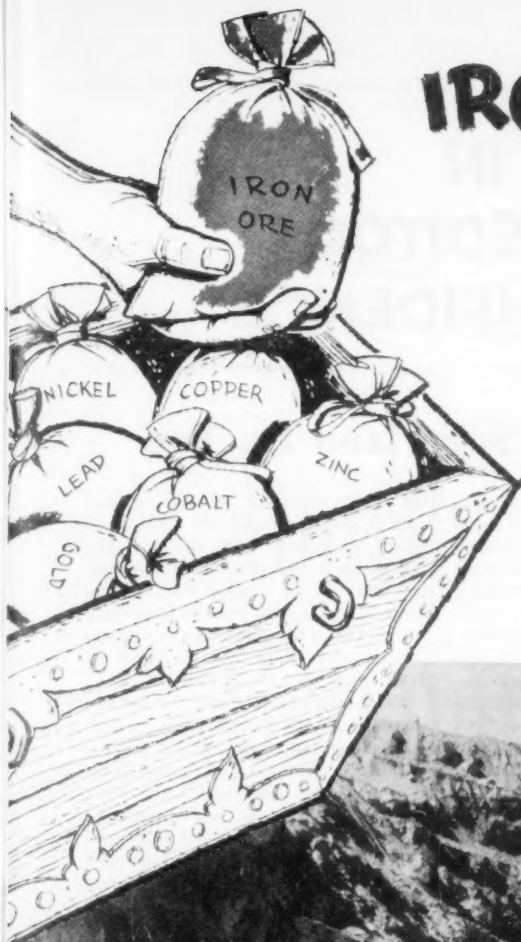
WHEN YOU step out of the plane at any of these satellite posts you find yourself shaking hands with a row of young men in identical khaki parkas and wearing, more often than not, identical brown beards. This makes them look like magnified sets of the Seven Dwarfs, and also makes it quite impossible for the visitor to remember which is which.

These are the real solitaires of the weather service. Resolute Bay is comparatively urban—mail every fortnight, movies every night, beer in the mess, occasional visitors and a permanent population of more than fifty including the RCAF personnel. The satellites have only eight men each, and these see no other soul in the long black night between October and April.

Most of them are young men about to be

Continued on page 109

IRON ORE - *New wealth from* *Canada's treasure chest of minerals*



Already one of the world's largest producers of minerals, Canada is well on its way to becoming a major supplier of another essential raw material — iron ore.

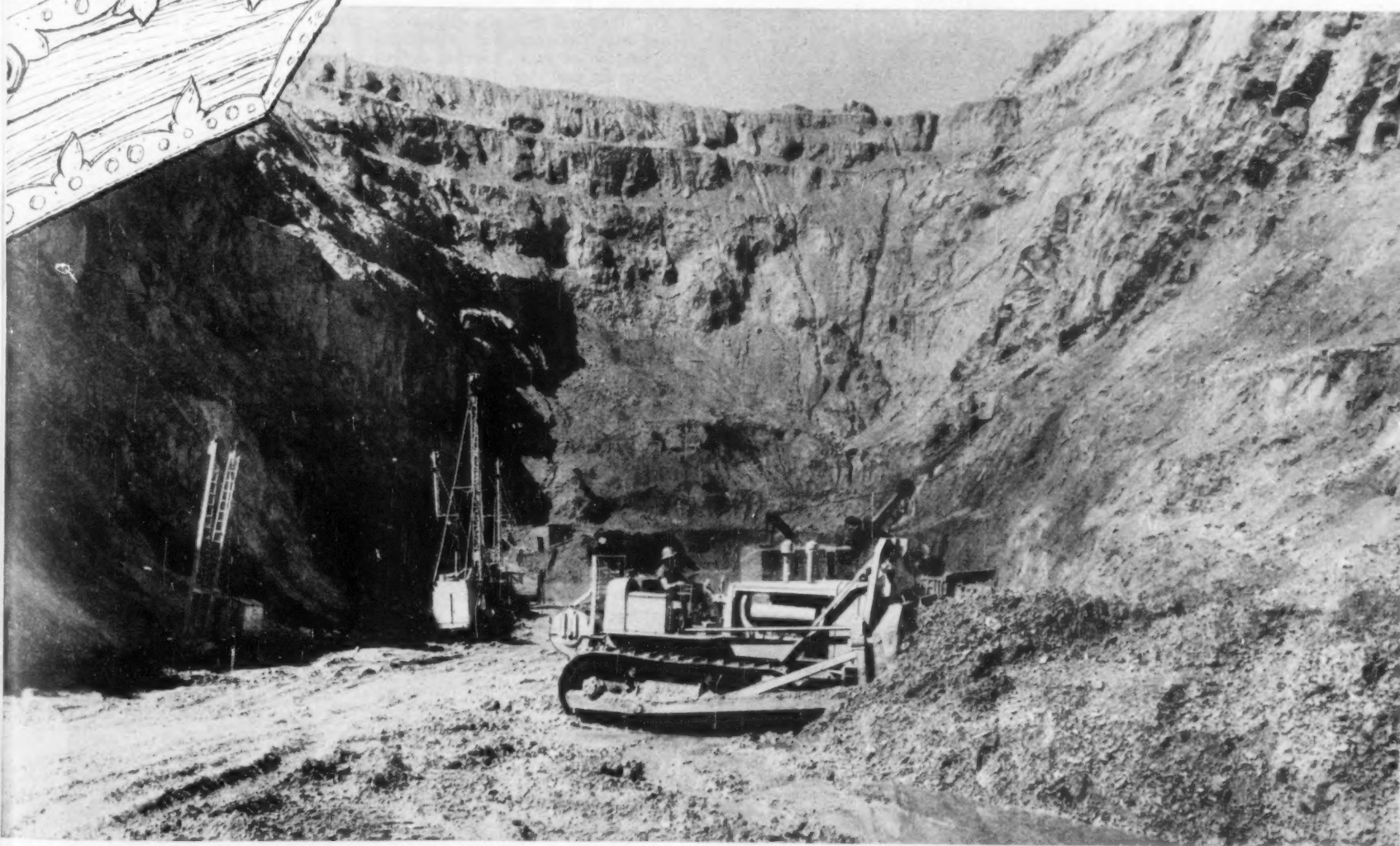
Leaders in the iron industry foresee an annual production of 30 to 40 million tons within a decade. This compares with a production of 123,000 tons in 1939 — just 15 years ago.

One of the big producers is Steep Rock Iron Mines in northwestern Ontario. Not long ago, Steep Rock was a lake. To get at the treasure hiding below, a river was diverted and 75 billion gallons of water drained. By 1960, the Steep Rock iron

range production is expected to reach nine million tons a year.

As on other mineral developments, fleets of Allis-Chalmers tractors are playing an important role in Steep Rock's operation — from building new roads to pushing the big ore trucks through tough going . . . from cleaning up around shovels in the pit to leveling waste material and stock piles of ore.

Nearby and in faraway places, Allis-Chalmers construction equipment is ever at the job of helping to develop the Dominion's vast resources . . . to add more and more wealth to Canada's treasure chest.



A LAKE BECOMES AN IRON MINE — A few chunks of iron ore found along Steep Rock Lake, Ontario, led to the discovery and development of Steep Rock Iron Mines. The deposit is said to be all high-grade ore, enough to keep production at a high level for many decades. Allis-Chalmers tractors are shown cleaning up an area of one of the open pits (above), and maintaining a stock pile of ore (right).

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Mrs. Grace Brown of Scarsdale, New York, keeps her hands lovely as a bride's with Jergens Lotion. She says:

**"I use detergents as often as you
...but Jergens Lotion
keeps my hands pretty!"**



Grace does plenty of laundry by hand. Detergents help, but they could ruin her hands. How does she keep them so pretty?



Jergens Lotion! This famous formula has been continuously improved for fifty years to help heal chapped, red hands instantly!



No other lotion works faster, or penetrates deeper. Lovelier hands at once! Jergens never leaves a sticky film (as many others do).



Contains two softening ingredients doctors have used for years. And Jergens, the world's favorite hand care, costs you less.
(Made in Canada)

Use Jergens Lotion—avoid detergent hands

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

The North Surprised Us Too

IN EXACTLY twenty minutes from now—start counting, Charley—the older and more weary members of this magazine's editorial department will arrive at a nearby public house and announce their pleasure. The clean-living majority will ask for wild cranberry juice. The others will order either Hootchinoo (the Yukon original of hootch: a mixture of yeast, berries and/or vegetable peel) or Lake Laberge Cocktail (half gin, half Eno's Fruit Salts). Whatever the differences of taste, we'll all be celebrating the same thing: the end of a hard job.

It's more than a year since we decided to put out a whole issue on the Canadian north. This is the last piece of copy for that issue, hence the irrational desire to salute a performance that all of us regret isn't three or four times as good as it is.

For the most part, this special issue was written and edited by members of our permanent staff. Pierre Berton traveled 20,000 miles on his general story. Blair Fraser traveled another 10,000 in preparing his report on northern defense. Bob Collins and Dave MacDonald consumed large quantities of time and distance in their respective stories of the Keg River doctor and Sir Wilfred Grenfell. But in spite of the efforts of the people who work here all the time, we'd never have got our northern issue out if it hadn't been for the ready and enthusiastic help we received from dozens of people to whom

the north is not a subject of discussion but a way of life. We can't thank them all here, so for our thanks we'll substitute the observation that if the people who believe in southern Canada believed as firmly as the people who believe in northern Canada then there'd be no doubt at all about our common future.

We think there are many surprises in this northern issue for the reader. There were surprises for the writers too. Pierre Berton, who grew up in the far north and has been back many times, had to buy a number of cotton T-shirts after his arrival in Aklavik because he'd brought nothing but heavy clothing and found the temperature 86 in the shade. Later Pathfinder Berton was forced to seek and acquire white shirts and Oxford shoes on the shores of the Arctic Ocean: without them, he'd been on the verge of becoming a social outcast.

Berton swears he was finally beginning to feel pleasantly informal and mildly bushed when he looked up from his camera one day in Yellowknife and spied the scene shown below. He declares he'd been all set to snap an Indian trapper when, without the slightest warning, the Duke of Edinburgh popped up in the middle of the lens. We don't really believe a word of the story and don't expect you to believe it either. Still, there's no doubt that the picture *did* show up in one of Berton's rolls of film. ★



At Yellowknife writer Berton saw a trapper and snapped the Duke.

Worth Defending



*"To you from failing hands we throw the torch,
Be yours to hold it high;
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep though poppies grow
In Flanders fields."*

And yet, when the parade is over and the last bugle note fades, it is so easy to "break faith" by being lulled into a sense of "nothing will happen here" . . . to let victory and freedom go by default.

"Hold high the torch" — but will we do it? We will if we respect the sacrifices of our soldiers, sailors and airmen through the great struggles in the past. Think it over in your mind . . . what they died for is worth defending now!



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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, NOVEMBER 15, 1954

The Best Shaves In Life Are These!

With The World's Newest Shaver



MOST COMPACT—YET MOST POWERFUL AND SUPER-HONED FOR SUPER-SHAVES!

WHAT man would want to shave any other way—once he tried modern power-shaving with the New Custom Schick—the world's most advanced electric shaver!

Every inch of its design is an example of the modern scientific trend toward packing the most power into the least amount of space. In fact, this newest of shaving instruments is the most compact, yet the most powerful shaver in history!

Beyond that, the New Custom Schick has exclusive Super-Honed heads that use this power with peak efficiency—to give you Super-Shaves. The cleanest, easiest shaves a man ever had!

But the best way to judge the New Custom Schick's new high-power shaving is to try it yourself!

MAKE THE FREE HOME TRIAL

Simply ask your dealer—or any Schick Electric Shaver Shop—for a New Custom Schick on the Free Home Trial. You must *want* to keep it—or return it to your dealer in 14 days and get back every cent. All you can lose is whiskers!

In new, slim-lined Caddie Case, \$29.95•The Famous Schick "20," \$27.95.

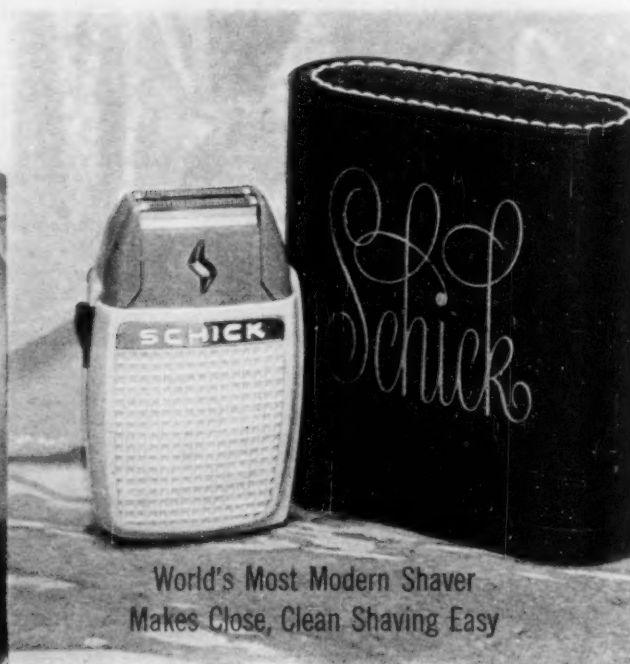
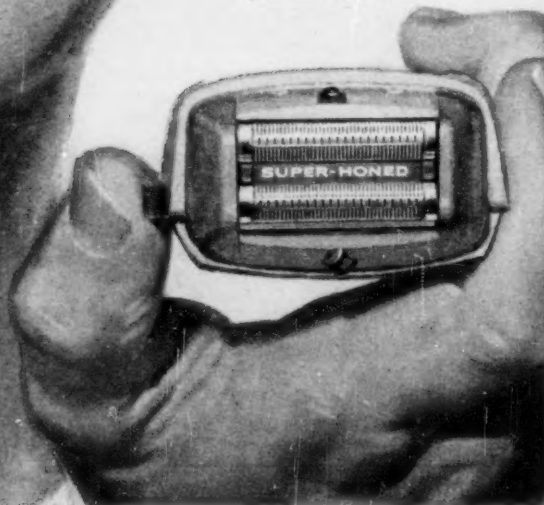
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MORE MEN USE SCHICK ELECTRIC SHAVERS THAN ANY OTHER MAKE

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Schick (Canada) Limited, Toronto, Ont.



This puzzling formation in the Mackenzie River delta is called a pingo. Under the vegetation it's solid ice. No one can quite explain what it is.

The Mysterious North

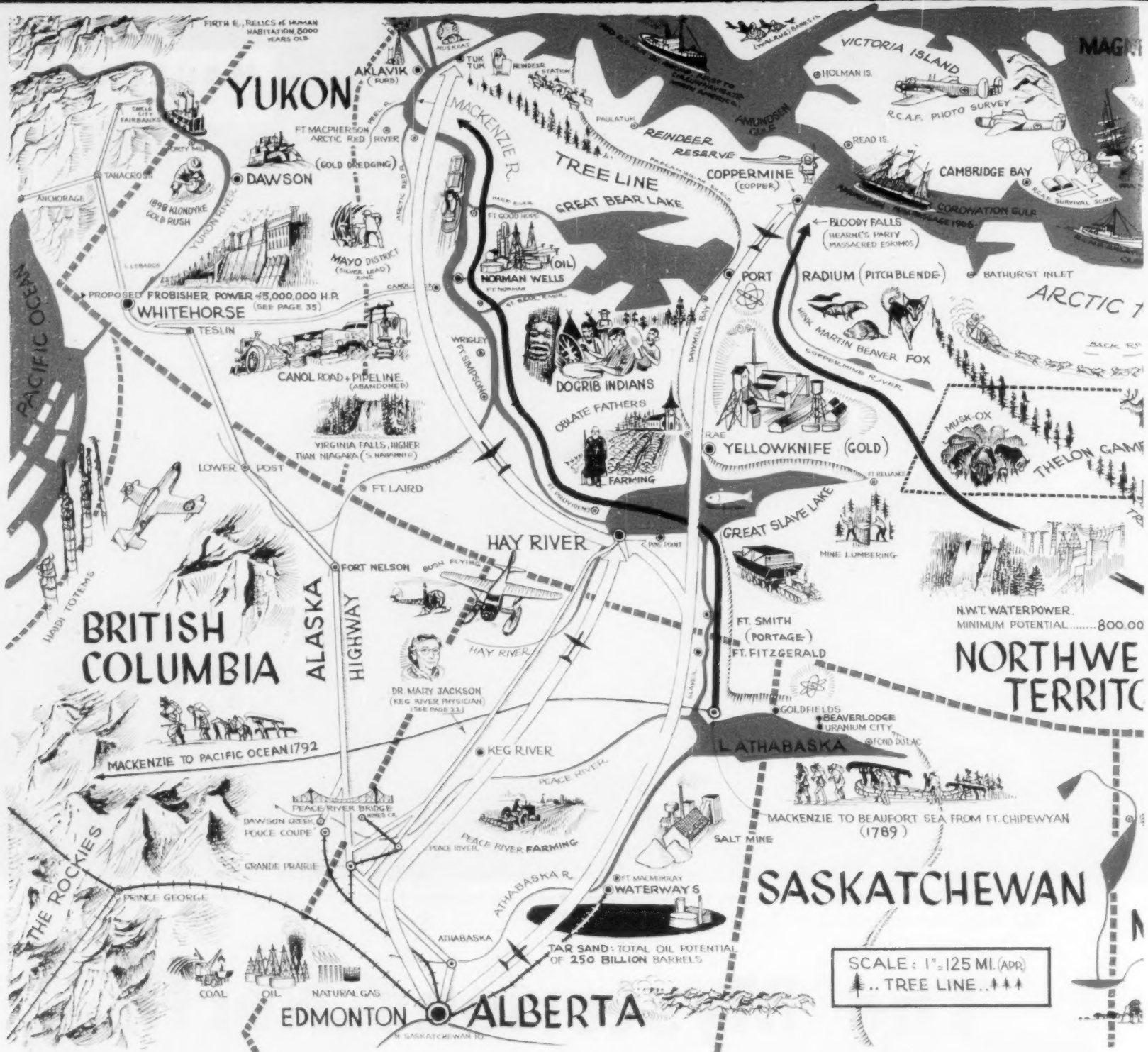
**It rolls endlessly on—a great jigsaw
puzzle with half the pieces missing.
Our neglect has almost lost it to us.
Now we can't take it for granted any
longer. Here's a report on the half
of Canada few people really know**

BY PIERRE BERTON

I AM WRITING these opening words on the deck of a stubby little tugboat bobbing along down the great water highway of the Mackenzie River system on its sixteen-day journey from northern Alberta to Aklavik on the Arctic delta.

It is a good place to begin a report on the north—that vague, unspecific term we Canadians apply to more than half our country—for the north lies all around me. Behind is the Athabaska country: tarsands that won't give up their oil, salt too expensive to mine and the biggest uranium production on the continent. To the west lie the fierce limestone crags of the South Nahanni valley where six companies are seeking oil, and beyond that the Yukon River which in the next generation will yield up twice as much power as the St. Lawrence Seaway. Over to the east, on the rim of the great Pre-Cambrian shield, sits the gold country of Yellowknife, and beyond that the tundra stretches off five hundred miles to

51 more pages of maps, pictures and stories on the Canadian north follow ►►



"No one who has not seen it can fully comprehend the size of the north."



Pierre Berton, managing editor of Maclean's, shown here on Mackenzie River tugboat, covered twenty thousand miles of north last summer.

Hudson Bay. And to the north the broad cold Mackenzie rolls endlessly on, a thousand miles or more to the Arctic sea.

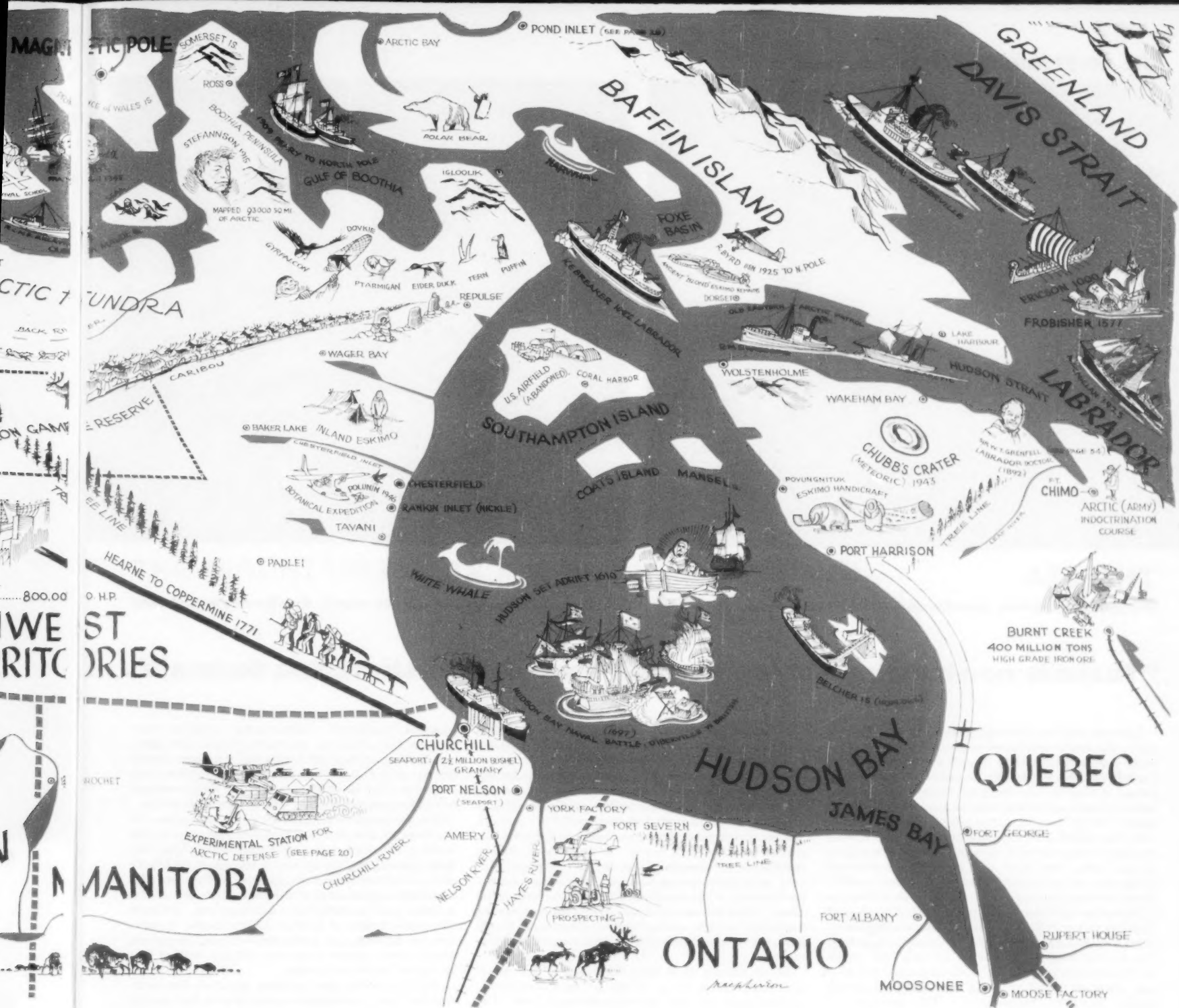
Here is the heart of the north—a land empty of road and rail—and this enormous watercourse draining one fifth of Canada is its only highway. History moved down this river. Before these tugboats chugged downstream the romantic stern-wheelers plied these waters. Before the stern-wheelers came the flat-bottomed York boats, gross with furs. And before the York boats were the explorers' canoes. Hearne touched this watershed almost two centuries ago on his magnificent sweep across the barrens from Churchill to Coppermine. A few years later the dour Mackenzie traced it to its mouth. Franklin knew it more than a century ago before he vanished into the snows.

Entire towns and villages, entire mines, entire army camps have moved down this wet grey highway. Yellowknife came down this river. So did

Port Radium and Norman Wells. The new town of Aklavik is coming down it now—265,000 board feet of it on the barge up ahead.

The name of our tug has the ring of the north to it. She is the Radium Yellowknife and the cargo aboard her five barges reads like a northern roll call: sulphur for the leaching plant at Port Radium, whisky for the oilmen at Norman Wells, a tractor for the reindeer station on the delta, speedboats for the Mounties at Arctic Red, fertilizer for the Oblate's potato patch at Good Hope, and—though this is only August—a crate of Christmas parcels for the Gilbey family who run the experimental farm at Simpson.

From the deck the country unrolls past us like a green rag rug, vast, empty, mysterious. It is the best month for travel in the north. The flies and mosquitoes are at an end, the temperature is in the mid-seventies, the river is comfortably high, the sandhill cranes speckle the cloudless skies. It is



You could drop the entire British Isles in here and never notice them"

pleasant to sit here on the deck and contemplate the vastness of the north.

No one who has not seen it can fully comprehend the size and emptiness of this country. The Yukon and Northwest Territories encompass a million and a half square miles and less than one percent of Canada's population. Here, on the Mackenzie watershed, is the most densely populated part of all. Yet for almost a day we have scarcely seen a sign of human habitation.

You could drop the British Isles in here and never notice them. Only five years ago an air-force flyer discovered three new islands in Hudson Bay, one twice the size of Prince Edward Island. No one had heard of them before. Where else in the world could a river, 190 miles long, be lost for almost a century? This happened to the Hornaday which flows into the Arctic north of Great Bear Lake. A missionary reported it in 1868. It wasn't seen again until 1948. During that time nobody be-

lieved it existed. No white man has yet traced it to its mouth.

All through the Canadian north there is unmapped land still waiting to feel the white man's moccasins. The idea tantalizes everybody but Canadians. Sometimes the north almost seems to be manned by foreigners. The Roman Catholic missionaries are largely French. The Protestants are largely English. The Hudson's Bay clerks are Scottish. The tourists are nearly all Americans. "Young Canadians are damnably uninterested in the north," says Lt.-Col. Pat Baird, the eagle-faced English explorer who has just retired as head of the Arctic Institute, a scientific society dedicated to exploring the north. Few of them apply for the grants the Institute gives for northern research. Ninety percent of these go to Englishmen and Americans.

Our neglect of the north, besides bequeathing us a native problem that will take generations to untangle, has on several occasions all but cost us sov-

ereignty of the Arctic. Indeed, as one historian has pointed out, "our concern about the north in the past can be correlated with the fear of losing it."

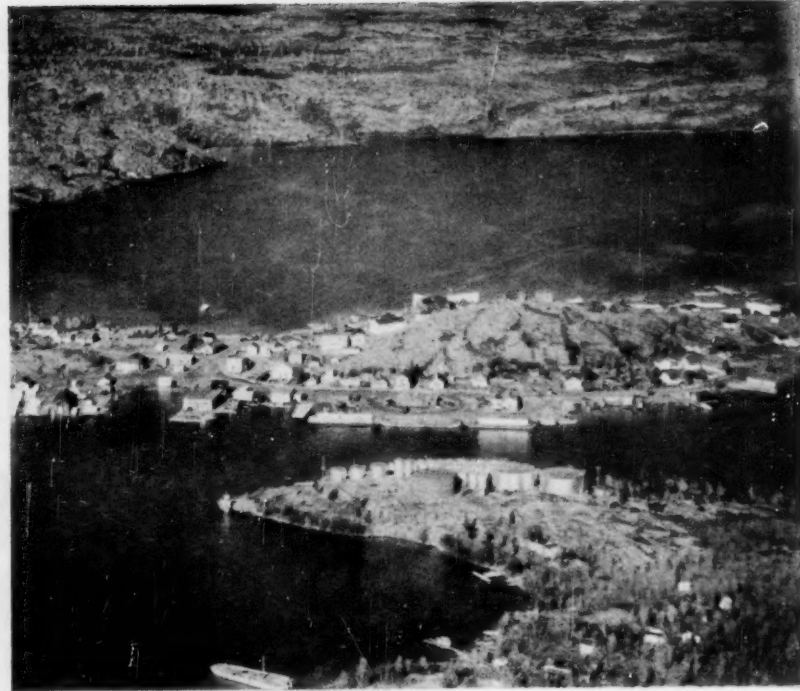
Now once again a Canadian prime minister has talked about "the active occupation and exercise of our sovereignty right up to the Pole." The result is the new Department of Northern Affairs, a new deal for the north and a slowly growing interest among Canadians in the unknown frontier across the top of the world.

It's not surprising, really, that we should have taken our north for granted for so long. We have plenty of frontier at our back doors without trekking north of fifty-five for it. And the north has been jammed down our schoolboys' throats, like Shakespeare, until we are a little weary of it. It is a very real part of our history. Indeed it has a record of sustained exploration that reaches back into the mists of the Elizabethan age, longer than any other world area, for we are still exploring it.



THE SEA

In July, Ungava Bay shivers as its ice pack breaks up . . .



THE ROCKS

but Yellowknife bakes on its stark Pre-Cambrian stone.

"There is no single north, but several, each quite distinct and separate"

Like the aurora glowing greenly in the August night, the north continues to elude us. It remains as it was in Frobenius's day, a land of mystery. Canada has the largest Arctic and sub-Arctic territories in the world. But we have less scientific information about them than of any other northern lands.

If the north is a mystery to outsiders, it is a mystery to northerners as well. There is a saying in the north that after five years in the country every man is an expert, after ten years a novice. I was born and raised in the north. I've worked in a Klondike gold camp, traveled the Yukon and Mackenzie by boat, driven up the Alaska Highway, ridden an Eskimo sled on Baffin Island, eaten buffalo at Fort Smith, reindeer at Aklavik and moose at Whitehorse, watched gold bricks poured at Dawson, uranium mined at Great Bear and pitchblende stalked south of Yellowknife. This summer, to gather material for this article, I've already traveled fifteen thousand miles, with more thousands ahead of me. Yet to me, as to most northerners, this land is still an unknown quantity. Perhaps that is why it holds its fascination. Like the aeronautical maps with their huge blank spots, it is an enormous jigsaw puzzle full of missing pieces.

Men have traveled the northern seas for almost four centuries, yet they still aren't fully charted. Lord Tweedsmuir, son of a former governor-general, traveling in the Hudson's Bay ship *Nascopie*, once asked the captain where they were. The captain replied dryly that by the latest Admiralty chart they were 150 miles inland.

The maps are still a maze of dotted lines and guesswork. I flew last June across the east coast of Baffin Island where the blue sea cliffs are listed at 1,600 to 2,500 feet. When the altimeter read 2,500 the cliffs still towered a thousand more feet above us.

This is a country of unanswered questions, of geological puzzles and scientific mysteries.

What is the purpose of the narwhale's tusk—that single spiraling spear of ivory that gave us the legend of the unicorn?

What is the gestation period of the musk ox—

that prehistoric tundra wanderer, with a bull's body and a sheep's wool, who has no living relative and who dates back to the Pleistocene era?

Who were the mysterious people who came before the Eskimos and left behind nothing more than a handful of strange fluted arrow points to mingle with the bones of sloth and mammoth?

The answers to these northern puzzles are as elusive as Franklin's bones. We still have only a smattering of knowledge about the one great natural phenomenon common to the entire north, permafrost. The very name wasn't coined until 1943. And it wasn't until 1948 that we finally answered in the affirmative a three-century-old question: Does Hudson Bay freeze solidly in the centre?

Small wonder then that our views of the north are conditioned by a tangle of misconceptions. These run all the way from the romantic belief that it is a frozen world of ice and snow to the naive assumption that it may soon become a booming civilized community of cities and farms.

The greatest misconception, of course, is that the north is all of a piece from the Klondike to Ungava. You might as well lump Scotland and Serbia together because they both belong to Europe. There is no single north, but several, each quite distinct in climate, topography, economic and social structure.

The high Arctic, which never knows any real summer, bears little relation to the Yukon valley where the temperature can rise to a hundred degrees. The treeless tundra northwest of Churchill,

where sixty-year-old willows grow no higher than three inches, has little in common with the Mackenzie farmlands where a stem of grass can sprout five feet in a month. The stark, Pre-Cambrian rock on which Port Radium is perched is long removed from the spongy delta into which Aklavik is sinking.

For the north is a land of violent contrasts. It has some of the most breathtaking scenery in the world. There are the deep fjords which bite into Baffin Island, walled by blue mountains and blocked by enormous emerald glaciers. There are the fantastic canyons of the Nahanni where one of the nation's great waterfalls lies hidden away. There is the green finger of Kluane Lake, in the Yukon, curving around the continent's tallest mountain range whose peaks plummet straight out of the clouds to the water's edge.

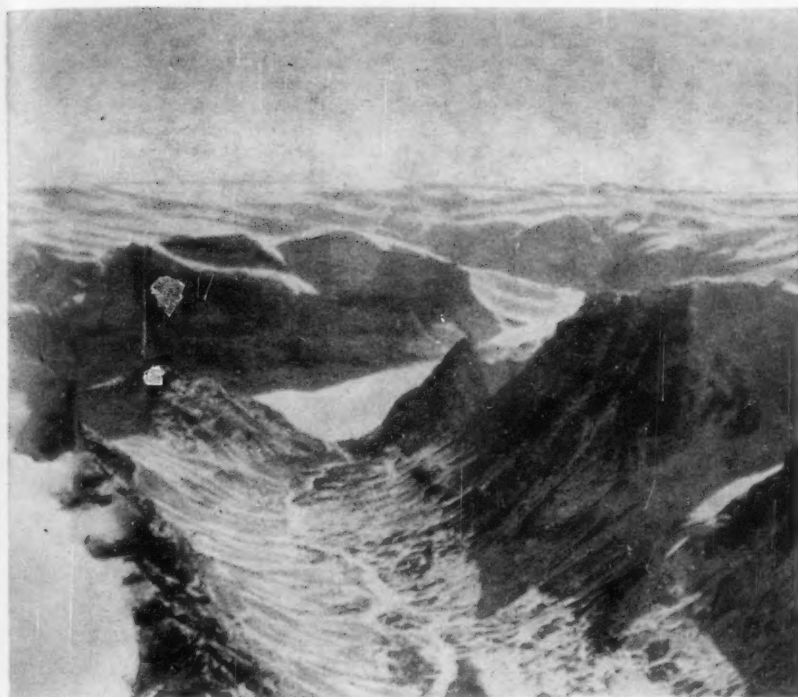
But the north also contains some of the most desolate and monotonous stretches in the world. The Dismal Lakes, between Great Bear Lake and Coppermine, are truly named. "Anything more unspeakably dismal I never saw," the traveler George Douglas remarked. Another explorer, Henry Youle Hind, stood on the tableland above Labrador's Moisie River and wrote that "words fail to describe the appalling desolation." Indeed, there is so much monotony in the north that its very vastness takes on a sort of grandeur, like the barren grounds that stretch for hundreds of miles, their starkness broken only by those curious geological oddities with the elfin names: the *pingoes* and the *polygons*, the *drumlins* and the *eskers*.

Our north contains more lakes than the rest of the world put together, all the way from little green-eyed Muncho on the Alaska Highway to Great Bear, the continent's fourth largest—so cold that it remains frozen until the end of July. But it also encompasses one of the world's great deserts, the tundra, where the precipitation is no greater than on the Sahara. The fact that thousands of lakes happen to lie in this desert country makes it all the more confusing.

The north is full of such paradoxes. In fact it's possible to prove just about any theory by the use of isolated examples and statistics.

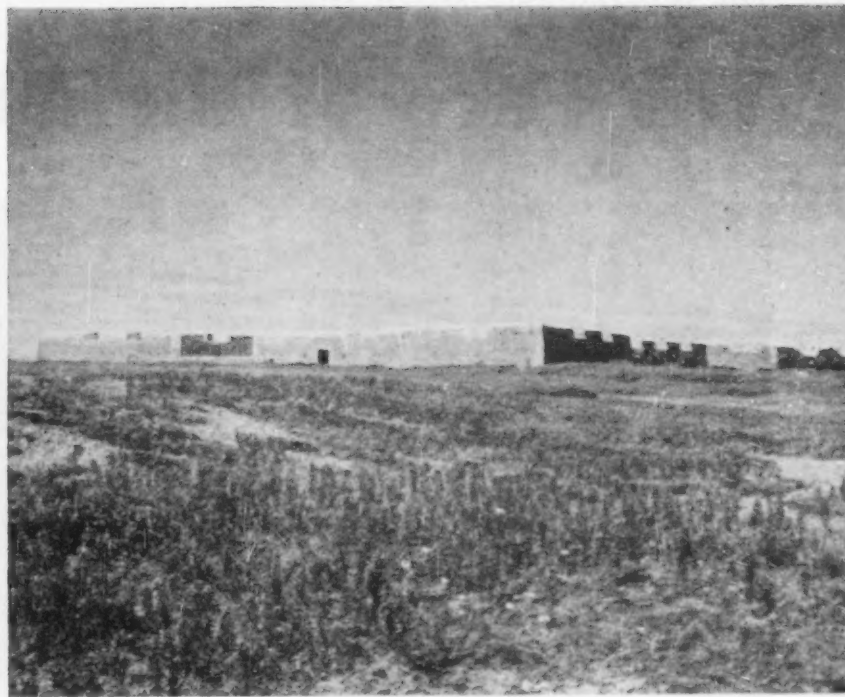
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR THE MYSTERIOUS NORTH BY

Pierre Berton Wilfred Doucette
George Hunter Richard Harrington
Phil Shackleton Doug Wilkinson



THE MOUNTAINS

While ageless snows sweep Baffin's jagged crags . . .



THE BARRENS

fireweed brightens the tundra on site of old Fort Churchill.

... A land of violent contrasts where the very vastness takes on grandeur"

Is it a frozen waste? There are plenty of places where Eskimos wear furlined parkas the year round, where planes land on skis in June and the temperature never goes higher than fifteen degrees above frost.

Is it a sunny paradise? At Fort Smith, which we have just left in our tugboat, the thermometer has sometimes reached 103 above. This is hotter than has ever been recorded at our southernmost city, Windsor. Spring comes to Norman Wells, nudging the Arctic Circle, just as soon as it does to the Gaspé. The average July temperatures in Dawson City are the same as the ones on the central prairies. And it sometimes gets colder in Winnipeg in the winter than it does on some of the

Arctic islands just south of the Pole, where the thermometer seldom drops under 45 below.

The truth of course is that the north is neither paradise nor wasteland. It remains a frontier with only two important resources, furs and minerals. It is still desperately remote and costly to reach and develop but it is capable of supporting if necessary (but only if necessary) a much larger population than it now has.

It is popular to think of the north as booming. This is true only of certain areas. It is true, obviously, of that gnarled and ancient world of Ungava where the iron ore is already moving to the sea. It will be true, presently, of the southern Yukon where Frobisher Limited is in the first stages of a

project to develop five million horsepower.

This will mean a new boom town for the north. Because of the smelter it is likely to have a more stable economy than most northern communities. For most of the booms have been followed by busts, and the north is sprinkled with tragic monuments to these burst bubbles in the form of ghost towns, all the way from the fossil city of Dawson to the unrealized-dream community of Cameron Bay on Great Bear Lake.

There remains one serious flaw in the northern economy: Almost every community is based on a single resource. When the bottom falls out of gold, Yellowknife suffers a slump. When the bottom drops out of furs, the river ports face a depression.



One Thousand Miles Apart . . . But Each a Part of the North

The photograph on the right represents many Canadians' idea of the north. It shows a lonely man in a parka treading through swirling snow. It was taken last winter at the Resolute Bay weather station. The photograph at the left shows another side of the Canadian north. It was taken last August on the south shore of Great Slave Lake at Pine Point, where an enormous ore body of lead and zinc is being developed. The summery little scene looks as if it might have been snapped outside Toronto or Winnipeg. Actually this handful of neat cottages is far removed from highways or even scheduled air services. The nearest railway is three hundred miles to the south. But Pine Point's three housewives have refrigerators, washers and gas ranges.

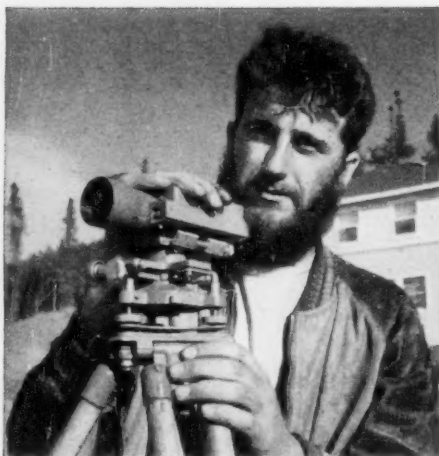


The Face of the North



NURSE

Hazel Sproule in Yellowknife hospital. Because of isolation northerners often get better facilities than small Outside communities.



SURVEYOR

Cam Dubord works near Uranium City. North is alive with surveyors. Plumb bobs and transits are just as familiar as dog teams.



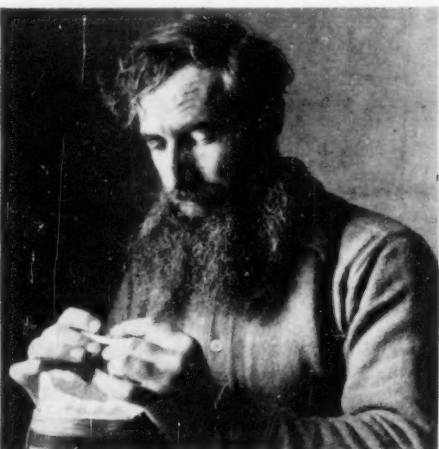
POSTMISTRESS

Sara Newsam weighs out the regular mail at Fort McMurray. Northerners now get frequent letter service except in eastern Arctic.



TRAPPER

George Lush, an old-time trapper on the barrens, wears homemade clothes tailored from skins of caribou. He shoots, tans and sews.



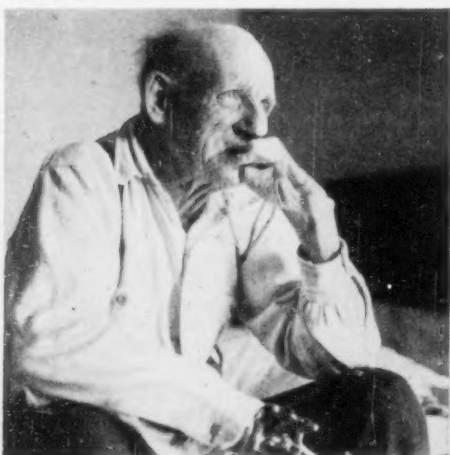
PRIEST

Father Vandeveld, Oblate missionary, lives in stone hut at remotest mission of all: Pelly Bay on Boothia Peninsula in Arctic sea.



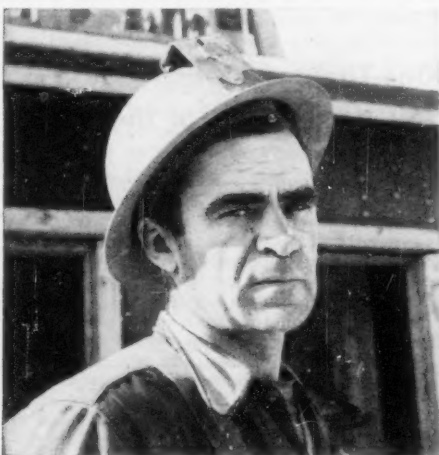
DEACON

Jim Edwards, an Indian minister, preaches in three tongues—English, Loucheaux and Eskimo at All Saints Anglican Cathedral, Aklavik.



PROSPECTOR

Bill Johnson has taken part in all northern stampedes of past 50 years. He lost hands in a dynamite blast during rush to Yellowknife.



MINER

Al Boucher is one of a handful of men taking out preliminary ore at Pine Point, which is likely to be the scene of a future boom town.



ESKIMO

Jim Koiakak, fiercely independent, wears hair in old style. Once he started his own religion. At 80, he lives in a skin tent at Coppermine.

John Hornby, that bizarre and mystic little Englishman who roamed the barrens for a generation, called that stark country "the land of feast and famine." He wanted to write a book with that title but he starved to death before he began it. The phrase remains an apt one and it could well apply to the north as a whole.

Nowhere is this more evident at the moment than in Aklavik, the greatest fur-trading post in the world. I visited it this summer, a romantic little town built on the shifting silt of the Mackenzie delta, so far from civilization that it costs Eaton's almost seven dollars to airmail a catalogue to a customer. A bottle of whisky costs almost double what it does Outside and pork and beef are so expensive the community lives mainly on reindeer meat.

Aklavik, baking in the 82-degree summer heat, looked to me at first glance like a boom town. There had been new building everywhere. Fresh piles of lumber stood in the streets. Not only that but the population had tripled in a decade or so.

Yet the hard fact is that Aklavik is in the middle of a depression as black as the one that hit the outside world in the Thirties. Fur is its only commodity and it is a sad but evident truth that the decision of a few Paris couturiers can affect the lives of hundreds of families on the delta.

Aklavik lies in the heart of the muskrat country. Even the small boys at the mission school have trap lines on the edge of town. Four years ago 300,000 muskrat pelts poured through Aklavik, selling at an average of \$2.02. This year the prices had dropped to 55 cents, and because muskrats run in cycles, only 150,000 were trapped. Thus, Aklavik's income was down to one seventh of what it was four years ago.

This is only half the story of Aklavik's plight; the rest is more ironic. All the building I saw in Aklavik was government construction. It was absolutely necessary to build new wings on schools and hospitals because the native population is increasing so swiftly. The old people are living longer, more babies are surviving, tuberculosis has been controlled by free chest X-rays, mothers are getting better prenatal care, family allowances are encouraging bigger families and old-age pensions have made grandparents a blessing instead of a burden.

This is true everywhere on the river. In the Fort Simpson area last year, to cite a dramatic example, there were fifty births and only one death. The Eskimo and Indian races are finally on the increase.

This is Aklavik's problem—more natives than ever before, less income for them. And it is on these natives that the entire fur country rests. The police, traders, missionaries and government men are here solely because of them. If the native is broke, the country is broke, as the Scott Fruit Company of Edmonton found out this year when it had to cut shipments of vegetables to the Mackenzie by one third. Last year Bert Boxer, a white trader in Aklavik, reluctantly closed his post and moved to Yellowknife. His business had been cut in half and he was losing money.

In the boom times the Indians and Eskimos in Aklavik became accustomed to a standard of living that approached the white man's. I met only one who still enjoys it today. This was Fred Carpenter, undoubtedly the richest Eskimo in the world. We sat and talked aboard his shining \$28,000 schooner North Star, while his sister did the family wash in a big new gas-powered machine.

This long-nosed, freckled man in new plaid shirt and slacks bears no resemblance to the traditional grinning parka-clad Eskimo. Like most western Arctic natives he has white blood. His father was a whaler, but he was brought up without schooling in a snowhouse and a skin tent. Now he has \$15,000 in the bank.

Carpenter likes to talk about his home on Banks Island where, in the words of Inspector W. G. Fraser of the RCMP, he is the nearest thing left to a king in the modern world. His house is lit by electricity, has inlaid linoleum floors and is furnished with chesterfield suites bought by mail order. He owns two washing machines, three radios, a sewing machine and another house at Tuktuk on the coast. His children eat corn flakes, not seal meat,

A new cabinet minister . . .



Jean Lesage, shown at Tuktoyaktuk on Arctic Ocean, is Canada's first Minister of Northern Affairs. He toured the north last summer to study its problems, chief of which is the native situation.

and an old, old problem



This Indian woman and her illegitimate child living, summer and winter, in a tattered grey tent on the shores of Great Slave Lake, symbolize one of Lesage's problems. Eight people live in this tent. Fur prices are so low that they depend almost entirely on government aid. What is their future?

In summer, a not-so-frozen north . . .



In Norman Wells, just south of the Arctic Circle, on a hot August day, tiny Marie Friesen splashes in her swimming pool. The temperature: 86 above. Mackenzie River country is the banana belt of the north.



At Pine Point on Great Slave Lake, Mrs. Larry Driver, wife of a mining official, works in a kitchen as modern as any found in big Outside cities.



Doreen McLean, a shapely airline stewardess, emerges from a plunge in the Mackenzie River and the water isn't as cold as in Lake Ontario.



A Loucheaux Indian wedding at Aklavik comes complete with bridesmaids, boutonnieres, rice, confetti and white veil — just like the Outside.



Enormous carrots grow in the Oblate Mission garden at Fort Good Hope. Mountie's daughters, Julie, left, and Pat Christianson, munch them.

for breakfast and his two eldest sons are each worth \$10,000.

Carpenter is more provident than the other Eskimos, whose philosophy is to live only for the day. He saves his money, sells his furs for top prices on outside markets, and makes an income from his boat.

There have been times when other natives lived almost as well. In the days of good muskrat prices the Eskimo mothers used to send their children to the Hudson's Bay store with twenty-dollar bills for cigarettes and candy. Eskimo babies played in the streets with fifty-cent pieces for toys. But now the schooners sit on the Aklavik beach, the paint peeling from their hulls, and the natives go hungry. All of them find it bitter and painful to revert back to the old standard of living.

This is one of the knottiest problems facing the new Department of Northern Affairs and its young minister Jean Lesage. He arrived in Aklavik with an official party while I was there, the first minister of the Crown ever to visit the Mackenzie delta.

They held a meeting for him in the federal school one bright evening, and this encounter between the new Minister and the people of the north was a singularly dramatic affair. Here were the Eskimos in their summer parkas and the Indians in their denims and the breeds in their bush shirts listening to the youngest Canadian cabinet minister, fit and forty, blond and handsome in his freshly pressed double-breasted suit and white pocket handkerchief.

Most of Aklavik was there that night. There in the second row was Charlie Stuart, the old Loucheaux halfbreed whose father, a Hudson's Bay trader, established the town. He is a wiry, wizened, brown little man, so tough that the last time he needed a doctor he walked thirty miles through the snow to see him. A few nights later I watched him nimbly dancing the rabbit dance on and on through the night until 4 a.m. without apparent fatigue, though he is seventy-three.

There at one side of the schoolroom was big Karl Garland the trapper, who set out with a posse from Aklavik twenty-two years ago to lay siege to the log fort in the snows built by the mysterious renegade the newspapers dubbed The Mad Trapper of Rat River.

There at the back was Terry Hunt, the Arctic dentist, looking every inch an Englishman in a blue blazer and white silk scarf, and Johnny Kalinan, the bearded young scientist whom the townspeople call Johnny Permafrost. And there was the town doctor, Axel Christianson, who spent twenty-eight years in Greenland and came to Aklavik to retire only to find himself at work again.

All these listened patiently while Lesage, unable to resist a few opening oratorical flourishes, told them that he had always heard that northerners were a grand people, and that in his opinion, the people of Aklavik were "grander than grand."

Then to business. He told them first that the town would have to be moved. It is built on an undrainable sponge that turns into a sea of mud when it rains and makes sanitation and drainage impossible. More important, perhaps, a modern airport must be built here at the mouth of the Mackenzie. The new town would be fifty miles away, high and dry above the east channel and for a few years at least there would be plenty of work.

But what about the future? For here is the real problem. The Minister talked of a diversification of employment, of vocational training for the natives, of a slow, perhaps painful, program that would lead the people of the north away from the fur trade and into new lines of endeavor. Until 1920 furs were the only income for the entire Northwest Territories. Now, in the

Continued on page 62

. . . . in winter a sahara of snow

A tiny speck on the tundra, a Barren Lands trapper displays his fox skins

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The truth about our

WE HAVE NONE. In spite of all you've heard about all-weather jet interceptors and impenetrable radar screens, Ottawa believes the Arctic is its own best defense and has left it virtually naked to attack

BY BLAIR FRASER



Fraser, left, greets technician G. R. Feisle at Isachsen. RCAF plane almost lost way en route.

FEW CANADIANS realize, because official statements never make it clear, that the Canadian Arctic has no defenses whatever.

This is not mere neglect. Canadian strategists believe that with the armament now available, the Arctic's best defense is the vast empty Arctic itself. Privately they can make a very plausible case for this policy. Publicly they don't need to, for the average Canadian doesn't know the policy exists.

He may think, for example, that since the RCAF has a station at Resolute Bay on Cornwallis Island, therefore Canada's defense system runs northward to a point halfway between the Arctic Circle and the North Pole. It doesn't.

At Resolute, twenty-five officers and men of the RCAF maintain an airstrip and a small fuel dump. They have no aircraft, though a North Star comes up every fortnight with mail and supplies. They're armed with .303 rifles to repel polar bears. (In 1947

a weatherman at Resolute was mauled almost to death by a polar bear; since then no one leaves camp without a companion and a rifle.)

Fort Churchill, about six hundred miles south of Resolute, is much bigger but expresses the same defense policy. Its 670 Canadian servicemen and its 100-odd U. S. Army men include no combat troops. About 150 Navy personnel run a radio station. About 400 from the Canadian Army are all instructors, engineers, mechanics, cooks and so on. Their job is to test equipment for Arctic warfare and, in brief winter exercises, to train visiting contingents.

Defense Research Board scientists at Churchill have been trying to persuade the army to send up a few operational troops, even one platoon, to serve as guinea pigs for experimental work. So far, the army has been unable to spare a platoon.

Of about a hundred RCAF personnel at Churchill, two are pilots. They take turns flying an Otter, a search-and-rescue plane somewhat larger than the familiar Beaver. The Otter is Fort Churchill's only aircraft.

Canada has no early warning system in the far north, although recently both this country and the U. S. decided one is necessary and jointly told radar experts to go ahead with plans for it. Right now, however, the Canadian radar "network," completed last summer, has its most northerly station well south of the Arctic. Radar stations on the coast of Labrador, and in the eastern Arctic islands as far north as Frobisher Bay, are staffed and commanded by the U. S. Air Force. Radar stations in the western Arctic are also wholly American, part of the defenses of Alaska. Canada has none in the sector that lies between.

With the McGill Fence, a cheap type of automatic radar which Canada hopes to string right across the north country for only \$90 millions, our own warning system will be extended several hundred miles north of its present limits and will become continent-wide. It still won't go even as far north as Churchill though.

Canadian defense planners leave the Arctic empty because, for one reason, they are convinced there will never be large-scale fighting in the far north. Occasional surprise raids, yes, but a northern "front," no. Arctic fighting is too difficult, they say, to be worth an enemy's while.

For an attacker, the mere problem of finding his way would be formidable enough. Arctic navigation is a science in itself.

One night last April I set off with an RCAF transport crew from the weather station at Isachsen, on Ellef Ringnes Island in the middle of the Arctic archipelago, to fly over to the big U. S. base at Thule, on Greenland—almost due east. The magnetic compass which hangs between pilot and copilot showed due west. We were about three hundred miles north of the magnetic pole, so that all directions were reversed.

Instead of a compass the pilot had to use a gyroscopic device set in a given direction before take-off.

It's supposed to keep pointing in that direction no matter how the aircraft may twist and turn. In practice, though, it often doesn't. We got to Thule without any trouble, but on that very evening the boys had difficulties flying up from Resolute Bay to Isachsen.

Half an hour out of Resolute the navigation officer found his gyro off by twenty degrees. From then on he had to take an observation of the sun every ten minutes, determine his position as fast as he could do the arithmetic, and then correct the gyro accordingly. The whole crew were vastly relieved when they picked up Isachsen's feeble little radio beam, and could stop worrying about where they were.

A sudden change of weather in this situation would have been serious. If sudden cloud had obscured the sun, as it often does in the Arctic, the pilot's only recourse would have been to keep his speed, altitude and direction as nearly constant as possible, and pray that his fuel would last until sun or stars became visible again.

Even on a clear day, celestial observations present special problems in the Arctic because an ordinary RCAF transport plane flies about as fast as the sun. At the equator the earth's rotation speed is about 1,000 mph; at the North Pole it is zero. In the latitudes of the Arctic islands it's about the speed of a four-motored propeller-driven plane.

Flying eastward, you find the sun hanging over the horizon in a seemingly fixed position, stopped as if for Joshua. Flying westward, on the other hand, you find its movement accelerated—it seems to plunge below the horizon, and sunrise follows sunset in a matter of minutes. Arctic flights provide a useful laboratory for studying some of the problems of supersonic navigation, anticipating the day when aircraft will fly as fast as the earth turns, even at the equator. Meanwhile though, this is just another headache for the Arctic navigator.

Aside from the vagaries of the magnetic pole, conventional directions mean less and less the closer you get to the North Pole itself. At the North Pole every direction is south, and "true north" is meaningless. Hence instead of conventional directions in the very high latitudes Arctic fliers use a grid system in which the meridian of Greenwich is arbitrarily taken as "true north" and all other directions related to it.

This grid system was devised by Wing Commander Keith Greenaway, the RCAF's leading expert on Arctic navigation. Greenaway is a small dark rather shy and diffident fellow who had only a high-school education, but whose natural gift for mathematics enables him to fly rings around college-trained navigators. He knows more about how to find his way around the Arctic than does anyone else in the free world. Until he was posted to the United States in an officer exchange a few months ago he was engaged in writing books about Arctic navigation, and teaching other RCAF officers. The RCAF doubts that the

Continued on page 50



This sign proves men in remote Arctic weather stations can still laugh at tough conditions.

r ARCTIC DEFENSE



There are only 600-odd Canadian servicemen at Churchill, none combat troops. Their main job is testing equipment on marches across Arctic wastes.



Resolute weather station is no defense base. It shares data with Reds.



Radio at weather post is for diversion, not to warn of enemy attackers.

Keg River's One-Woman Medical Clinic



By ROBERT COLLINS



By tractor, sleigh or on horseback Mary Percy Jackson for twenty-five years has covered her 1,200-square-mile practice in northern Alberta, acting as doctor, dentist, nurse or veterinarian. She's often been paid off in moose meat—handy fare for a family of five



Mosquitoes filled the air when Mary Percy rode this bone-shaker eighteen miles to Battle River.

THE NIGHT of Jan. 15, 1935, was a savage 60 below zero at Keg River, Alta., four hundred and sixty miles northwest of Edmonton. In the tangled wilderness of bush and muskeg around Frank Jackson's farm, a mile and a half from the Keg River trading post, brittle spruce boughs cracked like pistol shots and wild creatures huddled motionless in the cold.

It was a sombre night indoors, too. In the yellow stucco farmhouse Jackson's wife was about to give birth to a child, six weeks premature and one hundred and forty-five miles from hospital. For once in his seventeen years of pioneering Frank Jackson was helpless. He could only stand awkwardly at the bedside with Eva Harrington, the local telegrapher's wife who had come to help, and whisper, "What if something goes wrong?"

Then his wife spoke up calmly from the bed. "Don't worry," she said. "I'll tell you what to do."

And she did. At 2 a.m. on the 16th, with the mother still gasping instructions, Mrs. Harrington completed the delicate breech delivery of four-pound John Jackson.

This combined feat of motherhood and midwifery came as no surprise to the six hundred trappers, farmers and half-breeds of the Keg River country. It's the sort of thing they expect from Mrs. Frank Jackson, who is also Mary Percy Jackson, MD.

Day after day this tall robust woman, who is now in her early fifties with greying hair and fresh pink English complexion, juggles the roles of farmer's wife and country doctor. At one moment she's washing breakfast dishes or telling bedtime stories; a moment later she's jolting through the bush in a truck as Keg River's physician, nurse, coroner, dentist, dietitian and veterinarian.

It seemed inevitable that, sooner or later, Dr. Jackson would have Mrs. Jackson for a patient. It was simply another episode in her dramatic double life.

To see her in the apron and print dress of housewife Jackson, you might think she leads a life of boredom. Keg River is a lonely oasis in the bush. There are no telephones, no movies and only one mail delivery a week. In wet weather the nine-mile dirt road that links the settlement with the graveled north-south Mackenzie Highway is fit only for farm tractors and "The Post"—as it's called—is cut off from the world.

The Post is a tiny cluster of log and white frame buildings: the Hudson's Bay Company store, government telegraph and weather office, public school, Roman Catholic church and a few private buildings. At the settlement Mary Percy Jackson sees the same friends she has known for ten or twenty years: stubby Gladwin Harrington, the telegrapher; store manager Ray Ross; curly-haired Harry Bowe, who's been spinning yarns, running a farm, managing the post office and doing favors for people for a quarter century, and Father Jean, the priest who cheerfully navigates the rutted roads in a half-ton truck.

Mrs. Jackson's five children are no longer home. Three stepsons by her husband's first marriage—Arthur, Frank and Louis—are dairy farmer, oilfield driller and Keg River homesteader, respectively. Her 22-year-old daughter, Anne, is married to a neighboring farmer. John, now a tall healthy 19-year-old graduate of restaurant management at the Calgary Institute of Technology, works in Revelstoke, B.C.

It could, indeed, be a dull existence if that were the end of it. But one knock and a few urgent words at the Jacksons' back door can topple this



She described her home near Notikewin, Alta., as "topping . . . just like in a book or in the films."

placid routine. Then Mary Percy Jackson becomes a brisk authoritative figure in white smock with familiar doctor's satchel—a near-legendary figure in northern Alberta. For twenty-five years "the doctor," or "Missus Doctor" as some foreign patients call her, has been the settlers' bulwark between life and death.

Sometimes the patients come to her dispensary, a neat white cubicle in the farmhouse basement, with an examining table, thirty-year-old microscope and shelves of medicine reaching to the ceiling. Sometimes she bounces off to see them on the seat of a Massey-Harris tractor. She has also traveled her 1,200-square-mile beat by dogsled, canoe, horseback, auto and sleigh. She has delivered hundreds of babies in one-room shacks and in smoky tents, performed operations by flickering candlelight on kitchen tables, battled measles and rabies, pulled teeth and even treated livestock. One of her first patients was an Alsatian dog with a broken leg.

"Of course, I'm not qualified to act as a veterinarian," she said one day last summer. "But if a farmer has a sick cow and can't get out to a



She chopped a tree to clear the trail on a trip out with injured man.



The doctor and her dogs take a rest on the way home from a house call.



A woman with appendicitis was carried on a sleigh 75 miles to hospital.



Tug of war helped to get boy with perforated appendix to Peace River.

Over bad roads in worse weather the bush doctor had to send her patients to hospital

vet, I can tell him how Frank and I cured a similar case. Yesterday, for example, I treated eight people and one cow!"

In terms of material gain it's a singularly unrewarding practice. There is no carpeted waiting room with gilt lettering on the door; in fact, there's no waiting room. Dr. Jackson is paid more often in blueberries, moccasins and moose meat than in cash.

But Mary Percy Jackson loves the north, its people and her medicine. Even after an eighteen-hour day she'll sit up at night poring over a medical journal. She relishes rare difficult cases and, like any good physician, is completely dispassionate on the job.

Three years ago she attended a medical refresher

course at the University of Alberta. Though her trips outside, with opportunities for shoptalk and sightseeing, are few, she spent her spare time visiting Keg River *métis* patients in an Edmonton TB ward.

One day last summer I waited outside her dispensary while she checked the blood pressure of a young half-breed Cree from the colony at Paddle Prairie, twenty-five miles away. It was a routine task but the doctor spent a half hour chatting with the patient about his recent illness, his family, his future prospects. She ended with a crisp, "You're coming along nicely. Come back in a couple of weeks. You owe me two dollars."

"Sure, doctor," beamed the man—and there is a special ring of respect and affection to the way

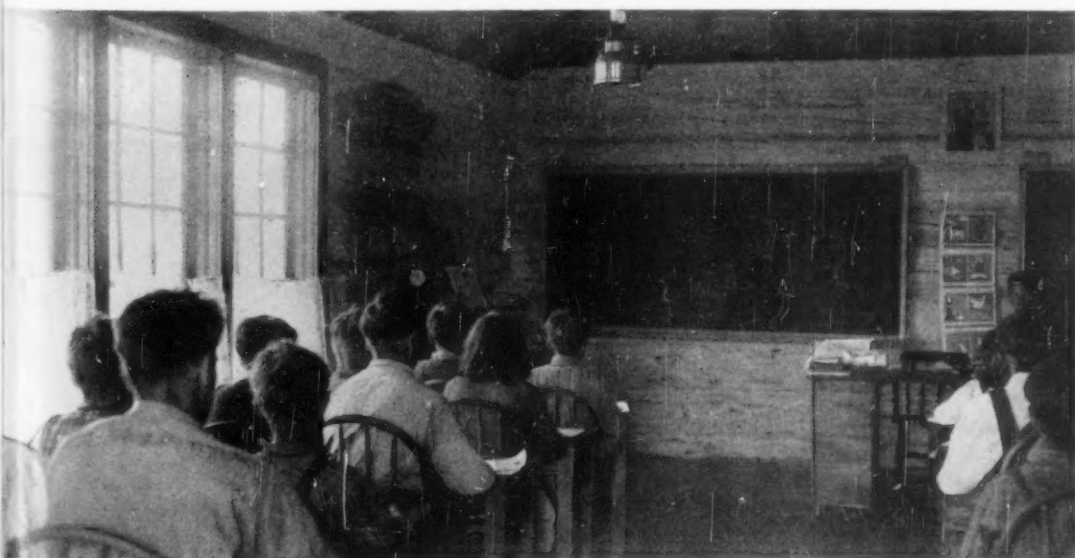
Keg River people say "doctor." "Thank you, doctor."

Upstairs a moment later Mary Percy Jackson's cool professional detachment gave way to a glow of pleasure.

"What a wonderful thing," she said. "He's a fine young man, one of the decent hard-working types. Last spring it looked as though he'd never work again. Now he's almost well. Things like that make this job worthwhile."

Later, as she sat in her living-room bay window twisting cotton swabs for the next day, she mused, "I know it seems crazy that I should go on practicing medicine here. Perhaps it is crazy. But medicine is such a fascinating thing. And I know I've

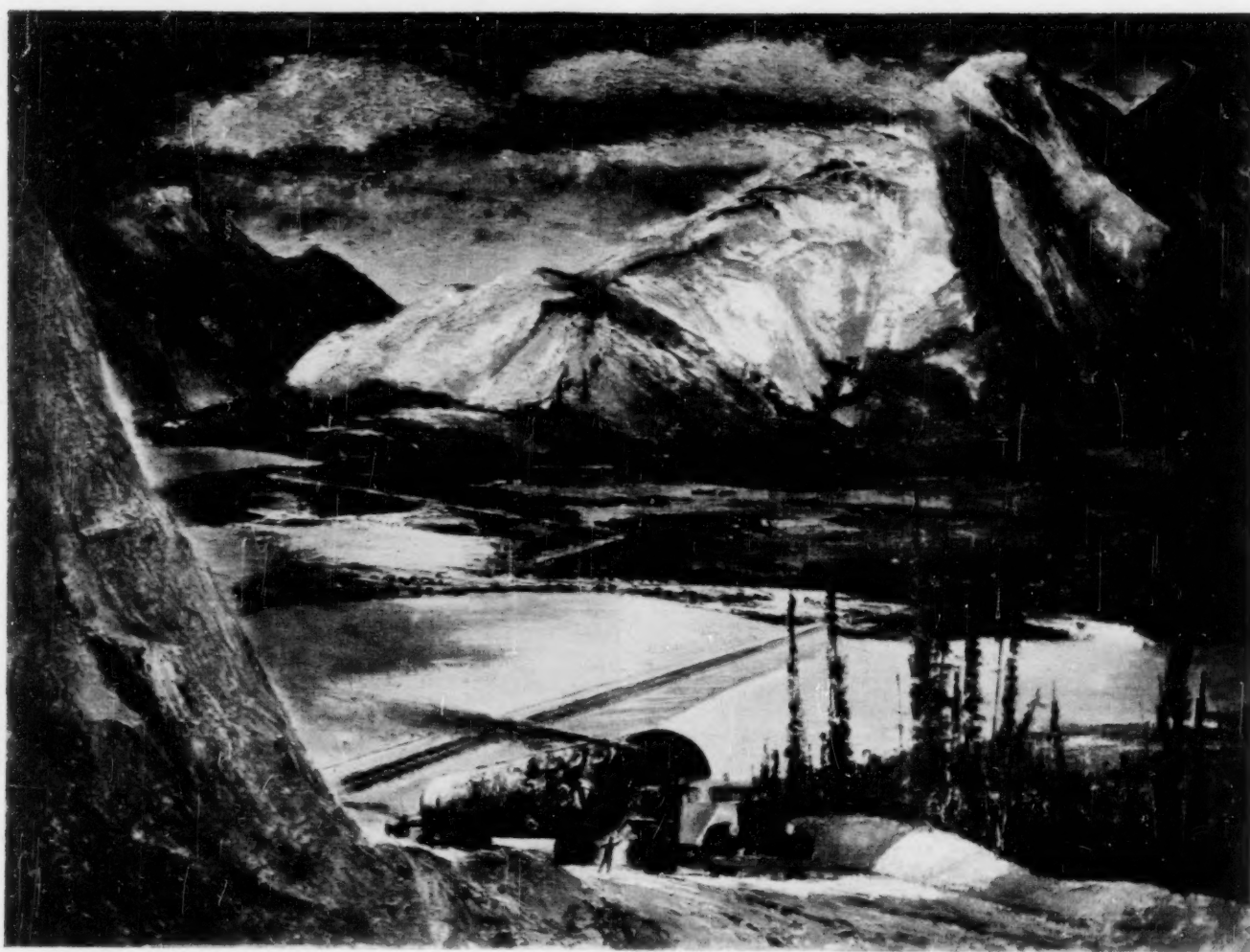
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Keg River built a public school in 1937 in answer to Dr. Jackson's pleas for education as a disease preventive. She wrote letters year after year luring reluctant teachers into the remote community.



Rabies struck stock in the winter of 1952-53 but the woman doctor saved all Keg River inhabitants.



R. YORK WILSON
Mile 804, Alaska Highway

Wilson made the sketches for this painting in fifty-below weather, while taking a taxi from Whitehorse to Teslin at a cost of \$72. He made ragged notes with a pencil held in mittened hands, peering through a hole in the inch-thick frost that covered the window of the automobile.

A Gallery of Northern Painting

Four famous Canadian artists and a gifted amateur paint the Canadian north in all its moods from the bustling Alaska Highway to the high Arctic

ON THESE and the following pages Maclean's presents a selection of striking paintings of the north. Some of them are large canvases, done in the comfort of the studio, some are hasty sketches made under trying conditions when the paint froze solid in the tubes. All manage to capture, better than any photograph, what five men felt personally about a lonely land.

The dominant influence here is that of the Group of Seven, the great school of artists which, in the Twenties, determined to paint the hinterland. Three of the painters represented here were members of the Group: A. Y. Jackson, the founder of the school, Lawren Harris, the white-maned scion of a famous industrial family, and Frederick Varley, the erratic but brilliant 73-year-old whose recent one-man

retrospective show at the Toronto Art Gallery won critical plaudits.

The other two artists are R. York Wilson, one of the most talented members of the generation that followed the Group, and Sir Frederick Banting, a gifted amateur. Banting, better known as the co-discoverer of insulin, first got interested in painting after World War I. A canvas by Lawren Harris upset him so much he visited the art gallery six times to see it. He got so mad he went to see Harris himself. As a result a warm friendship sprang up and Banting, Harris and Jackson found themselves going off on painting expeditions. Some of these forays produced the work shown here. Jackson at 72 still treks about the north and rumbles angrily about younger painters who stay home painting away comfortably in the warmth of their studios.



A. Y. JACKSON
Barren Lands

Jackson painted the tundra in August 1950 in the wild unmapped land between Great Bear Lake and Coppermine just inside the Arctic Circle. He lived in a tent on the shores of an unnamed

lake for a week, exploring and making sketches. In spite of the season, he had to paint in shelter of boulders as protection from bitter winds that sweep almost ceaselessly across this great desert.

GALLERY continued next page



R. YORK WILSON
Main Street, Whitehorse

Like Wilson's other painting, this was made for Imperial Oil which wanted to record movement of refinery from Whitehorse to Edmonton. Artist worked from hotel window to get this street scene in freezing 50-below weather.

A. Y. JACKSON
Port Radium, Great Bear Lake

This painting was made in 1938 in days before uranium was a valuable metal. Jackson went to Great Bear Lake at the invitation of Gilbert LaBine, discoverer of the famous radium mine, who now owns the painting. This was Jackson's first trip to the great lake. Since that journey he's been back many times.





F. H. VARLEY *Summer in the Arctic*

Varley traveled 12,500 miles by boat on "the most magnificent adventure I've ever had" in 1933. This painting was

made at Pangnirung, northwest of Baffin Island, "the most beautiful place in the whole Arctic." It's privately owned.



LAWREN HARRIS
Mountain, Baffin Island

This austere painting on the left represents the last phase in Lawren Harris' development before he turned to abstract art. Critics feared Harris' early paintings would discourage immigration because they were so bleak.

SIR FREDERICK BANTING
Craig Harbour, Ellesmere Island

This is an early Banting work—1927. Later, Banting traveled through the Arctic aboard an RCMP patrol boat with Harris and Jackson. He felt a kinship between scientists and artists and was pleased to discover that Harris did a good deal of research before starting to work.



SIR FREDERICK BANTING

Shores of Great Slave Lake

Trout and whitefish from the lake dry on native fishracks in this painting which Banting did during a trip north with Jackson in 1928. Jackson used to josh him about dropping science for art. Banting always replied that when he was fifty that's just what he intended to do. But he was killed in an airplane crash just nine months before his fiftieth birthday.



LAWREN HARRIS

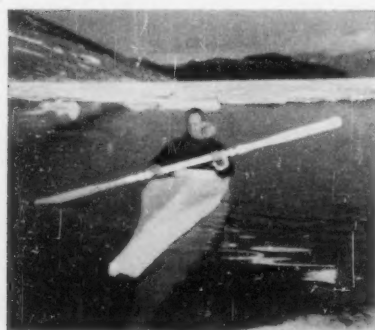
Rice Strait, Ellesmere Island

Harris, whom Jackson terms "the most admired and most detested painter of any member of the Group of Seven," here captures the coldness of the Arctic sea. Now 69, Harris has moved to Vancouver where he plans, writes, broadcasts, lectures and produces coldly abstract paintings, many of which still contain something of the austerity of the north.





I enjoy a snack of raw seal meat at a halt along the trap line. It took me several weeks to learn to eat enough meat to sustain me on a day's hunting.



How I Became An Eskimo

Here's the remarkable story of a traveling salesman who returned to the Stone Age. Adopted by an Eskimo family, he lived for a year on raw meat and slept on skins. This is what he learned — from the inside of an igloo

By DOUG WILKINSON

FROM APRIL, 1953, until May, 1954, I lived as the adopted son of an Eskimo family. My father was Idlouk, a strong and able hunter. My mother was Kidlik, a short woman in her mid-thirties, with jet-black hair, slanted eyes and dark skin. I had nine brothers and sisters. We were one of the five families living at Owlatssevik, a speck on the frozen wastes of north Baffin Island.

I lived with these people not as a white man but as an Eskimo. I came to them with only my rifle, ammunition, binoculars and sleeping bag. I had only sufficient money with me to buy my share of the communal items from the trading post seventy miles away—tea, kerosene, flour and candy.

I lived as a hunter, my highest ambition a full stomach. I existed chiefly on the meat and fat of

the animals I killed: seal, walrus, polar bear, small whale and sometimes caribou. I ate most of the meat raw, but occasionally it was boiled over the slow heat of a seal oil lamp or primus heater.

My outer clothing was made of the skins of the seal and the caribou. In summer, I lived in a canvas and sealskin tent and traveled in my frail kayak. In the fall, the tent was as cold as a deep-freeze locker but when the early snows came and I was hunting on the trail, my home was a cozy igloo. This was the season when I killed and killed, helping to fill the caches with meat for the winter.

In winter, much of my time was spent trapping for fur. With dog teams we would cover sixty miles a day in sixty-below-zero weather. Then I did not see the sun for three months—from Nov. 14 until Feb. 11. Winter is the trapping season in the Arctic. The catch is the white fox, a poor, stupid creature of no value in the Eskimo way of life but given value by the white man's desire for its pelt.

In short, I was a white man, the product of twentieth-century urban life, living with a people who are ten thousand years old in thought, feeling and action.

Why did I go north? What drew me to this vast inhospitable land? Is it true that the Arctic has a fascination for certain people?

There was nothing in my background to suggest



I catch seals by watching for holes in the ice.



We return to the trap line after a rest in the overnight igloo we built on our 200-mile journey.

a predilection for Eskimo life. Most of my 32 years were spent in southern Canada; in Toronto, where I was born, or in the other cities of Ontario and the Maritimes where I made my living as a traveling salesman. In the army, during the war, I became interested in photography. I was discharged in 1945, and a year later I was put in charge of the film coverage of Exercise Musk Ox by the National Film Board. In this army-air force operation, forty-seven men in ten snowmobiles traveled across three thousand miles of Arctic barren lands. I was awed by the country. It was cold, stormy and bleak. I couldn't see why men journeyed back to this hostile land time and again.

To me then, as to most outsiders in the north, the Eskimo race was as silent and mysterious as the

northern lights. But that was before I had met an Eskimo, before further trips into the north to make films for the National Film Board taught me something about him.

I saw my first Eskimo in the outer room of the Roman Catholic mission at, fittingly enough, Eskimo Point. I was warming myself by the stove when he entered, clad from head to foot in caribou skins. He smiled at me across the room, then opened a parcel containing a large hunk of raw caribou meat. Cutting off chunks with a knife, he ate three pounds in the next five minutes. Then he gave a tremendous belch and shyly grinned at me once more. An unlikely meeting, perhaps, but it started questions racing through my mind.

Who was this man? How could he exist in a land

where the white man had been starving and freezing for the past three hundred years? Why did he choose to live in the Arctic, existing in the same manner as his forefathers of centuries ago?

During four trips I made between 1948 and 1952, I studied the Eskimo and the Arctic, searching for the answers to these questions. But this was not enough. I was always a white man living in Eskimo country but not living as an Eskimo. I needed something more. I wanted to become an Eskimo.

So I went to Idlout, aged thirty-eight, and asked him to take me into his camp as his son. I had met Idlout before and he had impressed me as an able, intelligent and enterprising man who had a perspective on Eskimo life that wasn't to be found

Continued on the next page



At no time is there any physical privacy in an Eskimo home. My mother Kidlik feeds my sister while father Idlout smokes his after-dinner cigarette.



Kidlik made my pair of sealskin trousers. She chewed my boots to get the frost out.



In the fall we sometimes shot some game like snow geese for the winter's larder.



Kidlik is teaching my sister Leah how to sew sealskin. My brother Noahkudlik watches.



Leah and my brother Pauloosee help Kidlik by chopping ice to make drinking water.

My brother Paneelo, 16 (below), skins the rabbit we will eat boiled for our supper.



All members of my Eskimo family share the chores necessary to the constant struggle for warmth, food and shelter

among his companions. Others shared this opinion. It was Idloulk who was chosen by the Queen to receive a Coronation Medal for his outstanding ability as a hunter and trapper. I told him I wanted to help his people.

The Eskimo was going through a difficult period because of the coming of the white man and his goods. He was now spending five months each year trapping the white fox and using the pelts to buy white man's food and supplies. This dependency on the trading post had robbed him of much of his initiative to hunt food. Furthermore, the demand for white fox, tied as it is to the vagaries of fashion, was not a steady one. Sometimes a fur pelt fetched thirty dollars, and sometimes only three. "There is some way out," I told Idloulk. "Perhaps I will be able to make some suggestions. But first I must know the Eskimo—his way of life, his thinking, what he is capable of doing."

Idloulk said he would be glad to adopt me as his son. I returned home and consulted the Arctic Institute of North America in Montreal. This is a private, nonprofit organization interested in sponsoring and conducting research in all phases of Arctic life. I was given a small grant, enough to pay for my transportation and to support my wife and child while I was away. There was also enough money for me to pay Idloulk fifty dollars a month for acting as my parent. Idloulk was not to get the money until after I had left the camp, lest it affect life in the camp.

My specific assignment was to prepare a report on the everyday life and problems of the Eskimo. And so I went back north to live with Idloulk, his wife Kidlik and their children.

Did I succeed in becoming one of the Eskimo people as I had intended? In a physical sense, yes; in a psychological sense, no. I could not comfortably accept many of the Eskimo ways of thinking. The Eskimo accepts discomfort as a normal way of life and doesn't strive hard to make things easier for himself. He lives in the immediate past or in the present, but rarely thinks of the future.

I recall a newborn infant lying on a caribou skin in the snowhouse still attached to his mother by the umbilical cord. No one had thought to keep a knife handy with which to cut the cord. Nor had anything been set aside for the baby. He was simply bundled in a piece of old caribou skin. Every misfortune could be explained by "Iyonamut!" ("It can't be helped!"). Perhaps my failure to bridge completely the gap between my own race and the Eskimo was best summed up by one of the names they gave me, Inoongwah, which means "in the likeness of an Eskimo" and has provided me with a tentative title for a book I am writing. Ordinarily, my Eskimo brothers called me Kingmik, which means "dog." That's the closest they could come to translating my English name "Doug."

I was soon to discover that the daily life of the Eskimo was a constant struggle to keep himself warm and fed. Take a typical day in February—a day that Idloulk and I planned a trip to our trap lines.

Our camp is four snow huts on the edge of the frozen Arctic sea. They are twelve by nine feet and only a bare five feet from the floor to peak. The sleeping platform, made of wood, is about a foot high and covers the rear half of the hut. Here we all sleep in a row. Next to the wood there is a layer of buffalo hide, and next to the body comes caribou skin, hair up.

It is early morning now. Idloulk and Kidlik are getting up. "Ikee," they say ("It is cold"). Kidlik

reaches to the seal-oil lamps and replenishes the fuel. Each lamp is half-moon-shaped and hollowed out of native soapstone; along the straight leading edge is a wick of Arctic cotton grass, soaking up the oil from the shallow centre and burning with a soft yellow flame. The hut now smells of seal oil but at other times it will be filled with the odor of the whale or of kerosene from the primus stove.

At no time is there any physical privacy in the Eskimo home. Relations between husband and wife, dressing and undressing, are carried on when all are present, yet are done discreetly. Only infrequently does one have the hut to oneself. When a baby is to be born, the men will go outside, leaving the mother alone with the midwife. On Saturday nights, when we take turns in having baths in a tin tub containing three inches of water, the igloo is temporarily given over to the bather. But apart from these instances, the only privacy one has is in the mind.

The children are amusing themselves while waiting for their early snack. Paneelo, sixteen, lies quietly reading the daily text from the New Testament printed in syllabic writing. The people of north Baffin are Anglicans, but only since 1930 when the first missionary came into their land.

Mosese, Pauloosee and Noahkudlik—eleven, eight and five—are acting out imaginary hunts for polar bear, walrus and seal. They have a toy sled made by their father. For dogs, they use fox paws or seal flippers. Leah, fifteen, is sewing a patch in her brother's sealskin boots. She is worldly for an Eskimo. She had been in a TB sanitarium in Quebec City for seven months. She often talks of the strange things she saw, like the vehicle with two wheels that only carries one man, has to be pumped with the legs. Sometimes the white man puts a motor on one of these and this makes it easier to go but noisier.

The kettle is boiling over the seal-oil lamp and the mugs are lined up in a row. The tea is strong and so hot that it has to be cooled with little lumps of ice before it can be drunk. There is no sugar, for the supply has run out two weeks ago and it is seventy miles to the trading post. The bannock—a kind of rancid-tasting bread made of flour, water, seal oil and baking powder—is distributed. Even year-old Susan gets her share.

I dress carefully today because I am going on an eight-day trip with Idloulk to examine the traps. We will cover more than two hundred miles and travel by the light of the moon all the way. The sun has been gone now for more than two months.

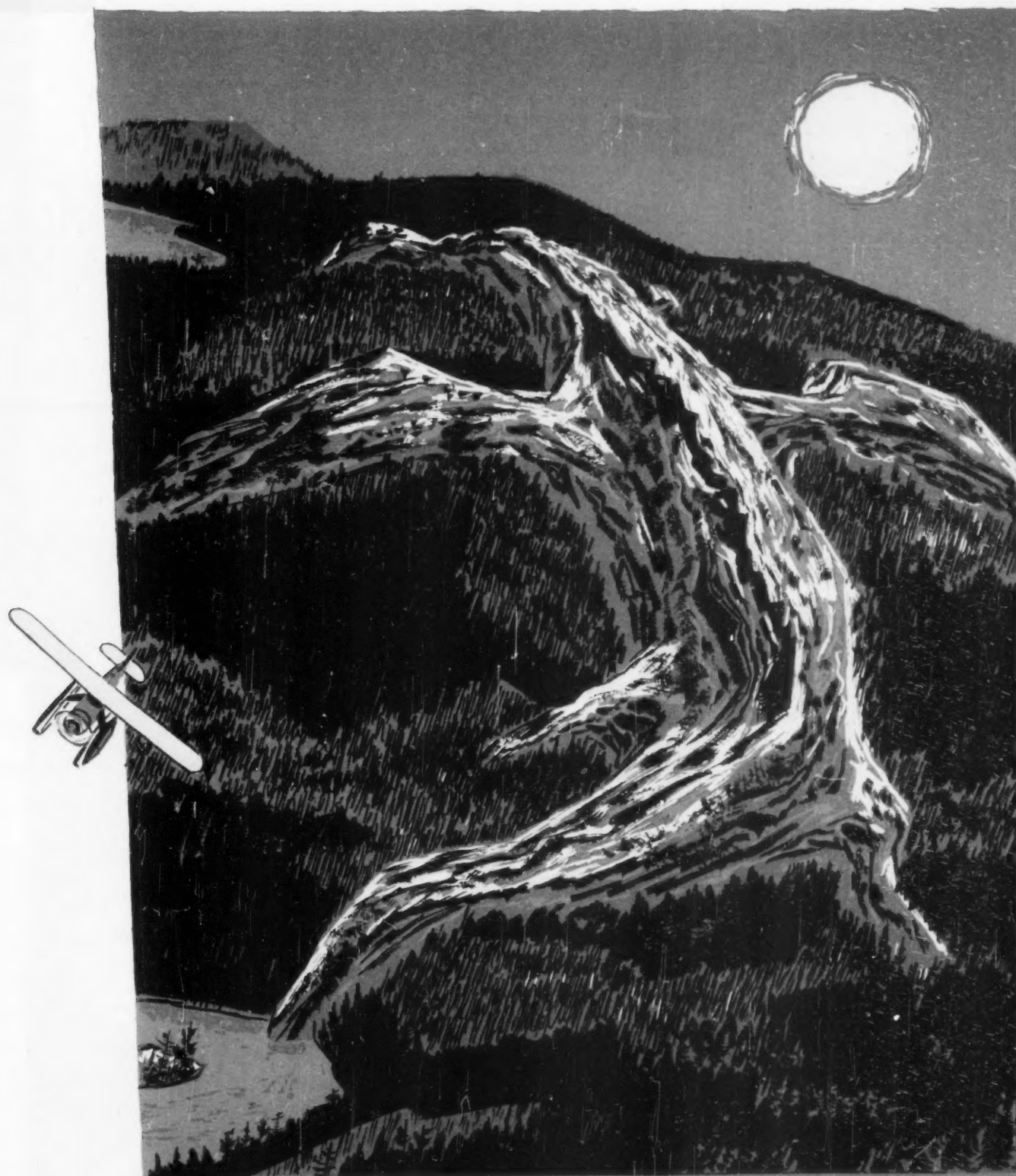
Kidlik has put two fish on to boil—Arctic char (trout), each about ten pounds. They were brought in last night to thaw and now they are cut up in sections to be boiled. The kerosene-burning primus stove is used, for we must leave shortly. Too bad, really, for there is nothing so tasty as fish boiled slowly over the flame of the seal lamp. When we eat the fish raw and frozen, it tastes like ice cream without a flavor; when it is unfrozen it tastes very fishy.

Food is not enjoyed primarily for its taste; the pleasure comes from having a full stomach. Almost all the food is meat—especially fat meat. When we eat rabbit meat we must accompany it with slabs of seal fat or else we will feel hungry. We must also eat large quantities of meat. It took me several weeks to get used to eating all the meat I required to put in a day's hunting. Yet even with this high caloric diet, I lost fifteen pounds in a year.

In the few weeks when there is no snow, a few vegetable items that grow wild are added to the menu. There are the

Continued on page 103

A Maclean's Novelette complete in this issue by **FRANCES SHELLEY WEES**



THE GOLDEN DRAGON OF YELLOWKNIFE

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THE GOLDEN DRAGON OF YELLOWKNIFE

THE PLANE was moored at the end of the narrow-planked dock, its grey wings catching glints of morning sun as the floats lifted and fell on the faintly moving water. The wide centre door stood open, and through it Henry and the boys were loading their supplies. Mary sat on the wharf piling and watched, her hand quieting the shivering excitement in Jennie's small delicate shoulder as the child stood beside her.

The rolled tent had been pushed into the back of the plane. The canvas packsacks filled with their miner's hammers, the acid bottles, even indelible pencils for the stakes, lay upon it. The dynamite was in the plane. The paddles had gone in first, to lie flat on the floor. On the far float, the men had lashed the long canoe. From the end of the wharf Bert lifted the fat soft roll of the blue sleeping bags and handed it across to Henry. They were the best sleeping bags, water-proof, lined with wool, filled with eiderdown.

Jennie whispered, "They'll sleep warm, Mommie."

Here at Yellowknife in the August morning the air was balmy and soft, but Henry and the boys were going north, two or three hundred miles into the bush, and for two weeks. Anything could happen in two weeks, even freeze-up, although that was unlikely so early. The nights could turn bitterly cold. It wouldn't matter. With these sleeping bags Henry and the boys would sleep warm.

Young Andy was in the plane with Henry, helping stow cargo. He was burning to go, but he couldn't.

Henry came to the plane door, his old felt hat pushed back on his



Henry Jason



Andy



Mary



Joe



Jennie



Bert



Nell Ormick



Morrison

ILLUSTRATED BY
BRUCE JOHNSON



Henry and the boys flew off on a two-week search for the gold on the dragon's back. But hopes and frantic beckoning could not restore the precious food the pilot forgot

head, his face pink with exertion and happiness. He stood looking over the stack of food boxes that Kruger had sent down from the store. He had made up his food list carefully. There wasn't a penny to spare, and Henry had a way of thinking he could go without. There had been much hunger in the past and they all knew how to face it, but hunger was a vicious enemy and not one to harass this dream, this longed-for venture of Henry's. The pile seemed pitifully small. A pang went through Mary's heart, an old familiar pang, to think that she would not be with them to manage, to make the food stretch out, to try to make sure that they ate regularly and that each one got enough. What she had to remember was that for once there was enough . . . cans of pork and beans, cheese, flour and sugar and coffee, even some cans of milk; and a good supply of meat, eggs and bacon and half a big ham. There was plenty.

Joe came loping along the path from their cabin down along the shore at the left. He had gone back for something. He stopped beside his mother and sister, to tweak one of Jennie's long fair pigtailed and show her what was in his hand. It was a block of wood, with a vague shape beginning to emerge from it. "I forgot your rabbit," he explained, "Dad'll likely stop prospecting long enough evenings so as I can finish it." He dropped the half-carved block into his jacket pocket and went on, to lift one of the boxes of food and hand it in to his father.

Jennie turned and looked quickly at her mother, her blue eyes deep. Jennie understood too much of people's feelings. She was like a small clear pool, reflecting everything, moved by everything. She said nothing.

Bert and Joe handed the boxes of food over to Henry, Joe quick and sure, Bert slower, more careful.

Bert was big and handsome, much handsomer than either Joe or Henry, with his half-curly black hair and his black-brown eyes.

Older than Joe, Bert had seen more of the bad years and he was more apprehensive. He didn't understand life very well. Some of the important things he didn't understand at all.

There was a flutter of color and movement at the right, and Mary turned. The young pilot, Morrison, was coming, sauntering down the path from the town, and Nell Ormick was with him, her hands pushed into the pockets of brown slacks, a red sweater above them.

Bert caught sight of them. He stood for a second with the packing box in his arms looking, and then turned to hand it to Henry. He stood as if he were watching his father stow it away, and his shoulders were stiff and square under the grey flannel shirt.

Joe glanced at Bert, caught sight of the pilot and Nell, grinned and said, "Well, look who's here! You come down to bring us a horseshoe, or something?"

Nell flashed a glance at him, bright and insolent. She had not come here to see him, anyway, the glance said.

She was a small girl, rounded, with thick curls as black as Bert's, tied back with a red ribbon. Her lips were full, pouting, and she carried her breasts high, flaunting them. The young pilot couldn't keep his eyes off her. He was not much older than Bert, twenty-one or so, but he had a narrow look, almost shifty. Probably he understood this girl as Bert did not. She had no power to hurt him.

She came along the wharf and passed Mary and Jennie. She looked at them briefly. "Hello," she said.

Jennie stared at her. Mary did not reply. The girl had not really been speaking to her, scarcely knew she was there. Her eyes were on Bert. "Thought I better come down and wish you luck," she told him.

Joe said brashly, "Yeah, a good idea. He might come back a millionaire. You got to keep your insurance up."

The pilot said coldly, "You guys

Continued on page 81

The shaggy saint of Labrador

When Wilfred Grenfell first saw
the wretched "liveyeres" of Labrador
they were dosing pneumonia cases
with cold water. He stayed
there forty years and with his
inspired scrounging and his strong
bare hands built the best-known
medical mission in the world

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

By DAVID MacDONALD

ON THE northernmost tip of Newfoundland, where that rugged island pokes a finger up at Labrador and the Arctic beyond, sits St. Anthony, a small cluster of buildings sloping down from dark hills to the sea. Its tall schooners, stilted wharves and the tangy aroma of dried cod stamp it as a fishing village. But St. Anthony is much more. As headquarters of the International Grenfell Association, the world's best-known medical mission, its chief industry is mercy.

From this remote outpost a dedicated band of men and women—doctors, nurses, teachers, crew-cut college boys and last year's debutantes—go out, as they have for half a century, to carry help to the isolated peoples of northern Newfoundland and Labrador. In the short sub-Arctic summer they travel by boat, plane and on foot to hospitals, lonely nursing stations, orphanages, schools and libraries that have risen along the bleak coastline. In winter, when the mercury shivers at forty below and the coast is trapped in ice, they make their rounds by dog team, ski and snowshoe.

The trails they follow today were blazed more than sixty years ago by one of the greatest figures of the north-land—Wilfred Thomason Grenfell, the Labrador Doctor. For forty-two years as a country doctor in one of the most forbidding countries on earth Grenfell nursed, fed and guided it towards health and hope. In that cold sullen land he lived one of the warmest stories of human charity this world has known.

When Grenfell first came to Labrador in 1892, as medical missionary to a fleet of visiting Newfoundland fishing schooners, he did not plan to stay long. He was a restless young Englishman of 27 with a shaggy head of hair and a scraggly mustache. Just six years out of Oxford and London universities, he was searching for a life of adventure and service. He found it in Labrador, which explorers had called "the land God gave to Cain." Like many a man before and since, Grenfell felt the lure of Labrador—the sight of its ruddy cliffs frowning through Atlantic mists, great mountains marching down to the sea and mysterious fjords cutting deep into unknown frontiers of forests, lakes and

Continued on page 38



Sir Wilfred and his little Eskimo patient had the same style of sealskin boots.



For 2,200 miles the Yukon River writhes to the Pacific. The map shows how it will be converted to a billion-dollar power plant for industry.

The Yukon's coming alive again

A river that most people thought of as a has-been is back in business. When it's through flexing its muscles it will produce twice as much power as the St. Lawrence Seaway and foster a northern city of twenty thousand

THE BIGGEST news in the north this year is the story of what is happening on the headwaters of the Yukon River. In that romantic land of jagged mountains, slender green lakes and a legendary gold-rush history another stampede is in the making. It promises to overshadow even the turbulent days of the Klondike. An industrial and mining colossus—Frobisher-Ventures—plans to harness the Yukon's waters, turn them back in their tracks, flood the Trail of '98, and develop enough cheap hydro-electric power to dwarf both Kitimat and the St. Lawrence Seaway.

Work will begin next year in the Yukon and in northern B. C. By 1962 the company expects to spend \$270 millions on the first stage of its venture. That's almost as much as it's costing to build the Trans-Canada pipeline. By then the north will have a new boom town with a potential population of twenty or thirty thousand. Sixty thousand square miles of new country will be opened up. And smelters and refineries will be producing iron, steel, cobalt, nickel and manganese alloys at the rate of 400,000 tons a year.

This is merely the beginning. The water storage of the upper Yukon is enormous. Next to that

By GRATTAN GRAY

of the Great Lakes it is the largest in the Western Hemisphere. This makes the Yukon one of the last great untapped sources of cheap power. Present surveys show that almost five million horsepower can be developed cheaply enough to make it pay. That's twice as much as the St. Lawrence Seaway will produce.

Frobisher-Ventures expects ultimately to spend \$700 millions to produce the first 4.3 million horsepower. To do this it will back up the river with a series of dams and then spill it back over the mountains in a thousand-foot drop through a series of tunnels to generating stations near Taku Inlet on the Pacific Ocean.

The operation is similar to the Aluminum Company's enormous tunnel through the mountains at Kitimat, B.C. But the Yukon development will be much larger than Kitimat, whose potential is less than two million horsepower.

The over-all plan for the great river stretches off into the mists of the future; it will probably take half a century or more and cost upwards of a billion dollars. Fifty

Continued on page 46



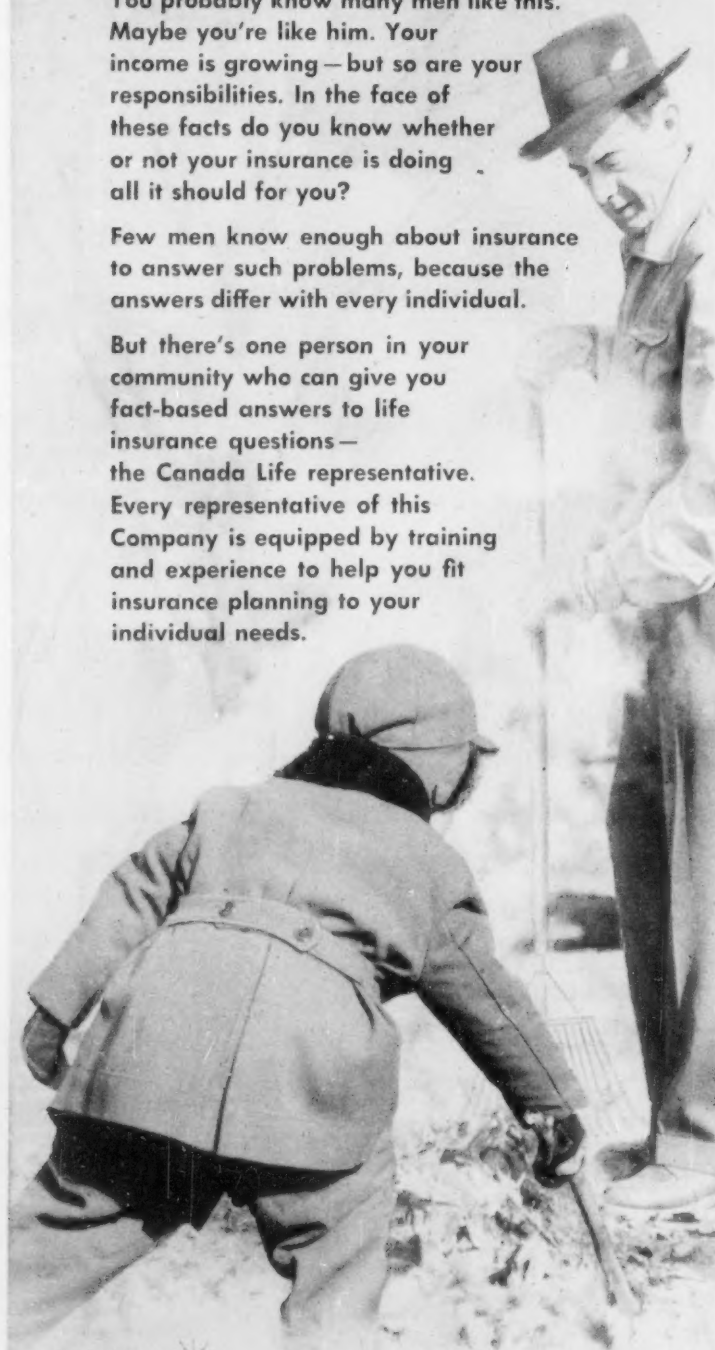
S.S. Klondike carries tourists where river steamboats were once a life line to gold towns.

Should this man save for his future? protect his family? do both?

You probably know many men like this. Maybe you're like him. Your income is growing—but so are your responsibilities. In the face of these facts do you know whether or not your insurance is doing all it should for you?

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Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET

7 BRIDES FOR 7 BROTHERS: The womenfolk of a sedate Oregon town are delightfully invaded by a tribe of bawling bachelors in this fast and funny CinemaScope musical, one of Hollywood's best in that department. Synthetic outdoor backdrops look oddly out of place in some scenes, but the show happily brims with gusto and melody. Howard Keel and Jane Powell top the cast.

THE GAMBLER FROM NATCHEZ: A sword-and-bosom mellerdrummer of the Old South, with a couple of exciting action scenes. But the manly hero (Dale Robertson) and the sneering villain (Kevin McCarthy) are empty stock characters.

THE GREEN SCARF: A rather contrived and jumbled courtroom drama from Britain. However, the story, based on a French novel, has a compelling situation: a man on trial for murder is blind, deaf and dumb. An eccentric old lawyer (Michael Redgrave) defends him.

KING RICHARD AND THE CRUSADERS: Sharp widescreen photography and clever use of stereophonic sound help to atone for the frenzied music and some silly overacting in a CinemaScope item adapted from Sir Walter Scott's novel, *The Talisman*. As Saladin, jaunty Sultan of Araby, Rex Harrison performs with enjoyable bravado.

PUSHOVER: It's the sort of thing that has often been done before, but usually with less competence than in this hard-boiled little suspense yarn. A provocative gun moll (Kim Novak) and a restless policeman (Fred MacMurray) are the principals.

WHITE CHRISTMAS: Danny Kaye and Bing Crosby at their best are funny enough together to deserve a sequel, although not all the production numbers in this big Irving Berlin musical are successful. Rosemary Clooney, Dean Jagger and Vera-Ellen are also on hand. The Technicolor camerawork, in the new VistaVision process, is uncommonly bright and pleasing.

Gilmour's Guide to the Current Crop

About Mrs. Leslie: Drama. Fair.
Adventures of Robinson Crusoe: Adventure drama. Good.
Alaska Seas: Action drama. Poor.
Apache: Indian western. Excellent.
Broken Lance: Western. Excellent.
A Bullet Is Waiting: Western. Fair.
Caine Mutiny: Navy drama. Good.
Carnival Story: Sexy melodrama. Fair.
Cease Fire: Korean war. Good.
Concert of the Stars (Russian): Arias and ballet. Fair.
Daughters of Destiny: Three stories. Fair.
Dawn at Socorro: Western. Fair.
Demetrius and the Gladiators: Semi-Biblical drama. Fair.
Dial M for Murder: Suspense. Good.
Doctor in the House: Comedy. Fair.
Drive a Crooked Road: Crime. Good.
Executive Suite: Drama. Excellent.
Father Brown, Detective: British crime comedy. Good.
Final Test: British comedy. Good.
Francis Joins the WACs: Farce. Fair.
Front Page Story: Press drama. Fair.
Garden of Evil: Drama. Fair.
Golden Coach: Farce-fantasy. Good.
Gypsy Colt: Farm-life drama. Good.
Heidi: Children's story. Good.
The High and the Mighty: Drama. Fair.

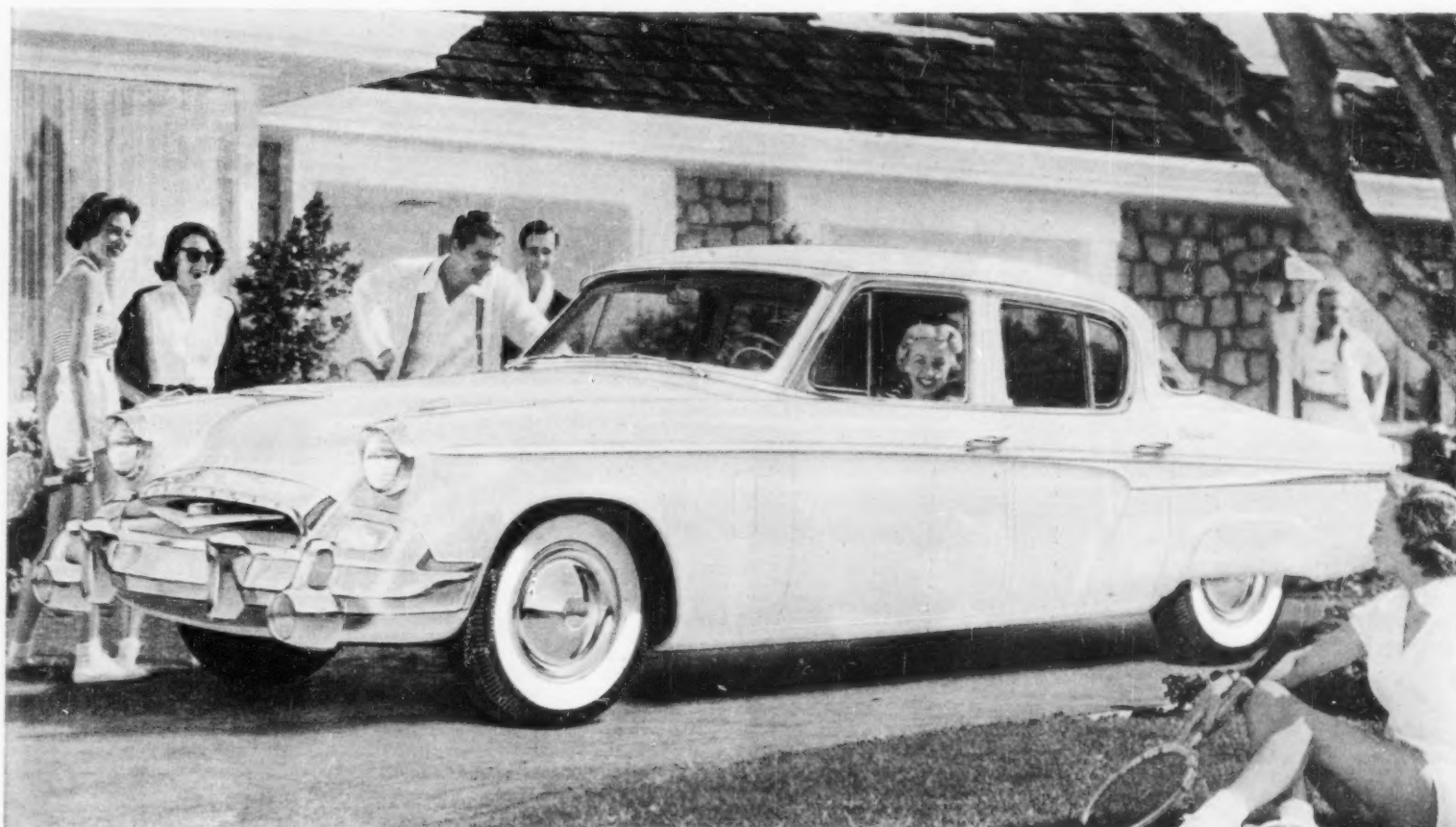
Hobson's Choice: Comedy. Excellent.
I'm a Stranger: British mystery. Poor.
It Should Happen to You: New York satirical comedy. Excellent.
Johnny Dark: Race-car drama. Good.
The Kidnappers: Drama. Excellent.
Knock on Wood: Comedy. Excellent.
Magnificent Obsession: Drama. Fair.
The Maggie: British comedy. Good.
Man With a Million: Comedy. Good.
Men of the Fighting Lady: War. Good.
New Faces: Broadway revue. Good.
On the Waterfront: Drama. Excellent.
The Pickwick Papers: Comedy. Good.
Prince Valiant: Adventure. Fair.
The Raid: Action drama. Good.
Rainbow Jacket: British comedy. Fair.
Rear Window: Suspense. Excellent.
Red Garters: Western comedy. Fair.
Riding Shotgun: Western. Poor.
Riot in Cell Block 11: Drama. Excellent.
Sabrina: Romantic comedy. Excellent.
Salt of the Earth: Labor drama. Fair.
Scotch on the Rocks: Comedy. Fair.
Secret of the Incas: Drama. Fair.
Student Prince: Musical. Fair.
Them!: Science-fiction thriller. Good.
Three Coins in the Fountain: Romantic drama. Fair.
West of Zanzibar: Jungle drama. Fair.

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New Champion 6



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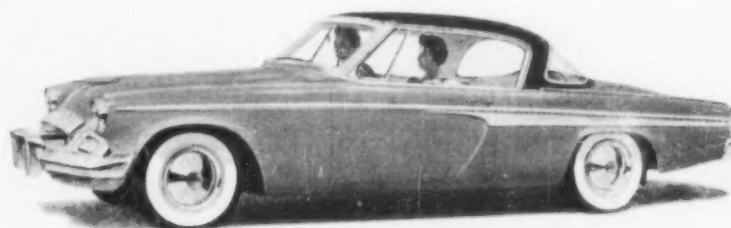
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for the future may be, a Savings
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Bank of Commerce can be
the start of it all!



The Canadian Bank of Commerce

M-23

The Shaggy Saint of Labrador

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

gigantic waterfalls. In summer it was ruggedly beautiful; in winter, wrapped in ice and snow, it was coldly defiant, hostile.

But what held Grenfell there was the plight of a forgotten people. "As doctors," he once said, "we know that men are born neither free nor equal." Among the natives of Labrador—the Indians of the interior, the Eskimos of the north, and the white "liveyere" (live here) families who had been on the rock-ribbed coast for a century—he found widespread poverty, illness and ignorance. He devoted the rest of his life to making theirs easier.

Grenfell made his rounds of the coast in a tiny hospital ship or, more often, on an Eskimo komatik hauled by eight huskies. He treated patients and performed operations in snow houses, skin tents, sod huts and, on the trail, under spruce lean-tos.

Though he worked in an obscure country, the Labrador Doctor caught the world's imagination. Newspapers in Britain, the United States and Canada found him colorful copy. They reported that he wore furs and seal boots, often slept out on the trail with his dogs and sometimes dined on whale blubber; that once, when skin grafting was needed to save a Labrador fisherman's shattered hand, Grenfell had another doctor remove flesh from his own back to patch it; and that when he got lost on his first visit to New York City he found his way by following the North Star.

Whenever Grenfell came out of the north on lecture tours to raise money for Labrador—to build the hospitals, schools and orphanages that stand along the coast today—hundreds of thousands of people in North America, Europe and Australia paid to see him and to hear hair-raising stories of his strange land. Over the years they gave him millions of dollars. Wealthy men underwrote the cost of a hospital or a hospital ship; school children, told that Grenfell was caring for the crippled, blind, orphaned and unwanted children of the north, sent him dimes and quarters from sidewalk fudge sales.

A U. S. magazine once called Grenfell "the most useful man in the North American continent," and his work so impressed the British government that in 1927 King George V made him a knight.

Moved by Grenfell's selfless example, many people followed him to the north. British, Canadian and American doctors and nurses volunteered, as they

still do, to work in the Grenfell mission fields for a token payment. They were joined by a great army of Grenfell "wops"—from "workers without pay"—who served in Labrador and northern Newfoundland and footed their own bills for the privilege of a part in his story.

Born in 1865, Grenfell came from a comfortable English family of scholars. His grandfather had been a housemaster at Rugby in Arnold's time. His father, Algernon, an Anglican minister, owned a private boys' school at Parkgate, near Chester. Educated at his father's school and at Marlborough, Grenfell decided, at eighteen, to study medicine. He learned it, as he later practiced it, the hard way—as a student attached to London Hospital, amid the slums, sin and poverty of the East End.

While studying at the hospital, he spent terms at London University and Oxford, where he rowed and played football. One night in his second year he wandered into a tent meeting held by two famous evangelists, Moody and Sankey. His upbringing had been strict Anglican, but Grenfell was impressed by the sincerity and zeal of the revivalists. "When eventually I left," he later wrote, "it was with a determination either to make religion a real effort to do as I thought Christ would do in my place as a doctor, or frankly abandon it."

Sermons in the Saloons

Soon he and another young student began holding Sunday night services in the dank underground lodging houses along the Radcliffe Highway. "It brought me into touch with real poverty," Grenfell once said, "—a very graveyard of life I had never surmised." Often, while one interne held services, the other had to sit on a drunk to keep him quiet. Several times while they were extolling honesty and virtue, their audience pressed closer—and picked their pockets.

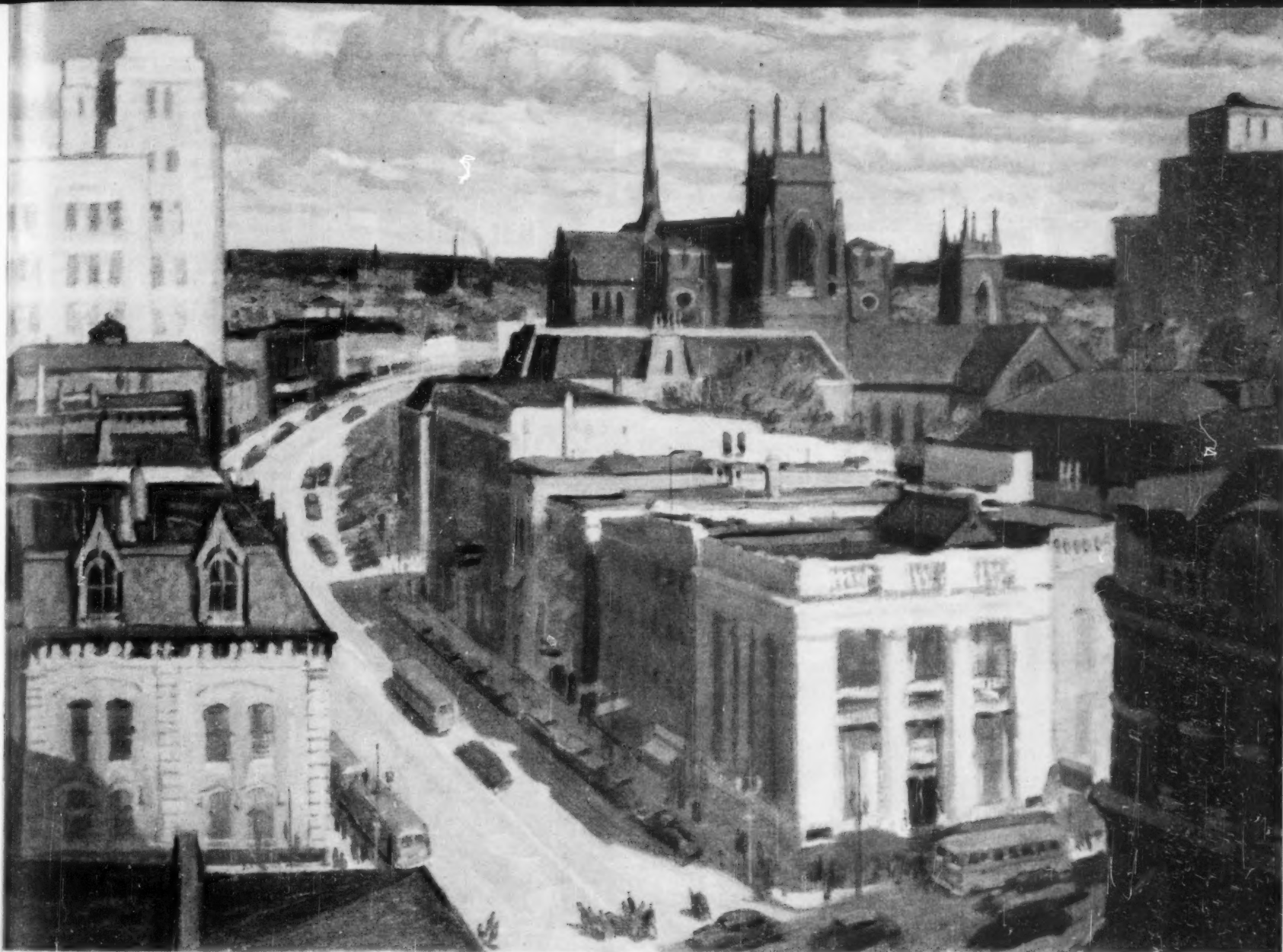
Grenfell invaded waterfront saloons with total abstinence sermons. In one a band of toughs grabbed him and tried to force whisky down his throat. He fought his way out without tasting it.

When he graduated as a doctor, at twenty-one, Grenfell joined the Royal National Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen, a private but church-supported organization whose motto was, "Heal the Sick and Preach the Word." For five years he sailed about in a small schooner visiting fishing fleets from Iceland to the Bay of Biscay, patching fishermen's injuries and, in a quiet way, preaching to them. It was a hard life. He was at sea in all kinds of weather and he received little pay. Some of his friends considered Grenfell a religious



MACLEAN'S

"Ice?"



London, painted for the Seagram Collection by Clare Bice, A.R.C.A., O.S.A.

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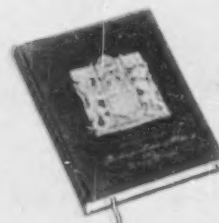
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ROUTE OF THE CANADIAN TOUR: OTTAWA, MONTREAL, CHARLOTTETOWN, HALIFAX, ST. JOHN'S, SAINT JOHN, SHERBROOKE, TROIS-RIVIÈRES, TORONTO, QUEBEC, LONDON, WINNIPEG, REGINA, EDMONTON, VANCOUVER, VICTORIA, CALGARY, SASKATOON, WINDSOR, HAMILTON, KINGSTON, HULL.

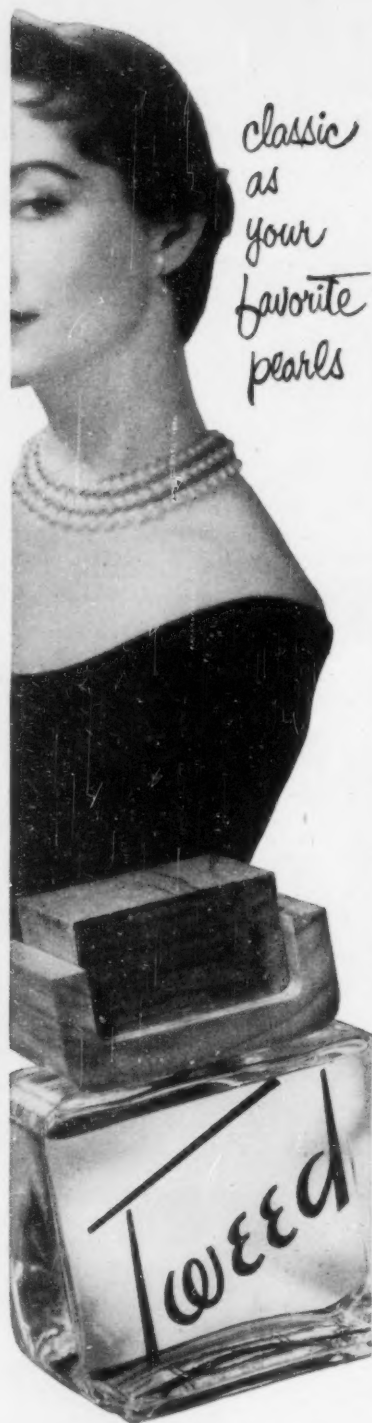
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fanatic who fed on discomfort. He disagreed. "I have always believed," he said, "that the Good Samaritan went across the road to the wounded man just because he wanted to."

In 1892, at the Mission's request, Grenfell fitted out the small hospital ship *Albert* and crossed the Atlantic to investigate conditions among the thirty thousand men, women and children who came each summer in a thousand Newfoundland schooners to fish for cod along the rocky Labrador coast.

The *Albert* picked her way along the iceberg-strewn coast and slipped into Domino Run, a bleak fishing village huddled against the rocks where a hundred schooners were moored. The fishermen ran up welcome flags on their mastheads, for, by the cut of her sails, the *Albert* was a stranger to Labrador. Some came aboard and met Grenfell. His own job was strange: in a striped Oxford University rowing blazer he looked grandly out of place in Domino Run.

That night an incident occurred that changed Grenfell's life and life in Labrador. He was pacing the *Albert's* deck when he heard a voice. "Be you a real doctor, zur?" Below he saw a man in a rickety dory. "That's what I call myself," he chuckled.

The doryman weighed the fact for a moment. "Us hasn't got no money," he said, "but there's a very sick man ashore, if so be you'd come and see him."

Grenfell went. In a tiny sod-covered hovel that turned his stomach with its stench he found a tubercular man in the last stages of pneumonia. His wife was feeding him cold water on a spoon—the only medicine she knew of—and in one corner of the dark hut six thin children in rags were asleep.

"My heart sank," Grenfell wrote later, "as I thought of how little I could do for the sufferer in such surroundings." He did what he could, then left. "I could only pray for him," said Grenfell, "when what he needed was a hospital and a trained nurse."

In the next two months his heart sank many times. In a land that offered little food but fish and wild berries—it was called Starvation Coast—scurvy, beriberi, rickets and tuberculosis took a fearful toll. There were no agencies of mercy to care for the sick, blind, crippled and orphaned except the German Moravian Brethren, who ran trading posts, and a few clergymen whose influence was weakened by an interdenominational rivalry for souls. There were a few scattered sectarian schools, no hospitals and rarely did a doctor come ashore on Labrador. Hundreds of families, underfed and poorly clothed, made their homes in crude wooden shacks, skin tents and earthen hutsches. In short, life in Labrador was even more primitive than the Elizabethan dialect of its "liveyere" fishermen.

Before he left that fall, Grenfell called again at the hovel in Domino Run. The tubercular fisherman was dead. His wife and children were destitute. Grenfell gave them what food and clothing he could spare and vowed to come back.

In St. John's, the Newfoundland capital, Grenfell embarked on a career of shocking people and scrounging. Said a friend, "He has a genius for generating sympathy and he can simply wring tears from people's pocketbooks." To officials of two large fish companies Grenfell told harrowing tales: of a crippled child whose only dress was her father's cut-down trouser leg; of a fisherman who had killed his three youngest children and himself the winter before so that his wife and the two eldest would have enough food until spring. He told them, too, that he was hoping to open two cottage hospitals



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on islands two hundred miles apart—one at Battle Harbor, north of the Straits of Belle Isle, and the other at Indian Harbor, near Hamilton Inlet. They donated the buildings.

Back in England, he told similar stories of suffering: of an Eskimo, both forearms blown off by the explosion of a signal cannon, who had lain on his back for two weeks with the pitiful stumps wrapped in wet rags until, for lack of a doctor, he died. Grenfell's friends gave him money to buy an X-ray machine and a small steam launch, the *Princess May*. He recruited two doctors and two nurses to go back to Labrador with him and begged money to pay them small salaries. His own skimpy wages, paid by the National Mission, went for medical supplies.

One of the doctors, Arthur Bobardt, an Australian, took charge of a 16-bed Battle Harbor hospital—Labrador's first—while Grenfell, who had studied navigation on the North Sea, took the *Princess May* to the far north where no doctors had gone before.

All along the coast, wherever people lived, he found he was needed. At first he had to combat age-old superstitions. Whites and Eskimos alike treated diphtheria by tying a split, dried codfish around the patient's neck. Dried and powdered bull's heart was prescribed for TB and fishermen brewed medical potions by boiling old pulley-blocks in water. Gradually they came to accept Grenfell's strange medicine—with reservations. One woman agreed to let him cut a tumor from her leg, but refused to take ether. Five men sat on her during the operation.

No Money for His Dreams

To the Labrador people Grenfell was a miracle man. Simple cataract operations made the blind see; five minutes of surgery on an ingrown toenail and a cripple walked erect. Often he performed his wondrous works on rough kitchen tables, by lantern light. He delivered babies, pulled teeth, tried to instruct mothers in proper child care, treated everything from chickenpox to cancer, broke and reset crooked legs.

As his fame spread along the coast, hundreds flocked to his two hospitals. The Mission expected him to charge each patient twenty-five cents; he seldom did. But grateful patients repaid him with what they could spare—sheep, butter, a chicken, goose feathers for hospital pillows or a day's work.

As Grenfell's work grew, so did his plans. He had visions of a network of hospitals and nursing stations along the thousand-mile coast, of schools, orphanages and a larger force of doctors and nurses who would remain in Labrador all year. Since the Mission Society couldn't finance his dreams, in the winter of 1893, Grenfell and Bobardt came to Canada to beg. In Montreal they called on Lord Strathcona, president of the Hudson's Bay Company, the CPR and the Bank of Montreal. Strathcona, who had once lived in Labrador as Donald Smith, donated a steamer, the *Sir Donald*, to the Mission and agreed to be chairman of their first public lecture. To keep expenses down, Grenfell and Bobardt both did duty at the ticket window before going on stage.

Grenfell continued to make lecture tours until the year of his death, 1940, though he claimed an abiding hatred for them. He said he preferred a *koma-tik* to a train, a sleeping bag to a posh hotel room and seal boots and parka to a dinner jacket. But lectures brought in what his mission needed—money and interest—and they were too good to pass up. Once on stage, talking about Labrador, his uneasiness fell away.

In New York, years later, the Metro-

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politan Opera company staged a benefit performance for the mission. Between acts Grenfell was asked to say a few words. He responded with a few thousand. The signal bell for the next act rang. Grenfell talked on. The outraged stars were stamping off to their dressing rooms when he finally stopped. Absent-minded about matters that seemed unimportant to him—like dress—he once showed up for a lecture wearing a patent-leather shoe on one foot and an old sneaker on the other.

The people who heard Grenfell's lectures responded in a variety of ways. They gave him money, clothing, toys, books, bandages, boats and food for Labrador. They bought beds, as they still do, for the Grenfell Mission. Over the years, thousands of "wops" volunteered to go "down north on the Labrador" to help him.

Slowly, Grenfell's dreams began to come true. In the fall of 1899, after his two Labrador hospitals had closed for the winter, he crossed the Straits of Belle Isle to St. Anthony. Cold and isolated, it was Labrador all over again. Here, too, he found hunger and its resultant diseases. That winter, his first in the north, Grenfell lived and worked in what he called "a glorified cupboard." Finally he told the fishermen, "I can't carry on here another winter without a hospital."

They acted swiftly. In the spring of 1900, before fishing season, a hundred men and three hundred dogs entered the woods. Two weeks later they emerged with enough lumber to build a roomy hospital. St. Anthony became Grenfell's headquarters.

From there he and his volunteer doctors and nurses traveled by boat and dog team. They camped out in freezing weather. Sometimes, lost and hungry, they had to chew pieces of green sealskin cut from their boots, or to boil their skin gloves for supper.

On one occasion at least Grenfell nearly perished. A sudden spring break-up left him stranded with his eight dogs on an ice pan in the middle of a huge bay. His frozen raft drifted slowly out towards the sea where a thousand shifting pans were grinding themselves to snow. At night Grenfell killed three of his huskies, skinned them and wrapped their bloody fur around himself. Stuffing his clothing with unraveled rope, he piled the bodies of the three dead dogs to make a windbreak, made the others lie close to him for warmth and went to sleep. In the morning, he tied the frozen legs of the dead dogs together with harness rope, to make a crooked staff, then hoisted his flannel shirt to the top of the staff and began waving to the fading shoreline. Fishermen saw his signal. By the time their boats reached him, both his hands and feet were frozen and his ice pan was on the point of disintegrating. Later, on the shore, Grenfell erected a bronze tablet:

To the memory of three noble dogs,
Moody, Watch and Spy,
Whose lives were given for mine on
the ice.

On one of his trips into northern Labrador, in 1904, Grenfell was summoned to see a sick family. In a hut on a lonely headland he found the mother and father dead. Grenfell took their five young children back to St. Anthony that winter. A few months later an anonymous donor provided funds to build a Children's Home. Grenfell had no trouble filling it.

At Eskimo Bay he found a family of neglected children. He bartered food and clothing with the father for two of the children. One of them, educated at St. Anthony, later became a nurse. Later one of Grenfell's "wops," Frank Sayre, a son-in-law of U. S. President Woodrow Wilson, doubled the orphan-

age accommodation to thirty. On the front of the orphanage, which now holds seventy, was the text: "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

As he had done as a young interne in London, Grenfell combined his medical work with religious teaching. Wherever he went he held Sunday services and, in a land that offered little supporting evidence, he tried to show men that their God was not one of hell-fire and damnation but kindness and mercy. He taught by example. Once, on a schooner near Cape Chidley, he found an unmarried girl cook who had

just given birth to a child. She was hemorrhaging to death. "I wants to die, doctor," she said. "I can never go home again." When she died Grenfell rowed her body ashore to a rocky headland. On a cross over her grave he wrote:

Suzanne

Jesus said, neither do I condemn thee.

On the subject of liquor, his pet prejudice since college days, Grenfell was less tolerant. Appointed by the

Newfoundland government to be a roving magistrate—his court was generally the after-deck of his ship—he waged war against traders who sold rot-gut whisky to Indians and Eskimos. On one occasion he discovered that the only other magistrate in the district was a bootlegger. By disguising his boat one day with flags and white bunting to look like a wedding party, Grenfell sailed right up to the other jurist's home, on the shore of a small cove, and nabbed him red-handed. He went to jail.

But neither prohibition, nor religion

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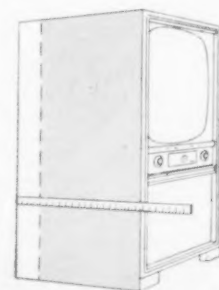
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nor medicine alone could reform the north. "How can one preach the gospel of love to a hungry people by sermons," Grenfell said once, "or a gospel of healing to underfed children with pills?" Rickets, scurvy, TB—the scourges of the Labrador "liveyeres," Indians and Eskimos—arose mainly from malnutrition, by reason of poverty.

Poverty came easy in this hard land but it was helped along by feudal cod barons, village merchants and traders. Many merchants wouldn't sell nets or traps outright. They rented them for a heavy share of every catch. Trappers

and fishermen rarely got cash for their catches. The Hudson's Bay Company paid off in colored bone counters. One large lumber company paid its wages in tin money stamped "Valuable only at our store," and charged exorbitant prices at the store.

At first Grenfell had the Eskimo and Indian trappers turn over their furs to him. He sold them for cash and returned the money to the trappers. At the fishing village of Red Bay, in 1905, he got fishermen to start their own co-operative store. After saving for a year seventeen families had a total of

only \$85. Grenfell lent them money to bring in their first boatload of supplies. Within thirteen years the original \$5 shares in the store were worth \$104 each and the village was debt-free. In three years Grenfell launched ten co-ops. Most of them flourished but when one failed, through mismanagement, he sold one of his boats and many personal effects to square its debts.

In the spring of 1909, after spending the winter lecturing and raising money in Britain, Grenfell sailed on the Mauritania for the U. S., where he was to get an honorary degree from Harvard Uni-

versity—one of many awarded to him. On the second day out he met a tall blue-eyed brunette named Anne, a graduate of Bryn Mawr who had once turned down an invitation to hear him speak because she thought he would be "too dull." The doctor fell in love. Four days later, before the big liner reached New York, he proposed and was accepted. "By the way," he added, "I'm afraid I don't know your last name." It was MacClanahan.

Married in Chicago that November, the couple arrived in St. Anthony two months later. The fishermen met them with cheers and flags and patients in the mission hospital gave them a picture of a fleet of fishing schooners, inscribed: "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me."

The doctor's young wife adapted herself quickly. She took a special interest in the orphanage and the grade schools that Grenfell opened in Labrador and northern Newfoundland. She set up an education fund and wheedled scholarships. When TB patients, housewives, children and elderly fishermen were put to work hooking rugs, weaving, carving ivory and tooling leather-goods, she opened Grenfell handicraft stores in England, the U. S. and Canada. She arranged the sale of calendars, depicting Labrador scenes, around the world and in one year added \$10,000 to her education fund. Soon some of the mission's brighter children were enrolling at McGill, Upper Canada College and other leading schools and universities in North America. They returned as teachers, nurses, ministers and mechanics to become leaders among their people.

His Books Paid the Bills

Before Grenfell's time education in Labrador was entirely sectarian. While most villages and settlements had no schools, in a few others there were as many as three—Roman Catholic, Methodist and Anglican—each presided over by a clergyman who vied with the others for converts and students. "Religion is tied up in bundles," Grenfell said, "and its energies are used to divide rather than to unite men." When he failed to sell the missionaries on a more sensible distribution of learning, Grenfell began to open his own non-sectarian schools.

With money coming in from lecture tours, large and small donations, government grants and his own books—between 1905 and 1938 he found time to write more than twenty—Grenfell extended his medical services. A hospital was opened at Harrington, on the south coast of Labrador and two nursing stations—three-bed cottages—were built farther north. The sister of one of Grenfell's most famous co-workers, Dr. John Little, raised \$10,000 to expand the St. Anthony hospital. Sir Donald Smith donated another large hospital steamer, the Strathcona. In 1911, at St. John's, a \$200,000 mission home for visiting fishermen and sailors threw open its gleaming new doors. The cornerstone was laid by King George V—by telegraph wire—on the day of his coronation.

Some of the nurses and most doctors who went north to work with Grenfell were given small salaries—many skilled surgeons, and Grenfell himself, took less than \$1,000 a year—but, then as now, most mission helpers were unpaid "wops." They came from many countries—Canada, the United States, Australia, New Zealand, Newfoundland and Britain—and from every rank in society. They were doctors, dentists, socialites, nurses, architects, professors, engineers, teachers and clergymen. Many college students, having no

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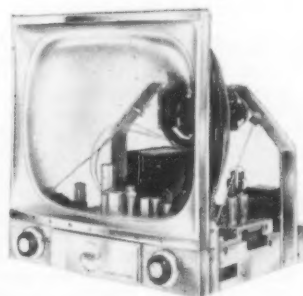
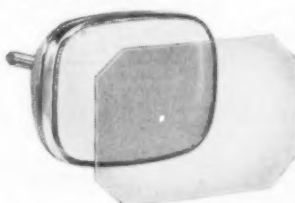
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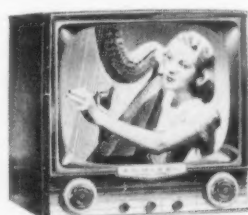
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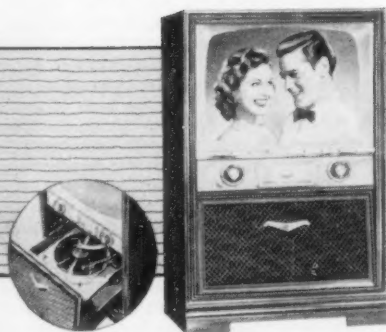
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money, worked their way north to spend a summer with the Grenfell mission. But most "wops" came from well-to-do families because they had to pay their own expenses. All Grenfell could offer them was a taste of adventure and "the joy of service."

Every spring for 18 years Dr. Joseph Andrews, a wealthy and famous eye specialist in California, got a wire from Grenfell: "The ice is breaking up. Start." Each time, he closed his office, went to Labrador or northern Newfoundland and spent two months treating Grenfell's fishermen and half-breed Indians. For years Ethel Muir, a Ph.D., recruited a team of U.S. school-marmas who gave up their vacations to teach in hidden villages along Labrador's fjords.

When Grenfell started the women of the north weaving, a carpenter came all the way from Kentucky, at his own expense, to show the men how to make looms. Once a "wop" nurse who had worked with Grenfell in the north, resigned and left for the U.S. "I want to earn some money," she said, "so I can volunteer again."

Hundreds of students from Canadian and U.S. colleges paid their own way to Labrador for the short summer. Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Brown and Johns Hopkins all sent hospital-ship crews and the Yale boys donated a boat. Some of the wealthier "wops" adopted mission children, took them home in the fall, and paid for their education.

Stockings Run to Labrador

Grenfell's "wops" manned boats, rolled bandages, taught art, cooked, preached, filled teeth, delivered and christened babies (hundreds were named for Grenfell), built wharves, dams, lighthouses, drove dog teams, mixed fertilizer on the experimental farm that Grenfell started at St. Anthony and strung telegraph wires linking his hospitals and nursing stations. They did whatever they were asked to do. Grenfell once saw two men stripped to the waist building a road. One was a professor of higher mathematics at Princeton; the other the head of the department of religious literature at Scribners.

In 1912 a group of former "wops" and mission friends met in New York and formed the International Grenfell Association, with branches in Britain, Ireland, Canada and the United States, to finance Grenfell's work. The Royal National Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen was now neither willing nor able to do so. Smaller regional and city organizations developed to send food, money, clothing, books and more "wops" to Labrador. Housewives all over North America contributed their silk stockings, slips and old dresses to be turned into Labrador hooked rugs—and money. "When stockings run," quipped Grenfell, "they run to Labrador."

In 1915 another hospital was opened at North West River, near Goose Bay, and two more nursing stations were built. Grenfell went to France with the Harvard Surgical Unit for a short time in World War I, then headed north again to plan still more hospitals. When he wrote his autobiography, A Labrador Doctor, in 1919, it was chiefly to raise funds to replace the overcrowded St. Anthony hospital.

By July, 1927, a new eighty-bed hospital and TB annex was ready at St. Anthony to serve the whole coast. One of his Labrador orphans who had studied engineering at the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn designed and directed construction of the concrete building. It was complete with X-rays and radium equipment and had been built entirely

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AFRAID OF HEIGHTS? Then you wouldn't want to be one of the men who recently did repairs up among the gargoyles of the Peace Tower, atop the Parliament Buildings in Ottawa. The scaffolding, rising 280 feet, was the highest ever erected in Canada. We were pleased, but not surprised, that it was made of light, strong, easily assembled aluminum tubing... 37,000 feet of it. Saved a lot of time putting up and taking down. And incidentally saved Canadian taxpayers a tidy sum of money. Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd. (Alcan).

by local men. The opening was the proudest moment in Grenfell's life.

He nearly missed it. Hurrying back to St. Anthony with a boatload of patients for the new hospital, the Strathcona stabbed a reef and began to fill with water. Grenfell and the crew helped the patients into lifeboats, then abandoned ship. For an hour they rowed in the fog and, unknowingly, in a circle. Suddenly Grenfell heard a ship's bell. A dark shape broke through the mist. It was the Strathcona. A large wave had lifted her over the shoal into clear water. Reboarded, bailed and temporarily patched, she limped into a flag-bedecked St. Anthony on the day of the hospital opening.

The governor of Newfoundland, Sir William Allardye, officiated at the ceremony. When it was over he made a surprise announcement: King George V wanted Grenfell to come to London to be knighted. Grenfell went, but with one misgiving. "I only pray," he said, "that this tag to my name won't be any barrier between me and my friends on the coast." It wasn't. He was soon known there as "Sir Wilf."

As the Grenfell Association grew, more nursing stations and another hospital went up along the coast. Now past sixty Grenfell could look back and see many changes. Tuberculosis, still a major problem, no longer meant certain death. Infant mortality was down sharply. Rickets, scurvy and beriberi had been checked by better diets; agricultural workers from the Grenfell Mission had shown people how to raise vegetables in co-op greenhouses in the brief northern summer and how to keep cattle, sheep and pigs. Many fishermen and trappers, shareholders in co-op stores, gained a stake in their own future.

Grenfell's five hospitals, six nursing stations and four hospital boats meant proper care was at hand for those who needed it. His scattered schools and Lady Grenfell's education fund meant that the sons of fishermen in George's Cove or Eskimo Bay no longer had to spend their lives in a dory if they had a talent for something better. Orphans were cared for and the blind and crippled found useful lives.

Labrador, too, was better dressed. Twelve scattered distribution centres dispensed cast-off garments that came from all over the world, and looked it. A visitor once saw two Indians coming out of one of the centres—one wearing hunting pinks, the other a cavalry officer's greatcoat.

In 1934, at the age of sixty-nine, a weak heart forced Sir Wilf to retire. "I'm getting too old to drive dog teams," he said, "and I'm afraid I must take it easy until the time comes to cash in my checks."

But he didn't take it easy. Sent to a sanatorium in Michigan to rest, he skipped out through a window and went on a lecture tour to raise more money for his missions, now running smoothly without him. Too tired to stand, he spoke sitting down. In 1939, after his wife died, Grenfell returned to St. Anthony for the last time to bury her ashes there. As he came ashore he walked under a welcome arch of green spruce boughs and, though the occasion was a solemn one, the people cheered.

Those who were there saw tears in the old doctor's eyes when he was leaving again. Back in Vermont, where he now lived in retirement, Grenfell grew restless and he told a friend that he wanted to start a settlement house on the teeming Lower East Side of New York. But there wasn't time. On Oct. 19, 1940, he lay down before dinner for a nap and died in his sleep. At the time, oddly enough, he was wearing the same old Oxford blazer that he had worn in Domino Run, on his first day in Labrador. ★



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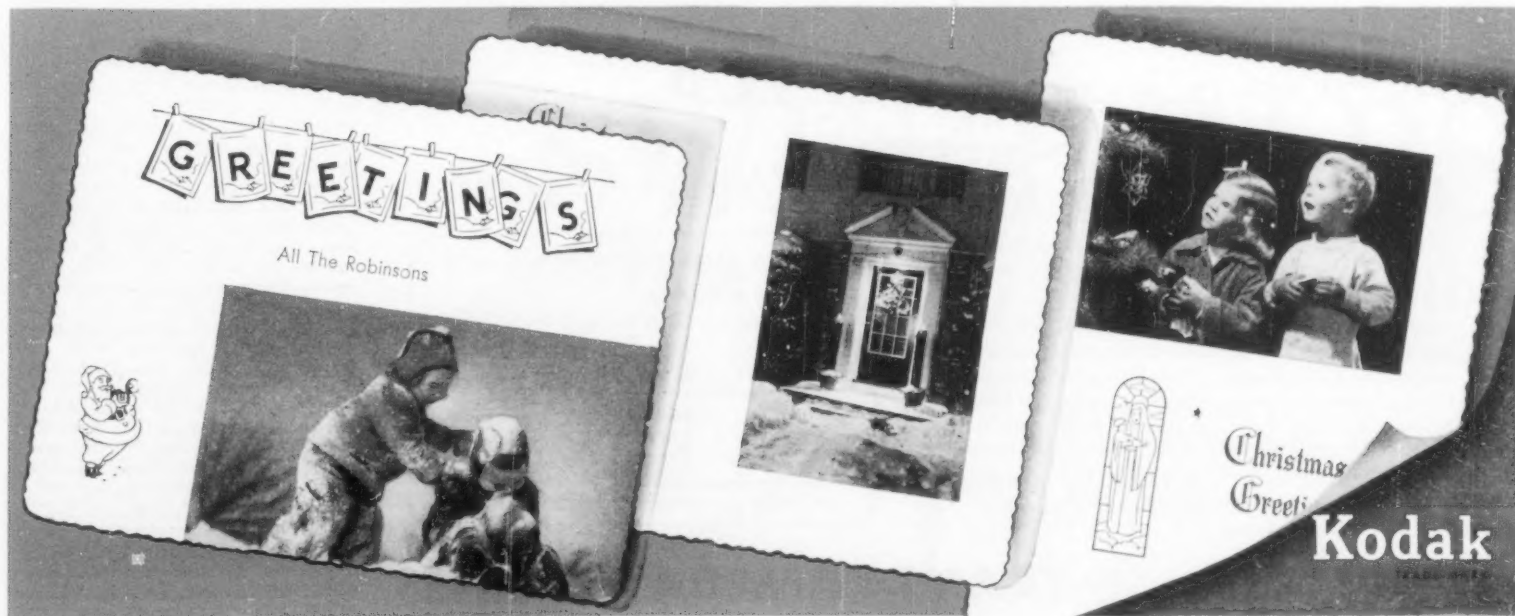
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The Yukon's Coming Alive Again

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

years from now the river will be dammed for three hundred miles and it's a fair guess that by then as much as ten million horsepower will be in use.

Why this sudden new rush to the Yukon, a country that has been slumbering for half a century? The answer lies in the world's hunger for

cheap and easily available power. The Yukon has both kinds—cheap power because of its staggering abundance, available power because the tunnels and generating stations need only be about forty-five miles from salt water.

Within a decade, ships from all over the globe will steam up the Alaska-B. C. coastline to reach this Yukon water, just as they did in the days of the Klondike. The freighters will go to Taku Inlet, a long narrow arm of the sea that cuts through the Alaska Panhandle near Juneau, Alaska, and into B. C. Barges will freight the ore

up the shallow water to the town of Taku, just inside the B. C. border, where smelters and refineries will process the metals. Because sea transport is still the cheapest kind, it will pay to ship unprocessed ore from thousands of miles away, refine it and then ship the finished product outside.

Northwest Power Industries Ltd. and Quebec Metallurgical Industries Ltd., the two companies undertaking the project, are both part of the great interlocking tangle of enterprises that come under the general parentage of Frobisher Ltd. and Ventures Ltd.

These sprawling, world-wide giants are controlled by that brilliant legend of Canadian mining, Thayer Lindsley, the gaunt, 73-year-old geologist who has his finger in so many mining pies. There's no doubt that Lindsley's is the imagination behind the whole plan.

Lindsley now has B. C. government approval for the B. C. part of the plan. He and his associates have been asked to put up a two-and-a-half-million-dollar bond which he forfeits if he doesn't spend \$75 millions in four years. He'll need federal government approval for the Yukon side of the project. This hadn't been given at this writing, but it's long been considered a foregone conclusion.

Lindsley's own network of companies controls enough raw ore to keep the project busy in the first stages of its development. He plans to bring nickel-cobalt from New Caledonia, the Philippines and other South Pacific islands. Manganese ores will pour in from South Africa. Zinc and iron will come from the Pacific Coast area—from Vancouver Island and Alaska. By 1962 the nickel output alone will be nearly one third that of the giant International Nickel Company.

Later on, it is hoped that ore bodies in the Yukon now too costly to develop will be mined.

The series of dams and tunnels and man-made lakes planned for the Yukon will sprawl over some of the most picturesque country in the world. The rising waters will reach almost to the edge of the White Pass railway that follows the old gold-rush trail through the mountains from Skagway, Alaska. A dam will be built at the head of Miles Canyon, where dozens of Klondike stampedeers lost their lives. Tagish Lake, an emerald finger of glacial water that saw the sails of twenty thousand homemade boats in 1898, will be bloated in size.

Tunnels to the Ocean

A much later series of dams will back up Laberge, the lake made famous in Robert Service's ballad *The Cremation of Sam McGee*. The treacherous Thirtymile River, scene of old-time steamboat wrecks, will probably merge with the lake. Five Finger Rapids, the most spectacular navigation hazard on the river, may vanish. The eventual plans call for a dam just below Fort Selkirk to capture the muddy waters of the great Pelly River.

To most Canadians it's a huge surprise to learn that the river they've always thought of as a slightly outdated and slightly unreal motion-picture set is as real, sinewy and modern as the industrial age itself. But then the Yukon has always been a surprising river. Its headwaters, for example, rise just fifteen miles from the Pacific Ocean. But it takes 2,200 miles of steady flow to reach that ocean. The tunnels through the mountains, of course, will make use of the shortcut.

The river rises in these mountains near the B. C. border, where the tunnels are to be built. Then it sets out on its long tortuous course, describing a gigantic crescent that swings through the whole of the Yukon and Alaska, neatly bisecting both territories and crossing the Arctic Circle twice. It ends, finally, in the cold Bering Sea at the tip of Alaska. It is a boatman's dream. All but fifteen miles, near its source, are navigable. But by the time the power project is complete all major navigation will be at an end on the Yukon.

Although it is the oldest part of the north from a mining point of view, the Yukon is far younger from an explorer's standpoint. Seventy years ago it was an almost unknown river flowing

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through a dark land as silent as the moon, unmapped and all but unexplored. Back in 1789, when Alexander Mackenzie traced the great river that bears his name to its mouth, the Yukon was only a legend on the Indians' lips. Another century elapsed before the Yukon had its own Mackenzie. He was a U. S. cavalry lieutenant named Frederick Schwatka, who went down the entire river by raft and skin boat in 1883. He named every feature he saw and most of these names still stand, with one notable exception. The little salmon stream he called the Reindeer is better known today as the Klondike.

The Russians were actually the first white men into the Yukon valley, but they didn't explore the whole river. In 1832 they came over from Siberia, across the Bering Sea and upriver from the mouth, to trade for furs. There's no written record that they went farther than six hundred miles upstream, although there is little doubt they did. In 1898 a Klondike prospector named Deephole Thompson, in the course of sinking the shaft that gave him his nickname, made a curious find on the thirty-foot level. Here, in frozen mud, was an ancient Russian flintlock pistol. It had obviously worked its way down from the surface over the years. Undoubtedly the Russians had explored this very valley in the years before other white men rediscovered it.

The Hudson's Bay Company, which had opened up the rest of Canada from Frobisher Bay to Vancouver Island, left the Yukon to the last. Over the mountains from the Mackenzie in 1843 came a remarkable man named Robert Campbell. At the point where the Pelly joins the Yukon he built Fort Selkirk. It did not long survive. The fierce Chilkat Indians came up from the coast and destroyed it.

Campbell then made an incredible journey by foot, canoe, snowshoe and dog team 4,200 miles to the nearest railhead at Crow Wing, Minn. From here he traveled to England to persuade the HBC directors to rebuild the Fort. They decided against it. Soon after the company withdrew from the Yukon valley, leaving it as silent as when Campbell first arrived.

The first hint of the gold-inspired drama that was to come drifted out of the Yukon in the winter of 1885-86, when a dying prospector named Williams arrived at Dyea on the Alaska Panhandle. He had performed a feat then considered impossible. With an Indian boy he had traversed six hundred miles of frozen river in the dead of winter. The man and the boy had suffered dreadful hardships. Their dogs had died of cold and exhaustion. They had cowered in a snow hut at the top of the storm-tossed Chilkoot Pass for ten days, living on dry flour. The boy had had to carry the man down the mountains and drag him by hand to the trading post at Dyea. Here the prospector died. The handful of men in the vicinity crowded around the corpse. No one had ever walked out of the Yukon in winter. What would bring any man on such a journey?

The Indian boy had the answer. He reached into a sack of beans on the counter and flung a handful on the

floor. "Gold," he said. "All same like this!"

This was the first real news of riches along the Yukon. The strike had been made at a place called Fortymile, on the Canadian side of the Yukon-Alaska border. Fortymile was the first of the Yukon gold towns. With about three hundred men, it produced a million dollars in gold in the decade that followed. Living in Fortymile was like living on a desert island. It was visited once a year by a tiny stern-wheel steamboat from the Bering Sea. One year the boat didn't come and two

hundred men had to leave on foot for the Outside. Without supplies they would have starved.

Fortymile was an American island on Canadian soil. Its population was almost entirely American, and the Americans administered it more or less by default. Its supplies came from the U. S. without benefit of customs, for there wasn't a customs man on the entire length of the river. It had an American post office selling American stamps and the big holidays were Washington's Birthday and the Fourth of July.

Yet it was in no sense a blood-and-thunder town. None of the Yukon towns ever were. Many of the miners were educated men with a taste for literature. Fortymile boasted debating societies and Shakespeare clubs and an Anglican church presided over by Bishop William Bompas, one of the most famous of the northern missionaries who slept anywhere—in a hole in the snow or a corner of a boat or cabin—but spent his evenings reading the Bible in English, Hebrew, Greek and Syriac.

In 1894, nine years after the Forty-



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mile discovery, an even richer strike was made some three hundred miles down-river. A new town, Circle City, Alaska, sprang up on a curve in the river at the head of the great Yukon flats. These flats are the bottom of a prehistoric lake and the river snakes its way across them, shallow as a lily pond and often several miles wide.

Circle City boasted it was the largest log town in the world. Certainly it was one of the strangest. It had no taxes, no courthouse, no jail, no post office, no churches, schools or hotels. It had no sheriff, police, mayor or

council. It had no dentist, doctor, lawyer or priest. There wasn't a lock in town nor a piece of dressed lumber. Everything was made of logs, including George Snow's Opera House which produced such epics as Rip Van Winkle and Uncle Tom's Cabin.

The miners were the law in Circle as they were throughout all Alaska and most of the Yukon (until the Mounties arrived on the Canadian side in 1894). A miners' meeting in Circle once acquitted a man of murder on grounds of self-defense. The verdict was sent to Washington, and upheld, thus giving

these unique meetings a certain legal status, in Alaska at least.

The great gold rush of 1898 changed the Yukon River almost overnight. From a lonely waterway flowing through a silent, unpeopled country it became the main highway down which thousands of boats plunged recklessly. The word Yukon became an international word. Jack London, Rex Beach and James Oliver Curwood all came down the river during the stampede and made fortunes writing about it. So of course did Robert W. Service, ten years later.

By the summer of '98, the entire river from the Bering Sea to Miles Canyon was alive with stern-wheeled river boats of every shape and size. This was its golden age. There must have been close to a hundred of them, ranging all the way from the tiny fifteen-ton A. J. Goddard to the three great 1,130-ton sister ships, Hannah, Sarah and Susie, all flat-bottomed with less than a four-foot draft.

Most of the steamboats reached Dawson from the lower river. They were usually built in Seattle, shipped to the mouth of the river and proceeded under their own steam 1,600 miles to the Klondike. But a few small vessels were trundled in pieces over the mountains. The little A. J. Goddard was the first to reach Dawson from the upper river. Capt. Goddard and his wife packed the boat in sections over the Chilkoot Pass, assembled her on Lake Bennett and ran her through Miles Canyon and Whitehorse Rapids. Her passenger list on this maiden trip included the famous singing-and-dancing Oatley sisters, soon to be the rage of Dawson, and Coatless Curly Munro, a notorious Yukon character who never wore a coat, winter or summer, but often sported four suits of underwear. So great was Goddard's feat that when he returned he was carried through the streets of Skagway on men's shoulders and tendered a civic reception. The little boat later sank in Lake Laberge, with all on board.

The Yukon today is a vast graveyard of these old steamboats. You can still see many of them along the riverbank or rotting on the ways at Carcross, Whitehorse and Dawson and at St. Michael near the mouth of the river on the Bering Sea.



The Yukoner saw hi-jinks and mutiny.

The most notorious boat of all, the old Yukoner, can still be seen in faded splendor, high and dry on the bank at Whitehorse. Some idea of the flavor of the times can be gained by a brief glance at the highlights of her heyday.

Her first captain was John Irving, one of the best-known steamboat men in the Northwest. He was a man of fixed eccentricities. In the lounge he always had an enormous picture of a bulldog. A huge golden eagle was fastened in front of the pilothouse. A gigantic Negro body servant never left his side.

He had a unique method of docking his boat. His system was to charge the bank or dock at full speed ahead, his whistle blaring. At the last possible instant he rang for full speed astern and the vessel would shudder to a stop in the nick of time, while passengers dragged themselves to the saloon bar to calm their frayed nerves. Occasionally Irving would miscalculate slightly. He once almost tore another ship apart in the Bering Sea by charging it in a moment of exuberance, and all but wrecked the dock at St. Michael, the port near the mouth of the river, after another charge.

On her maiden voyage in the summer of 1898 the Yukoner puffed up the river for Dawson City, crowded with dance-hall girls, musicians and gamblers, and loaded to the Plimsoll line with cham-

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pagne. Every time the boat stopped to take on wood, Irving would call the musicians out on deck to play and the girls to dance while he charged the bank. Then the woodchoppers would be invited on board for champagne cocktails.

Irving undoubtedly felt that it was impossible to top this voyage. He sold the boat on his return to St. Michael and departed with his bulldog painting, his gold eagle and his huge body servant.

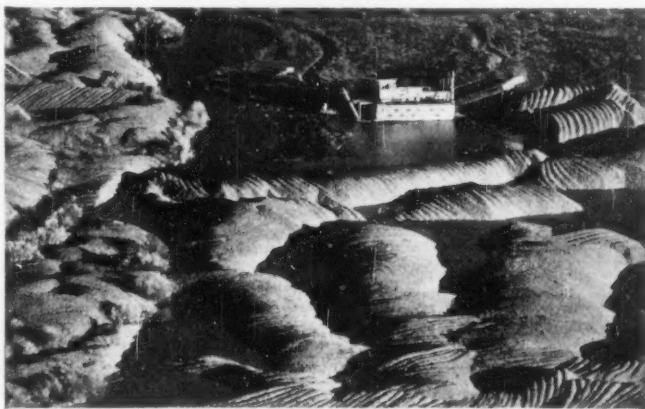
The purchaser was a former U. S. marshal from Helena, Montana, who had struck it rich on Bonanza. His name was Pat Galvin and in his black suit, black hat and black tie with starched shirt and high stiff collar he

looked like a movie villain. Looks were deceiving for he was a hospitable man. He never entered a barroom without treating everybody and pressing small nuggets on all strangers present. Just to make sure no one was missed, Galvin would send messengers out onto the street to round up strays. One such foray cost him \$1,100, a sum he considered chickenfeed.

After Galvin bought the Yukoner, he proceeded to give away all the cash he had on his person by lining up everybody aboard and presenting a twenty-dollar gold piece to each man. As a result he left on the trip without money to buy fuel or hire men.

This second voyage of the Yukoner wasn't as happy as the first, but it made

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history. Galvin left the ship early for it was obvious she wouldn't reach Dawson before freeze-up. She froze in solid at Minook Creek, along with several other stern-wheelers. Indeed in that hectic winter boats were imprisoned in the ice for the whole length of the Yukon. Their passengers subsisted on the ship's stores and quickly soaked up the ship's stock of whisky.

After eight months' confinement, the passengers and crew of the Yukoner got cranky, mutinied against the captain and took over the vessel. This was the first and only mutiny ever recorded on the river. The court proceedings that followed when the ship reached Dawson were complicated by the fact that the mutiny had taken place in U. S. territory. Finally, the charges were dropped. After a few desultory trips the Yukoner was abandoned. As for Pat Galvin, he ended up broke, to no one's surprise.

After the Nome and Fairbanks rushes in 1900 and 1906 the Yukon slipped slowly back into the doldrums. The towns began to shrink in size until even the biggest, Dawson City, dropped to 450 people. (It had once boasted between thirty and forty thousand.) Only Whitehorse, at the head of navigation and the end of steel, has thrived. It has a population of 2,500 today and, with an enormous power development in the planning stage, its future looks rosy.

River Travel Must End

There is now only one steamboat left on the Yukon. Like the modern town of Whitehorse, she is more a symbol of a prosperous future than a relic of a golden past. She is the S.S. Klondike, operated by Canadian Pacific Airlines as a luxury tourist boat.

The Klondike would make Pat Galvin and John Irving turn green with envy. CPA spent \$100,000 refurbishing her with a promenade deck and a night club. As the boat chugs down the historic old waterway passengers fish for grayling with willow rods, stake claims, pan gold and re-cremate Sam McGee in a mock ceremony.

This venture on the river, sparked by CPA president Grant McConachie, a former Yukon bush pilot, is the first real large-scale attempt to develop the immense tourist resources of the Canadian north. If it's successful, similar ventures will probably start up elsewhere and a whole new natural resource, in its own way as valuable as water power, will be tapped.

But whether the S.S. Klondike can continue to ply the Yukon River for many decades depends on the dams to be built between Whitehorse and Dawson. For sooner or later all water navigation will probably have to end.

The money Thayer Lindsley and his associates plan to spend eventually will make even the Klondike Kings look like small-timers, but most of them, if they were alive today, would applaud this enormous outlay—especially Pat Galvin. A tenderfoot was once heard to mutter something about needless expense in his presence, whereupon Galvin delivered himself of a brief impromptu address on the subject. With a billion-dollar project in the offing it might easily serve as a Yukon slogan.

"Expense! Expense!" Galvin shouted. "I am disgusted with you. Don't show your ignorance by using that cheap Outside word. We don't use it here. Never repeat it in my presence again. You must learn the ways of the Yukon. That word is not understood in the north. If you have money, spend it; that's what it's for, and that's the way we do business." ★

The Truth About Our Arctic Defense

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

Red Army has enough Keith Greenaways to make the Arctic an easy route of invasion.

Not that anyone argues it can't be done. After all, it will soon be twenty years since a Red Army crew flew to the United States and Canada across the Arctic, stopping to take each other's pictures at the North Pole. But there will always be other routes that present fewer problems.

A lot of special equipment is needed for Arctic flying. The Royal Air Force has specially adapted some of its Hastings transports for northern service—one of them bears the proud title "Arctic Queen" stenciled in red on her nose. Last spring, when the most severe Arctic weather had been over for some time, two RAF Hastings dropped in for overnight at Resolute Bay.

Hastings engines are not equipped with the pre-heaters that are now built into the RCAF's northern planes. In the morning they had to be pre-heated with a current of hot air carried through a hose—an old-fashioned device which the RCAF has abandoned. It wasn't good enough. The RAF crew started their motors before the frozen oil was adequately thawed. Two engines seized on one aircraft and one seized on the other. Both planes had to sit at Resolute Bay for a fortnight until new engines could be flown out from England. As an ironical postscript, one of the planes that brought the new engines had a narrow escape from a similar fate when it took off for England again.

During the past five or six years the RCAF has learned, the hard way, various tricks for avoiding such calamities. Special lubricants, dilution techniques and pre-heaters have been designed that are better than anything we had before. But it still takes a long time to get a cold aircraft off the ground, and in this climate an aircraft is cold within minutes after the engines are cut.

Jet fighters at Thule, the U. S. Greenland base, can take to the air in ninety-four seconds after an alert is sounded, but they are housed in enormous heated hangars. Both end walls of the hangar can be raised, the front to let out the aircraft and the rear to let out the gale of its exhaust. Though jets can thus take off from indoors and need no warming up, the cost of the installation is colossal.

Nowhere in the far north, not even at Thule, is there an airport with four-directional runways. So far, apparently, it has been impossible to find enough reasonably flat and dry ground to build more than a single airstrip long enough for jets and four-engined bombers. This means that a crosswind of only 30 mph. is enough to ground all aircraft at any station in the Arctic islands. In an emergency no doubt this safety rule would be ignored and the fighters would try to take off in any weather. But at really high winds it might prove impossible to get them off the ground, and wind speeds at Thule have been recorded several times above 100 mph.

Wind is hard on human beings as well as on machinery. In extreme climates temperature alone means relatively little. The real measure of cold is "wind-chill." Scientists at Fort Churchill have worked out a scale for wind-chill based on the rate of heat loss—so many calories of heat per square metre of surface per hour. Wind-chill is 100 on a calm summer



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day, with the thermometer at 75 degrees Fahrenheit and no wind.

When the weather is "very cold" in a forecaster's terms, wind-chill is 1,100. That means 30 degrees below zero on a calm day, but in a 45-mile gale it's "very cold" with the thermometer at 35 above. Exposed flesh freezes at a wind-chill of 1,500. That could be anywhere from 50 below on a calm day to 15 above in a gale. At wind-chill of 2,400 the weather is so cold that it used to be considered impossible to do anything at all out of doors.

Arctic exercises have since proved

this judgment to be defeatist. Men can live and do some work in any weather yet known. One day last winter during an Arctic exercise a soldier went to gather spruce boughs when the wind-chill was 2,460—it was about 60 below with a blinding gale blowing. He got lost. His unit sent out a search party which covered the district thoroughly for about two hours. It failed to find the missing man because he, too, had done the right thing—dug himself a snow cave and holed up until the storm moderated. But even the most ardent Arctic enthusiast will admit there isn't

much a man can do outdoors when the wind-chill goes above 2,100. He can live, and with difficulty and discomfort he can move, but he can hardly fight effectively. No one has yet contrived a glove with which a soldier can pull a trigger at extreme temperatures for more than a few moments at a time.

Next winter the Defense Research Board plans experiments to prove that in weather conditions relatively commonplace at Churchill, it's a waste of time to post a sentry. DRB scientists already know this to be a fact. From personal experience they can testify

that on a cold night with snow blowing, a sentry can neither see nor hear an intruder even a couple of feet away. Now they intend to determine at exactly what point of temperature and wind velocity a human sentry becomes useless.

If the experiments prove the expected conclusion they will do two things—save individual soldiers a lot of needless discomfort, and demonstrate the need for a mechanical sentry of some kind. It might be some light portable adaptation of radar, or a field burglar alarm, but in any case it would provide some method of standing watch when human eyes and ears are powerless.

Indoors of course none of these hardships exist. Indeed the casual visitor remembers the Arctic not as cold and bracing but as hot and stuffy. At Churchill the heating system is so relentlessly efficient that rooms are comfortable only when the outside temperature is 20 below or colder. In the married quarters some wives turn off radiators even in the depth of winter, and still find their rooms overheated by the steam pipes underneath.

But these comforts are costly, the costlier the farther north you go. Thule cost an estimated \$350 millions to build—and even that figure may not include the full cost of transport. Thule lies within present bomber range of Moscow and most other Soviet industrial centres. As a deterrent, therefore, or as a springboard for "massive retaliation," Thule is obviously an important part of North American defense. But to construct a fully interlocking system of radar-operated fighter stations we would need dozens of Thules, spotted all over the Canadian Arctic. The cost would be staggering.

Nothing Like a Dame

Almost equally staggering are the physical problems of keeping large numbers of men active and happy in Arctic conditions. Thule offers its 4,100 U. S. Air Force troops every conceivable amenity of the American way of life except, of all things, the flush toilet. Thule is equipped with navy-type "heads" that have to be pumped instead of flushed; in the cold weather the pumps often fail to work. But this was no mere admiral's whim. Thule's toilet system is designed to economize on water. When the base was planned the U. S. Air Force decided it would have to distill fresh water from Baffin Bay. Three enormous distilleries were installed, any two of them big enough to supply the whole base. Then for some obscure official reason this decision was changed, and fresh water is brought in by truck from a lake several miles inland.

Because it's so difficult to provide even such necessities as water, Thule is intended to have no superfluous personnel. Hence it is an all-male community with no married quarters. The effect of this on morale is best described in the song from South Pacific, There Is Nothing Like a Dame. In spite of all the efforts of the U. S. taxpayer to provide him with every luxury, the GI is unreconciled to the celibate life. To the casual glance it appears that Thule's recreational facilities rather exasperate than relieve this particular hardship. In the officers' club, a beautifully appointed building, the most prominent feature is a large empty dance floor at which a five-piece orchestra plays dance music each evening.

At Churchill, the only Canadian base remotely comparable to Thule in any respect, about two hundred married quarters have been built and about fifty civilian girls are employed as stenographers. One result is that in



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Churchill the Canadian Army has had to build and staff schools, kindergartens and playgrounds. The total resident population at Churchill is more than two thousand, almost equalling the number of Canadian soldiers who receive training at Churchill for brief periods each winter.

Defense spokesmen say all this is worth while—that you can't keep men at remote stations away from their families long enough for them to learn their jobs properly. No doubt this is true, but the cost is substantial. The defense department doesn't compute how much it takes to maintain each man each day at Churchill, but construction costs are just double those in the settled areas and it's probable that other costs are proportionately high.

This in spite of the fact that Churchill is relatively accessible. It's a seaport, open for several months every summer. It has rail service the year round. You can imagine what it would cost to put such an establishment as Churchill in a place where most or all supplies would have to go in by air. This is the case at Resolute Bay, where a ship calls once a year. At the satellite weather stations which are supplied from Resolute, ships may never get in at all.

Life at the satellite weather stations is real isolation. Eight men go into each for a one-year term. Except for the spring and fall air lifts, and in some cases the summer supply ship, they have no direct contact with the outside world for the whole year. An aircraft goes out from Resolute to drop Christmas mail by parachute, but that plane doesn't land.

A few years ago one of the men at Eureka, on the west coast of Ellesmere Island, developed blood poisoning. A ski-equipped plane went up, carrying a doctor who was willing if necessary to parachute into Eureka, treat the patient and then stay there for the rest of the winter. As it turned out, the plane found a natural landing field on a lake about twenty miles away. It was then necessary to wrap up the patient, strap him to a sled and drag him to the plane with a "weasel," the track-propelled snow vehicle that is the light work horse of the Arctic.

RCAF officers told me about another occasion when the RCAF got a distress call to send a helicopter to Resolution Island, in Hudson Strait, and take out a man who was paralyzed. Since the RCAF didn't have a helicopter near enough to send, the U. S. Air Force took over the mercy flight. When the helicopter arrived the "paralytic" came running out to meet it, hopped in and cried, "Come on boys, let's go." There was nothing wrong with him except that he couldn't bear to stay on Resolution Island another minute. So far as my informants knew, nothing ever happened to him except that he was fired.

But cases like this are rare. In the main, morale seems to be good—not that the boys enjoy their time on isolated stations, but they put up with it cheerfully. Many of them are about to be married; a year in the Arctic is a good way to save the down payment on a house. Each Canadian gets an isolation allowance of \$100 a month with food, quarters and Arctic clothing free. U. S. weathermen get slightly more.

These stations serve both U. S. and Canadian weather bureaus and are jointly financed, but all are under Canadian command. As a gentle and almost facetious reminder that this is Canadian territory, each weather station has two signs outside the door of the main hut—"Canada Post Office" and "Canadian Customs and Immigration." Should any immigrant happen

across the polar ice pack from Greenland or Siberia, the officer in charge at Alert is legally empowered to stamp his passport and examine his luggage.

Life on these stations is quiet but not wholly unattractive. In each main hut is a large bookcase full of books. Most stations have good phonographs and record libraries. Radio keeps them in touch with the outside world. But even for these little groups life has its rough moments. At Mould Bay on Prince Patrick Island they stack the drinking water outside the kitchen door—blocks of ice chopped out of a

nearby lake. At Isachsen the crew must melt sea ice for drinking water. They use old ice, identifiable because it's blue, from which at least one spring thaw has leached some of the salt, but to the uninitiated it still tastes terrible, even in coffee.

These conditions can be shrugged off by a small group of volunteers, all busy every day at an interesting job. For a large garrison occupied only with the dreary routine of standing guard, they would create a forbidding threat to morale.

Because the RCAF carries supplies to

weather stations, many people think their work has some connection with defense. It hasn't. Weather information is useful to the Air Force, of course, but weather information is also the only thing that we still exchange freely with the Russians. Russian data on Arctic weather have been more extensive than ours, but they give us all they have. Now they too will get the benefit of improved weather reporting in northern North America.

At Churchill only the thinnest pretense is made that the "airborne enemy landing," on which each winter

Because they're

BAKED! BAKED! BAKED!



ALL-STAR BEAN CASSEROLE

1 tablespoon butter
1/4 cup chopped onion
1/2 cup sliced celery
6 to 8 slices salami
1 can (20 ounces) Heinz Oven-Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce

Heat butter in frying pan; add onion and celery and fry, stirring occasionally, until vegetables are tender and golden. Cut the slices of salami into star shapes; cut the remaining bits of salami into small pieces.

Turn the Heinz Oven-Baked Beans into a casserole; add the vegetable mixture and bits of salami and combine lightly. Cover and bake in a moderately hot oven, 375°, 20 minutes. Uncover casserole and arrange stars of salami over the beans; return to oven and bake uncovered about 10 minutes longer. Garnish with sliced stuffed olives. Makes 3 or 4 servings.

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HEINZ OVEN BAKED BEANS





exercise is theoretically based, is really apprehended by anyone. Staff officers will tell you officially that "the possibility of an enemy landing has not been ruled out." They will add, unofficially, the personal opinion that the chances of such an attack are about one in a million.

This doesn't mean that the training and testing that go on at Churchill are worthless. On the contrary, they're regarded as valuable both by Ottawa and Washington. Land fighting may never occur in the Canadian Arctic, but lessons learned there could be useful in many other parts of the world—northern Norway or Sweden, for example, or Manchuria, or Siberia, or the wintry plains east of Moscow. If Allied armies should ever be frost-bound as Hitler was frost-bound beyond Smolensk in the winter of 1941, they would expect Canadians to know how to carry on under those conditions.

Most Canadians don't, of course. That's what the annual exercises at Churchill are for—to teach some of our soldiers how to cope with a climate that foreigners suppose to be normal in this country.

Altogether about 2,500 men take winter exercises at Churchill each year. They spend days on the trail with the thermometer at maybe 50 below and the wind-chill anywhere up to 2,500. Each man carries a total of about 70 pounds—21 pounds of clothing, a 35-pound rucksack containing bedroll and rations, an eight-pound rifle and five or six rounds of ammunition. He also takes his turn, two men at a time, pulling a supply sled that weighs 110 pounds for a five-man and 165 pounds for a ten-man tent.

How a Man Gets Tired

He learns that it's possible not only to stay alive under these conditions but to be fairly comfortable. He learns that a tent is kept warm by small stoves burning two gallons of naphtha a day (a test team last winter cut that ration to three pints without discomfort). He tries out better and better types of Arctic equipment and clothing. The white man has not yet devised anything as good as the Eskimo costume of caribou hide, but he can't count on clothing a whole army with Canada's 650,000 caribou.

Aside from what the soldier learns, there's a lot the defense department hopes to learn from him. Researchers are trying, for example, to find a way of measuring fatigue—some index to help a commanding officer decide when his unit has reached the point at which further effort is likely to do more harm than good. They have invented a curious device that looks something like an oversized telegraph key. You're told to put your right hand on a long flat blade and wiggle it up and down as fast as you can for one minute; the machine records the number of strokes. The first 45 seconds are child's play, but in the last fifteen your forearm begins to feel it.

So far, they're quite hopeful that a man's speed with this little machine will prove an accurate measurement of his fatigue. It correlates well with such rule-of-thumb tests as whether or not a man looks tired, and with elaborate physiological tests too complicated for use in the field.

Another experiment is designed to find a way of measuring morale. In this case the instrument is a pack of 180 cards. Each card contains a statement one sentence long. The statements are made in rough soldier's language (there was some trouble persuading the lady-like stenographers to take them all down, when the list was being compiled) but each is very carefully com-

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posed, and each is graded as an expression of morale.

Here's one, for example:

The bastards in charge of this exercise don't know any more about it than we do.

This indicates morale at a rock-bottom low—total loss of confidence in the leadership, under conditions that might lead to panic.

At the other end of the scale are expressions of high morale such as these:

This exercise isn't as tough as I thought it would be.

You can get by all right in the Arctic if you use your head.

For form's sake the pack includes a few outbursts of ardent enthusiasm—the "having wonderful time, wish you were here" sort of thing—but no one really expects any soldier to echo these. In practice, either of the statements just above would indicate that morale is first class.

The test itself must be given by a man working with the troops and sharing their living conditions. He takes into each tent a pack of cards for each man, including one for himself. He asks the men to read the statements printed on the cards, and to throw into a blanket in the centre of the tent whatever statements they agree with. Statements with which they don't agree are to be kept in the pack, and finally put back in an elastic band and turned up at that way. The blanket, gathered up at the end of the test, contains a consensus of the men's views—but nobody could ever prove who put in which statement.

Generally speaking, and without benefit of figures, so far, the morale on these winter exercises is pretty good. At the outset the average man is afraid of the Arctic. Once there, he finds to his astonishment that he can get on in relative comfort, and he reacts by feeling wonderful. In fact, instructors have to be alert lest overconfidence lead to neglect of necessary routines and precautions.

Not long ago a group of southerners came up from the United States for a test exercise in cold weather. The objective was to find out how men would behave who had never seen snow before, much less slept out at fifty below. On the morning they were supposed to go out on the trail ninety percent of the group reported sick. But when the exercise was over—and it lasted only a week or so—the southern boys were just as competent as Canadian trainees.

No one proposes that an entire Canadian army, or even a whole Canadian division, should be made up of men who have all taken courses in Arctic warfare. But it is planned quite seriously to have enough officers, NCOs and seasoned men to stiffen, reassure and instruct any Canadian unit that might ever have to wage war in hard winter conditions anywhere. That is the whole purpose of Fort Churchill, and the basic principle of northern defense policy in Canada. The RCAF is flying up there simply to learn how. And the soldiers are learning to live there, both indoors and out.

Some critics think this isn't enough. They don't accept the calm belief that the Russians won't open a major front in the Arctic. They recall the artillery of Singapore, which could be fired only

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seaward because everybody knew it was impossible to move, let alone fight, in the jungles on the landward side.

Perhaps it was this awareness that the unexpected can happen that led Canadian and U. S. governments recently to order plans for an early warning system across the far north. It's bound to be expensive, and the two countries will pay for it together. Such a system would complete a three-alarm warning network reaching out from likely target areas on this continent. The first alarm, now almost completed, is the radar system in the continental U. S. and populated areas of Canada; the second is the McGill Fence, and the third will be the far-north line. The U. S. also intends to extend parts of this whole system seaward on both flanks of the continent to form a warn-

ing umbrella against an enemy attack.

Canadian planners don't deny that an attack across the Arctic Ocean is possible, though they think there are easier and more probable invasion routes. But, they argue, we can't achieve a hundred-percent security anyway. The cost of maintaining a full-scale defense or even an early warning system in the far north would be astronomical. It takes thirty round trips of a North Star or a C-119 each year to maintain each weather station in the Arctic archipelago. The spring air lift alone moves 350 tons of supplies from Resolute Bay to the four satellite stations, all to maintain 32 men.

Weighing risk against capability, Canadian strategists have decided that we should take a chance and leave the Arctic empty. ★

CANADIAN ECDOTE



Tom Payne's Long Wait to Get Rich

PERHAPS the most anxious three months any prospector ever spent in the Canadian north were the three summer months of 1936 when Tom Payne sat on the shores of Great Slave Lake, doing absolutely nothing.

Payne had struck it rich on the shores of Yellowknife Bay in May but he couldn't do anything about it. The land had been staked a year before by a Toronto prospector who had left it. But, according to a mining law, the claims wouldn't lapse until August. All Payne could do was to cover his tracks carefully, so that nobody would suspect what he'd found, and wait it out.

He waited on tenterhooks. The rich ore he'd discovered lay directly on a well-worn path used by employees of the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company, which owned the property nearby. (This is now the site of Yellowknife's famous "Con" Mine.) But no one caught on.

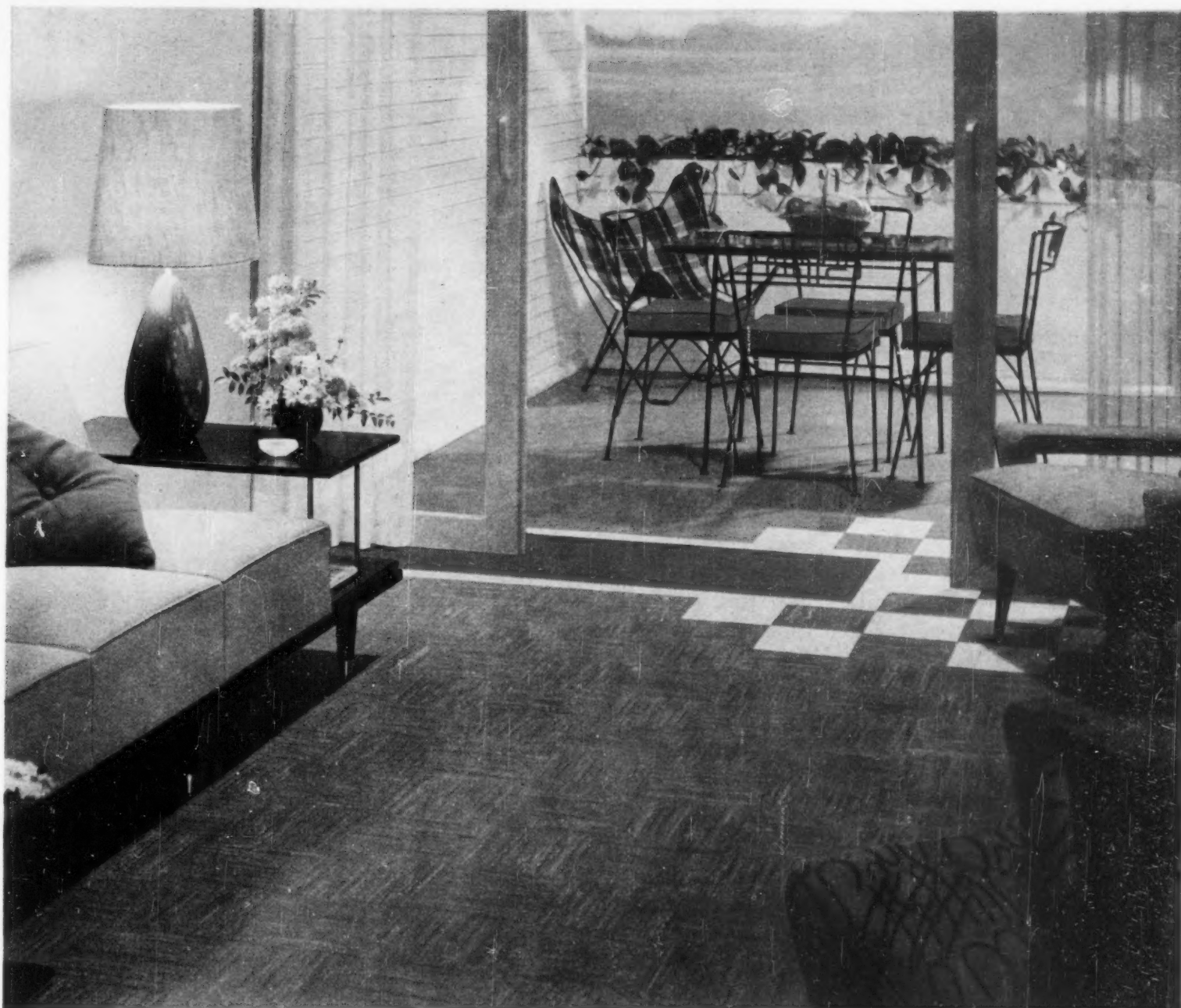
The ground came open on an August midnight. Several other

prospectors, learning that the old claims were about to lapse, decided to stake them on chance. But Payne was now ready for any emergency. He prepared his stakes secretly in advance. When midnight struck he quickly rammed them in. He was able to stake four claims.

All this time he had been living from hand to mouth, mainly from fish he caught in the lake. Worn out and emaciated, he was taken to Edmonton where, suffering from scurvy and phlebitis, he hovered between life and death.

The Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company desperately wanted to buy Payne's ground, so close to their own. They offered \$159,000 for a seventy-five percent interest. Payne and his partners held out. They asked for half a million dollars for a sixty percent interest. Finally, Consolidated gave in. This sale of what is now the Rycon Mine was the biggest of its kind in mining history. As might be expected, Tom Payne recovered.

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.



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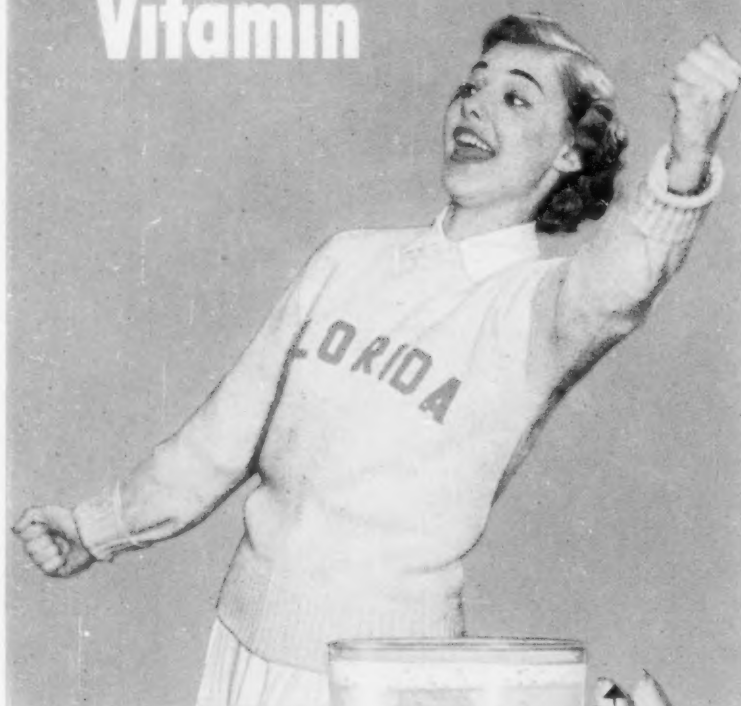
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Keg River's One-Woman Medical Clinic

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

always been doing a necessary job."

"She made this country fit for settlement," says Theodora M. Paul, a middle-aged English school teacher who taught at Keg River five years before returning to England this fall. "Families simply wouldn't have dared settle in Keg River if she hadn't been here."

Back in 1928 the people of Birmingham, England, expected great things of Dr. Mary Percy, specialist in obstetrics. But they scarcely expected she'd become a bush-country heroine, part-time dentist or nursemaid to a cow.

"Her academic career was quite distinguished," Professor A. P. Thomson, dean of medicine, wrote from the University of Birmingham recently. "In the final examination of June 1927 she was awarded the Queen's scholarship as the best all-round candidate of her year. It seemed a little remarkable at the time that a girl of such academic promise should throw her immediate opportunities aside in favor of life on the frontier."

But the Alberta government was looking for doctors who could double as nurses in the north. Since woman doctors were more plentiful in England the government advertised in a British medical journal for "English well-qualified woman doctors, physically strong and capable of taking complete charge of any type of emergency with no hospital. The ability to ride a horse would be an advantage."

The Lessons She Learned

The ad intrigued Dr. Percy, a vigorous girl with unflattering round-rimmed spectacles that gave her an owl look. She loved to ride horseback but rarely had the time or money. She decided to take the job for one year.

Aglow with adventure she boarded the Empress of Scotland in June 1929 and a month later traveled one hundred miles north of Peace River, Alta., on a river barge. Then the romance began to wear off. She disembarked for a bone-shaking eleven-hour eighteen-mile wagon ride with her 29 pieces of baggage. The temperature was 95 degrees and the air thick with mosquitoes.

Her home, at her first practice near Notikewin, was a fourteen-by-twenty-foot shack. Her drinking water came from a river in which a woman upstream washed shirts and a bridge-building gang took baths. Her horse, a temperamental creature, frequently broke loose and galloped thirty or forty miles away overnight.

She often had to ford rivers and often fell in, to the glee of the natives. At first she rode out impeccably attired in breeches, riding habit and boots. After an average twenty miles a day she couldn't pull the boots from her swollen feet at night, so eventually she changed to more practical moccasins and buckskin jacket. When winter came her moccasins froze to the stirrups, her groceries froze in the shack while she was on the trail and her nose and fingers froze and peeled with monotonous regularity.

Once she rode 90 miles on a sleigh in sub-zero weather with a fractured skull patient. The delirious patient occasionally tried to get up and walk, but they reached hospital in nineteen hours without mishap and he recovered. An auto trip to hospital with an appendicitis case took her twenty hours in deep mud. During one eight-

day period she spent one and a half nights in bed, rode 180 miles on horseback and made a 100-mile trip to hospital with a patient on a sleigh hauled by caterpillar tractor.

But she took everything in her stride. Her letters to England bubbled with good humor: "My shack is simply topping"; "We're going to have a cemetery. They'll need one if I go on at this rate, three deaths in two months"; "I'm more in love with this country than ever. It's just like living in a book or in the films."

The settlers flocked in from miles around, sometimes with ailments they'd saved up for years. After a day on the road she usually found clusters of notes fluttering from her door: somebody had had a baby or chopped off a toe or caught pneumonia.

She never refused a case. One of her first patients was a half-breed with an aching wisdom tooth.

"I bared my brawny right arm, gave a colossal pull and nearly went backwards through the window but I got it," she recalls. Her reputation as a dentist quickly spread. One man walked twenty miles, had ten teeth pulled, then walked home in a blizzard. Another came 140 miles for dental work. Nowadays she tries to send all dental cases to qualified dentists.

In her spare moments that first year she shot grouse, ate moose, skated on the river, attended her first rural dance (and came away with feet well trampled by hobnail boots) and suddenly realized that she didn't want to leave the north.

Once she wrote home, "The snow is a mysterious sort of deep-blue color under the northern lights. The stars seem nearer and brighter and sparkle fiercely in the cold. The silence here is different from any quietness one gets in England. You can stand and listen for ten minutes without hearing the slightest sound. I love the sleigh drives, too, and the jingle of bells and the squeak of runners on the packed snow."

One day in 1930 Frank Jackson, a widower who had farmed at Keg River since 1918, came to the doctor with an infected finger. The two had much in common, including their enthusiasm for the north and their ability to cope with its rigors. Jackson, a lean leathery man with a wry sense of humor, is a master of practically every trade. He built the three-bedroom farmhouse himself, even to chopping trees and sawing planks. He installed hot-air heating, electric lights, plumbing and a green-tiled bathroom. He made chairs and bookcases and finished them off with ornamental carving. He's a self-taught taxidermist and mechanic. In 1953 he was named a Master Farmer of Alberta, an annual award for general proficiency given only to five farmers in the province.

Jackson and Mary Percy were married in 1931 and the doctor dropped her government job.

"I didn't intend to keep on with medicine," she says. "I don't really hold with married women having another job. But when people were ill I couldn't refuse them."

Jackson, who often refers proudly to his wife as "the doctor," didn't object to her double life. Patients continued to send for Dr. Jackson, but now the messengers stayed behind to finish the doctor's dinner dishes or baby-sit with her children. Now she read cook-books as well as the Canadian Medical Journal.

Her two jobs complement each other. Bush doctoring takes the boredom out of housework; indeed, sometimes, it's too dramatic for comfort. One winter night she was called to a pneumonia patient. It was 65 below. She treated the patient (who later recovered) with



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Keg River's first sulfa drugs and started home with a sleigh and driver. Half-way there she woke from a catnap to find the horses at a standstill and the driver asleep. She prodded the driver, dozed again and awoke to the same situation. This time she stayed at the driver's elbow all the way home for to fall asleep on the trail at that temperature means almost certain death.

Once an 80-year-old settler who spoke English, French and Cree lost all speech when he suffered a stroke. As he recovered, the English came back first. He carried on gay conversations with the doctor but his angry Cree wife who spoke no English, thought her husband was giving her the run-around. His Cree speech returned just as his wife was about to leave; peace returned to the household.

Sometimes, though, the family squabbles involve mayhem. One night a *métis* man checked in with a dislocated shoulder. In a few hours his wife came along with a broken wrist. A third relative drifted in with a knife wound. A fourth arrived with assorted bruises and cuts.

"What's going on?" said the doctor. "Nothing much," shrugged the patient. "Yesterday was sports day."

The *métis* treat childbirth with elaborate unconcern. One half-breed mother went to an evening dance after having a baby in the afternoon. Another was out on a trapline in deep snow at 40 below four days after bearing a child. One 16-year-old maternity case was attended by her mother who fought a forest fire at the same time. The fire petered out and the baby survived.

At first the *métis* resented Dr. Jackson's rubber gloves, white gown, sterile sheets and lectures about proper diet. Once she moved an expectant mother from a grubby horse-blanket to sheets. The family moved her back when the doctor left, "so the sheets wouldn't get dirty."

Another time she coaxed several mothers to use cod liver oil. They did, too—for lamp oil and fox bait.

Gradually, though, she has won their confidence. Now when she visits Paddle Prairie, the word spreads by what she calls "moccasin telegraph" and she's surrounded by enough work for a week. For this she is frequently paid with a hasty, "No have got, doctor, thank you, good-by."

"For the ordinary run of ailments up here they can't afford to pay much," she says. "On the other hand, I can't afford to give a good deal of time to medicine merely as a hobby. What patients I can collect from I do, as much as they can pay."

Her funds come partly from patients, partly in unsolicited donations from friends in Canada and England, sometimes from societies like the Fellowship of the Maple Leaf, an English organization that aids missionaries, teachers and doctors abroad. Sometimes she borrows from Frank but always pays him back. Nearly all of her cash is spent on her well-stocked dispensary.

"If you're going to practice medicine you might as well do it right," she says. "I'm so glad I've lived long enough to use the new drugs."

Doctor friends in cities sometimes donate the sample packages of drugs that are sent to physicians from the manufacturers.

Even if every patient paid cash it would not compensate for the doctor's service to the community over the years. It was she who clamored persistently for a public school on the ground that an educated population can better understand disease and the need for its treatment. In 1937, the community built a school. Then it was the doctor who wrote letters year

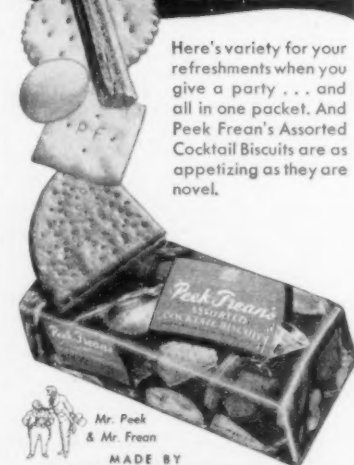


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after year, luring reluctant teachers into remote Keg River.

When 120 cases of measles broke out last year, mostly at the *métis* colony, she made the fifty-mile round trip to Paddle Prairie nearly every day for two months. In the winter of 1952-53 she fought the rabies that crept down from the Northwest Territories, probably the most tragic and terrifying event in Keg River's history.

Rabies is the Latin word for madness. The disease may be transmitted to any warm-blooded animal through a bite or scratch, travels via the nerve tissue to the brain and, once there, is fatal.

It reached Keg River in October 1952 when foxes and wolves ran through fields and farmyards in broad daylight, wild-eyed and foaming at the mouth. By November, cattle, horses, pigs, cats and dogs were going mad or standing stricken with "dumb" rabies—pitiful, slowly dying creatures with pleading eyes.

One farmer was chased by a rabid horse, fell over a straw pile, lost a boot and escaped while the crazed animal chewed the boot. A woman from the *métis* colony was chased into a creek by a rabid fox. Three children playing on a strawstack almost tumbled on a rabid fox which, fortunately, was too weak to attack. Some children were escorted to school. Everyone carried clubs or guns. Inevitably, humans came in contact with the disease. For Dr. Jackson it was a time of sleepless nights and grave responsibilities.

Did Mice Kill the Cats?

Her son-in-law, Johnny Vos, was the first patient. One day Vos examined a sick heifer's mouth and was covered with saliva before he realized the beast had rabies. He rushed to his mother-in-law. Now the doctor faced a dilemma. Exposed persons do not necessarily catch rabies. The vaccine itself in rare cases can be fatal. It was a grim decision but Dr. Jackson vaccinated and Vos did not contract rabies.

Then seventy-year-old Mrs. Louisa Bottle reported one morning she'd been bitten on the face overnight.

"And it sure wasn't a bedbug," she told the doctor. The bite resembled the tooth marks of a mouse. Since cats were dying in droves around the settlement it seemed likely that mice were rabid. The doctor vaccinated Mrs. Bottle and, later, two other women with similar bites. She vaccinated another woman who had been bitten by a dog; laboratory tests later proved the dog rabid.

Fourteen-year-old Ray Ross, the storekeeper's son, found his saddle pony lying stricken one day. He tried to urge the pony to its feet and skinned a finger on its teeth. Again the doctor vaccinated and her judgment was sound. The horse was destroyed and evidence of rabies found in its brain. There were no human fatalities in Keg River, probably thanks to Dr. Jackson.

Several hundred head of livestock died. Busy as she was, the compassionate doctor took time to visit farms and look at rabid cows and horses.

"There was nothing I could do but

it seemed to make the owners feel better to know I'd been there," she says.

Meanwhile, prairie newspapers were quoting official reports that the disease was under control. Dr. Jackson indignantly barraged MPs, MLAs and newspaper editors, describing the Keg River situation and demanding government action. Her one-woman campaign stimulated a half-dozen editorials in the Edmonton Journal.

The government sent trappers into the rabies area with cyanide, strychnine, guns and snares. They ran protective lines around backwoods

communities and a protective double belt from border to border of Alberta. By March 1954 an estimated 96,000 foxes, wolves, coyotes and lynx were destroyed. The disease now appears to be checked.

And, as the Edmonton Journal commented editorially during the campaign, "Albertans may be grateful to Dr. Mary Percy Jackson for her personal efforts to bring to official attention the fact that the epidemic was definitely not under control."

Keg River people are grateful but then they've always felt that way.

They only hope the doctor stays another twenty-five years. One day soon the dirt road linking The Post with the Mackenzie Highway will be gravelled, providing an all-weather road to hospital.

"Then there'll be no moral obligation for me to practice," she says. "But whether I'll be able to stop I don't know."

Probably she'll go on doing the work of two women. Keg River couldn't get along without Mary Percy Jackson, MD. Neither could Mrs. Frank Jackson. ★



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Dorothy Robinson is a delta-land teacher. Her Eskimo pupils come and go like wandering gypsies.



Rev. Tom Umask is a delta minister, the only ordained Eskimo in the world. He's at Tuk Tuk Anglican church.



Beverly Semmler helps her father raise mink deep in delta at the world's farthest-north fur farm.



Charlie Stuart, 73, is the son of HBC man who founded Aklavik, the delta's biggest settlement.

The Mysterious North

Continued from page 18

words of Father Lesage, the Minister's cousin, an Oblate priest with a generation of experience on the river, "the trapper is becoming obsolete."

For the next several days, as he traveled up and down the delta and along the Arctic coast and back up-river, Jean Lesage heard the same tale over and over again, from priests in long black robes, from Mounties sweating in unaccustomed scarlet, from prim earnest schoolma'ams in clapboard classrooms, from Anglican missionaries over cups of tea, from Eskimo leaders, wrinkled and ancient, and Indian subchiefs in blue-serge suits. And always the problem was the same—a land of feast and famine.

For a week I traveled with Jean Lesage and his party in pilot Max Ward's spanking-new Otter aircraft. We flew first over the delta country, that enormous olive-green sponge that stretches for 6,000 square miles between mountains and ocean. From the air it is a land punctured by a million ponds with a network of muddy-brown channels winding lazily from horizon to horizon—a sight spectacular in its monotony, a labyrinth of water and muskeg that sweeps on for 125 miles. Here in these ponds and channels the muskrats breed in hundreds of thousands.

The seacoast loomed out of the horizon and below us appeared one of those

Arctic puzzles that make the north so intriguing. Here were the strange cone-shaped mounds, a hundred feet or so high, that Eskimos and geologists alike call pingoes. Peculiar to this delta shore line, they're covered with lake-bottom vegetation and their core is solid blue ice. They seem to have sprouted from the old lake bottoms, like milk squeezing from a frozen bottle—an analogy as near to an explanation as the scientists have been able to come. Side by side with the pingoes on the green-suede tundra lay the patterns of the polygons, the five- and six-sided cracks in the ground caused, it is thought, by ice lenses forming in the soil and drawing the moisture from the ground until it cracks like desert clay.

On the horizon we could see the ice blink—the odd silvery glare that is the reflection of the polar cap. Far off in the black sea lay the low bald profile of Richards Island. Here we landed and were treated to a strange sight.

It was roundup time in the Arctic. Walled off in a long corral in the heart of the island was a heaving mass of reindeer. There were fifteen hundred of them, a struggling ocean of antlers and snouts. On the rails of the corral Eskimo women perched with their babies, watching as the herders let the reindeer through, counted and sorted the herd, castrated the young bull

calves, killed those fawns whose horns had been ripped from the scalp. The scene was reminiscent of a prairie roundup. Only here the herders and spectators wore parkas and the animals had antlers. In place of the prairie grasses, lichens grew with bright patches of yellow daisies and white Arctic cotton and red crowberries, which the Eskimo women preserve for the winter in the stomachs of whales. I plucked a tiny trailing vine from the muskeg. It was a birch tree, perhaps half a century old.

There are five reindeer herds in the Arctic now. The original 2,370 animals, trekked from Alaska at great pain and labor, have increased to 8,000. They supply fresh meat for the delta country and a new way of life for the twelve Eskimo families who look after them. Here, in a small way, is one solution to the fur problem. But it will be a slow and tedious process to turn the nomadic Eskimo into a herdsman or into anything else for that matter—potato grower, boat builder, airport worker or miner.

A day or so later we flew south, following the Mackenzie valley to the little town of Arctic Red River. Below us lay the various natural phenomena of the river country: the blood-red lakes with the bright-green borders, the ancient yellow channels and old pond

"An enormous olive-green sponge, spectacular in its monotony, that sweeps on for 125 miles"

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bottoms, the "drunken forests" where spindly spruce trees reel like intoxicated men. The red lakes are caused by bacteria which draw the iron from the water and oxidize it into rust. The green borders are masses of *equisetum*, the reedlike horsetail that grows so thickly it often fills up the shallow ponds and channels until they vanish. The drunken forests are caused by permafrost. The roots, unable to penetrate the soil, run laterally until the tree grows top heavy.

The little town of Arctic Red River perched on the bank above us as we landed. Northern villages are all of a pattern, composed equally of police, Hudson's Bay and mission compound, either clustered in groups or stretched in a thin line along the river.

On the hill above stood the familiar white Gothic tower of the Oblate fathers, that remarkable order of Roman Catholics whose missions stretch north from Lac la Biche to the shadow of the pole. Most of them come straight from France and stay all their lives far from civilization's rim. One of them, Father Peter Henry, once lived in a cave at Pelly Bay because no ship could reach him with lumber. Finally he built a mission house of stone and mud.

I remember one cold February day, years ago, landing on the Liard River in an old Junkers monoplane. Down from the bank came a wiry little man in a parka, cracking his whip over a team of huskies, his face hard as leather, his eyes bright and black. He looked as though he had been born to the north but he was an Oblate father just six weeks out of Paris. He and his kind have been in the north for a century. There are sixty of them now in twenty-six missions like the one at Arctic Red

"Drums are the Indian's life, carrying him to a happier world. He even gambles to them"

River on the banks of the Mackenzie.

Now down the trail to the beach where our plane was moored came the three symbols of the north: the two priests in their long wool robes, the heavy crosses at their waists, the two policemen in scarlet tunics and wide hats like figures from a new Cinema-Scope production, the Hudson's Bay manager in a neat business suit—God, Justice and Commerce, all represented on the shores of the Mackenzie. In this little knot was written the history of the three phases of the white man in the north: first the trader, next the church, finally the government. And on the shore, in graven groups, sat the reason for it all, the young Indian girls giggling softly, the old men impassive as stone. Before the white man came there were 14,000 of these Athapascan peoples, ranging from the Chipewyans on Hudson Bay to the Loucheaux in the northern Yukon. Now there are fewer than 5,000. In a few more years they might have solved the native problem by dying out. But now they are on the increase, and this is why cabinet ministers must venture north of the Arctic Circle.

Merv Hardie, the young Liberal MP for the 20,000-square-mile Mackenzie River district, was bringing some of his constituents forward.

"Come on, Edward," Merv said. "Tell 'em."

Edward Nazon, second chief of the Arctic Red Loucheaux, made little marks on the grass with his toe. "Well," he said finally, "it's like this." Then he stopped.

"Please, sir," the Minister said. "Please feel free to tell me your problems. Please speak frankly, sir. That is why I have come here."

"Well," the Indian began. "We're having a hard time around this country, you know." And once again we heard the familiar story. Trapping no longer was enough to support the Indians. Some didn't even bother to trap. But there was nothing else to do.

"Look at me," said Edward Nazon. "I got a family of eight. How can I support 'em on fifteen marten? What am I gonna do? I been looking for a job. Where can I get a job?"

They stood around him, the Indians and the young men from Ottawa in their flannels and tweeds: Gordon Robertson, the 36-year-old Rhodes scholar and deputy minister, Dr. Gordon Stead, graduate of the London School of Economics, Maurice Lamontagne, fresh from the cloisters of Laval. There was the problem: what were these people to do? The mines don't want to hire them. Neither do the oil companies nor the air lines nor the boats that ply the river. All these, at great expense and high turnover, import white workers from the Outside.

They feel they must do this because the native's background and make-up have not fitted him to work disciplined hours. The Indian often vanishes with his first pay cheque which he spends immediately. By white standards he is a child who lives only for the day. He does not stock his larder but buys food enough for only one or two meals at a time. His first purchases, before food, are likely to be yeast and raisins with which he concocts a potful of "brew." He drinks it before it has time to become potent, but nonetheless it intoxicates him. His second purchases are almost certain to be tea and tobacco. Only then, if he has more money, will he buy the flour and baking powder which, mixed in a pan with water, make the staple bannock that he devours with his half-cooked fish.

But sometimes he buys no food at all. His money, his goods, his drafty grey tent, even his wife, all these may have been lost to him in the wild gambling parties which, along with the brew-ups and the drum dances and the casual sex, are his chief amusements.

The skin drums are his life and they transport him into a happier world of rhythm. He dances in a circle, hour after hour until dawn, chanting a wordless tune, his feet executing a nimble step that few white men have been able to follow.

He even gambles to the drums. His game is almost a ritual for every movement of the two teams involved is made to their insistent rhythm. The rules differ from tribe to tribe but the essentials are the same. The facing teams pass a small object from hand to hand. When the drums cease the opposite side must guess where the object is. All night the drums pound, the players

Fun and Games in the North



At Repulse Bay, HBC clerk and natives play football in forty-below weather. Eskimos completely ignore rules and regulations, play for fun, not to win.



Dance to skin drums is the favorite recreation of natives of all ages.



Yellowknife plays golf on grassless course built wholly on rock.



Indians at Fort Rae play "shortstick," a game of chance which is common to whole Mackenzie area.



Art classes are held once a week in Yellowknife where residents have learned to invent own fun.



Like children everywhere, Eskimo moppets slide on Baffin slopes. Sleds are often old gas drums.

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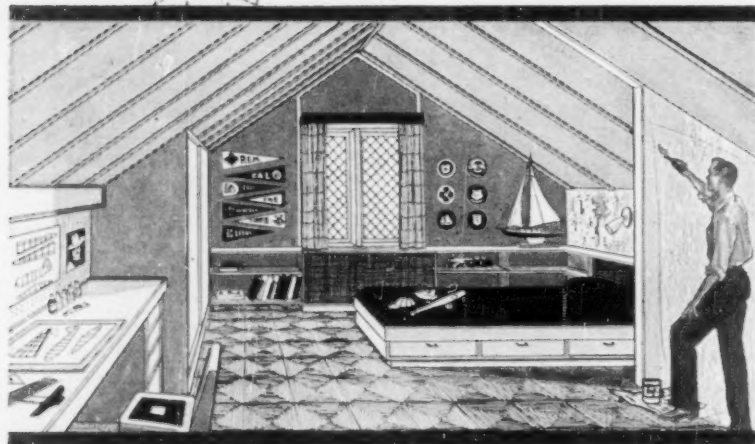
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Blueberries are a delicacy. They dapple Arctic hillsides in September.

pass the shortstick, the onlookers sway and make side bets chanting louder and louder as the drums grow more insistent until the game ends in a wild frenzy and the gamblers lose their power of speech along with their possessions.

This then is the strange foreign world the new Minister of Northern Affairs found himself peeping into on the banks of the Mackenzie. He left it with the problems still unresolved, but all noted carefully on thick pads of paper to be translated into various official memoranda. Then he flew off into a new part of the north—the country of the mining booms.

In its own way, this country too is a land of feast and famine. Ever since the beginning, when Frobisher brought back fool's gold to the Court of St. James's, and Hearne dubbed an Arctic river "the Coppermine," the north has been thought of as mining country. This was confirmed beyond men's wildest dreams in 1897 when one of history's strangest mass movements made the word "Klondike" a synonym for sudden wealth. A hundred thousand stampedeers poured north. They trampled over most of the country that was to know later stampedes. They found lead on the south shore of Great Slave and gold on Yellowknife Bay. They saw the cobalt bloom on the high rocks of Great Bear Lake and the oil seeping from the banks near Fort Norman. But none profited because, except for the

Yukon's placer gold, none of it was worth developing in the days before the airplane.

It was along this trail of the air-age mining booms that we now flew, from Norman Wells to Port Radium to Yellowknife. Below us, ruled across the forest, stretched the survey lines cut by half a dozen oil companies. There is no doubt now that a vast sea of petroleum lies under the moss and muskeg of the Liard and Mackenzie, as far north as the Arctic islands where those tell-tale but still unexplained formations, the salt domes, have been found.

Norman Wells, a thousand miles northwest of Edmonton, is the only river settlement not dependent on fur. It looks quite different from the other towns with its fat storage tanks and gas-heated homes trimmed with lawns and borders. But like the other towns it has had its booms and its doldrums. The first boom followed World War I when an Imperial Oil gusher touched off a wild stampede. Men poured over the mountains from the Yukon and down the river from Alberta, dragging their sleds behind them and suffering the usual penalties of famine, scurvy and exposure that accompanied all the early rushes. As usual only a handful made money. A resourceful river pilot, Slim Bayne, sold one claim for \$1,000 months before he staked it. A prospector named Billy George made \$23,000 and spent it all in a winter.

In the high Arctic, where no trees grow and stores are almost non-existent, food is where you find it



Sorrel grass resembles rhubarb. Eskimos eat it when they're out walking.



The Arctic char, caught in the sea, has a rich flesh resembling salmon.

Norman Wells was back to slim times almost as quickly as Billy George was back washing dishes. Its two wells, drilled by Imperial Oil, were capped in 1925. One was reopened when radium was found at Great Bear. But it wasn't until World War II that the second boom came. Sixty-one wells went into production. Once again men poured down the river to build the Canol pipeline to carry oil to Alaska and provide the north with another ghost town. There it lies today, across the river, a tangle of rotting Nissen huts and warehouses jammed with thousands of spare parts long since obsolete. The pipeline road still winds through the mountains, a ghost highway, its trestles washed away, its right of way jammed by slides.

Here is the dilemma of the oil country: only in wartime is it practical to export oil from Norman Wells. Only enough is produced now to supply the north. Production is now only one fifth of what it was in 1944. Port Radium, just two hundred miles away, is the Wells' nearest customer, and yet even here the price of light diesel is more than doubled by transport costs. Still, the search for oil goes on against the day when pipelines will be practical and new boom towns dot the Mackenzie valley.

Now we were flying up Great Bear River, whose rapids help increase transport costs. Ahead lay the dark-blue

expanse of Great Bear Lake, that enormous biological desert, so cold that no plankton live in its deepest waters and fish never leave the shore line. Oil tankers are useless here for the water is so cold it would thicken the oil and it wouldn't pump.

Great Bear is one of a chain of lakes, some huge, some tiny, that was formed in ancient days from water collecting in vast sheets at the edge of the receding glaciers that covered the great Canadian shield. Below us we could see the start of the Pre-Cambrian formation. Here is the oldest rock anywhere in the world, an ancient mountain range sandpapered to ground level by two billion years of erosion. This rocky shield covers two fifths of Canada and most of the great mineral discoveries of the past half century have been made not far from its rim.

There it lay below us, the spine of Canada, a rocky backbone rising from the cold margin of the lake and stretching off into the far horizons for a thousand miles and more, lake upon lake, rock upon rock, as desolate and empty as a dead planet in a science-fiction novel. The shield is at once the blessing and the curse of the north. The wealth lies here: the gold of Yellowknife, the uranium of Bear and Beaverlodge, the lead and zinc of Great Slave, the iron of Ungava, all these and a host of mines yet undiscovered. But the shield is also the great barrier to the north.

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The boom days are over for Yellowknife.
But where will the next boom town rise?

It defies roads and railroads as much as it defies agriculture. It stands as an immense bulwark against civilization. No other land has rock as old or as massive as this, and that is one reason why Canada has no real cities on latitudes the same as Edinburgh, Oslo and Copenhagen.

We touched down on the waters of the lake, and Port Radium came up to meet us. It is a town built vertically, its buildings clinging like barnacles to the rocky cliffs. There are no sidewalks here, only catwalks between each pinnacle and endless flights of wooden steps. But within this Gibraltar lie miles of tunnels for here, on the edge of the Arctic Circle, is the crucible of the atom.

Here too is the familiar boom-and-bust pattern. The boom swept over the lake in 1932 after Gilbert LaBine's find of silver and pitchblende. Prospectors poured north to stake ten thousand claims, so confident of success that they envisioned a small city on the banks of Cameron Bay, across from the present mine. D'Arcy Arden, a well-known trader and prospector, predicted to the Edmonton Journal that the lake would support 100,000 people within a generation. The city is still there, on paper, carefully surveyed into streets and avenues. But only a few rotting shacks remain to mark Bear Lake's boom.

Port Radium's pitchblende now supports fewer than three hundred men in the cliffside town. It is so far from sunlight that workers get special vitamin pills and ultra-violet treatments each winter. Yet the airplane has brought it so close to civilization that the mail arrives daily along with fresh meat and vegetables.

Bear Lake's bubble had hardly burst before Yellowknife's began. We flew south three hundred miles over the old canoe-and-portage route that took the stamperders away from Cameron Bay to the new gold discoveries on the armored slopes of Great Slave Lake.

Yellowknife has had two booms, and there is a town to mark each. On a spiny peninsula jutting into the water lies the "old town," a picturesque frontier community of hastily constructed buildings and cabins, many now boarded up. This was the original Yellowknife, built in 1935 after a cat driver

named Tom Payne got a staggering half-million dollars for four claims staked on a wet midnight.

The old-timers cling to the old town in cabins sprinkled among the enormous rocks. Most of Yellowknife's local color is here, in men such as Pete Baker, a self-educated prospector from the olive groves of Lebanon, known as "the Arab of the Arctic," or in Bill Johnson, who has been part of every northern stampede of the past half century and lost his hands in one when a dynamite charge exploded.

The new Yellowknife is a neat and modern village built on flat land half a mile away. Here live the younger families that dominate the town. About a hundred children are born each year, a high percentage for a population of 2,700. The new town was populated largely during the second boom in 1945, when 20,000 claims were staked in a wild postwar rush. One hundred companies went into operation and fifty men had to roll their bedrolls on the floor of the local beer parlor.

Gloves and High Heels

Now the boom is over again for Yellowknife. It has settled down to a quiet two-mine town (a third lies fifty miles away). It has reached the stage where a woman no longer feels she can attend tea parties, as she once did, in slacks and moccasins, but must wear hat, gloves and high heels. And though a recent bride went on her honeymoon in faded blue denims, her wedding dress was the last word in white lace and her prayer book was trimmed with orchids.

Indeed, Yellowknife is little different from any small prairie village except for its golf course which, being built on rock, has hardly a blade of grass. The greens are oiled sand which each player carefully sweeps, after using, with an old doormat.

When I reached Yellowknife it was deep in the worst slump in its brief history. The bottom had dropped out of the gold market. The bar in the Ingraham Hotel was no longer crowded. The taxi fleet in this town of twenty-eight miles of road, had dropped from twenty-three to twelve. The bush was empty of the prospectors who gave the merchants their margin of profit. Last year,



A New Boom Town?

"Probably not," says Pierre Berton, who took this photograph of a new pitchblende strike south of Yellowknife. Prospector Emile Dagenais, Geiger counter to ear, his hat perched jauntily on the discovery stake, examines a wide vein of ore. In spite of rush that followed, it's probable that ore is too far from civilization to mine.



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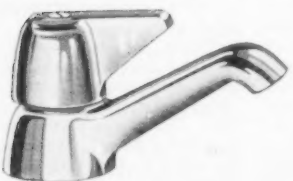
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for example, Woolgar Grubstake, a prospecting firm, had eight parties in the field. This summer it had none.

"Why bother?" asked Jake Woolgar, the lean RCAF veteran who runs the outfit. "A man could find a vein of gold, but he'd have a tough time trying to sell it right now."

Ironically, the only thing that can make Yellowknife boom again, short of an increase in the gold price, is a depression. As long as gold sells for a fixed price and prices stay high Yellowknife's mines won't bother to produce. In 1948 ten mines were developed to the point where underground work could begin. Today only three operate. Yellowknife's biggest mine, Giant, the country's fourth largest, is working at only half production.

Like the fur country, the gold country needs more strings to its bow. Com-

mercial agriculture is impossible in this rocky desert. Home gardeners have enough trouble scraping soil from under poplar groves for lawns and borders. What is needed are other kinds of minerals—uranium, copper, lead and zinc.

Somewhere on the ocean of grey rock that rolls out from Yellowknife lies a future boom town. But where is it?

Does it lie perhaps at the north end of Thekulthili Lake, where the rocks are stained with the canary yellow of uranium oxide? One morning at dawn I flew there in an Associated Airways plane to watch a small uranium rush get under way.

We landed on the lake, 120 miles southeast of Yellowknife, exactly like ten thousand other lakes that speckle the rock country. Here we came upon the prospectors—six men in worn bush jackets sent out by Giant Yellowknife



Capt. Sveinson's tug emerges from lake and pushes on down Mackenzie.

A Skipper Weathers a Bad Lake Storm



On bridge of tug, Brinkie Sveinson keeps weather eye out for squalls.

he was sick as a dog. There was nothing to hang onto and there he was, being knocked about from wall to wall and back again. Every once in a while he come past me and I'd grab him and sort of prop him up a bit.

"Brinkie, kill me and have done with it!" he cries out over the storm.

"Lie down on the floor, man," I tell him.

"But it's thick with oil," says Albert.

"What do you care," I tell him. "You're going to die anyway."

"Well at this point Albert he looks out of the window and shouts that the barge is going.

"Get that no-good deck hand and try and make her fast," I tell him.

"He's sick like me," says Albert.

"Well get him anyways," I tell him.

"Well, sir, you ought to see Albert. He grabs that hand, he pulls and pushes him onto the barge, he slaps him and he socks him. He props him up and the hand falls down. Albert pulls him up again and he falls down again. He finally did get him onto his feet but the hand never was much good. But by this time Albert wasn't sick any more and we saved that barge."

HERE is Capt. Brinkie Sveinson of the Radium Yellowknife, an Iclander from Gimli, Man., describing one terrible storm on Great Slave Lake:

"It was when I was skipper on the little old Radium Express—not the new one, she's a pleasure yacht, but the old one. You had to see that to believe it. Well, we was really into it, tossing and pitching there so bad that the oil heater we had in the pilothouse ripped loose and smashed up on the floor. Albert, my first mate,

Mines to look for uranium ore.

"What's new?" they asked us. "Any new wars started?" For they had been traveling and prospecting from lake to lake and river to river all summer until they found what they were looking for, the tell-tale streaks and the blue-grey ore that made the Geiger counters chatter. This is the best uranium discovery yet made in the Yellowknife district. But will it mean a mine? The pitch-blende is here, but is it rich and plentiful enough to make it worthwhile in this inaccessible land? Before the week was out two hundred claims were staked and property was already changing hands. But the odds are ten to one that for another generation at least, and perhaps forever, this lake will remain just as I saw it. There are ore bodies on the very edge of Great Slave that, in Porcupine or Kirkland Lake, would make immediate mines. Nobody bothers with them in the north.

Five hundred air miles to the north, on the edge of the Arctic, halfway between Coppermine and Bathurst Inlet, in a weird unmapped canyon country of cliffs and waterfalls and black basalt ridges, lies another potential boom town. Here, a decade ago, Ernie Boffa, the most famous of the barren-land pilots, saw the bright-green stains of copper oxides. Was this the source of the copper float that Hearne saw two centuries before? This year Boffa and his partner, Jake Woolgar, staked the deposit—an enormous mass of low-grade copper ore. Is it practical to mine it this far from civilization? This is a decision that only a large mining company can make.

An Island in the Wilderness

For more than three decades the north has waited for just such a decision to be made about Pine Point just opposite Yellowknife on the south shore of Great Slave. Here, beyond the shadow of a doubt, lies one of the greatest lead-zinc ore bodies in the world. Indeed, recent drilling suggests that it may be the continent's biggest mineral discovery for more than a century. The presence of this ore has been recognized since Klondike stampede first staked it in 1898. Millions have been spent on it by half-a-dozen companies. The ore bodies run for thirty-six miles in a three-mile strip. The most conservative figure places the potential at 120 million tons. A town that will certainly be as big as Yellowknife and could have ten thousand people has already been surveyed. But the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company, which now controls the ground, has still not decided whether it is practical to start operations.

I flew down to Pine Point from Yellowknife one afternoon, out of the Pre-Cambrian country and into the flat scrub timberland that is really a continuation of Saskatchewan prairie. As we flew inland a curious little scene popped out of the wilderness. Two streets and two avenues, surveyed on a grid system, had been cut out of the forest, lined by a neat handful of white little bungalows complete with velvet-green lawns and bright flower borders. Here, far from roads, railways or scheduled air line, was the core of what may be the north's largest city.

Pine Point is one key to the future of the north. If it is developed it will bring the Northwest Territories their first railroad, 435 miles from Grimshaw, Alta. It may mean a smelter and a new hydro plant, harnessing the Rapids of the Drowned on the Slave River at Fort Smith. Transportation has always been the north's bugbear. Now towns like Yellowknife across the lake may find themselves virtually at the end of steel and mining areas hitherto unprofitable

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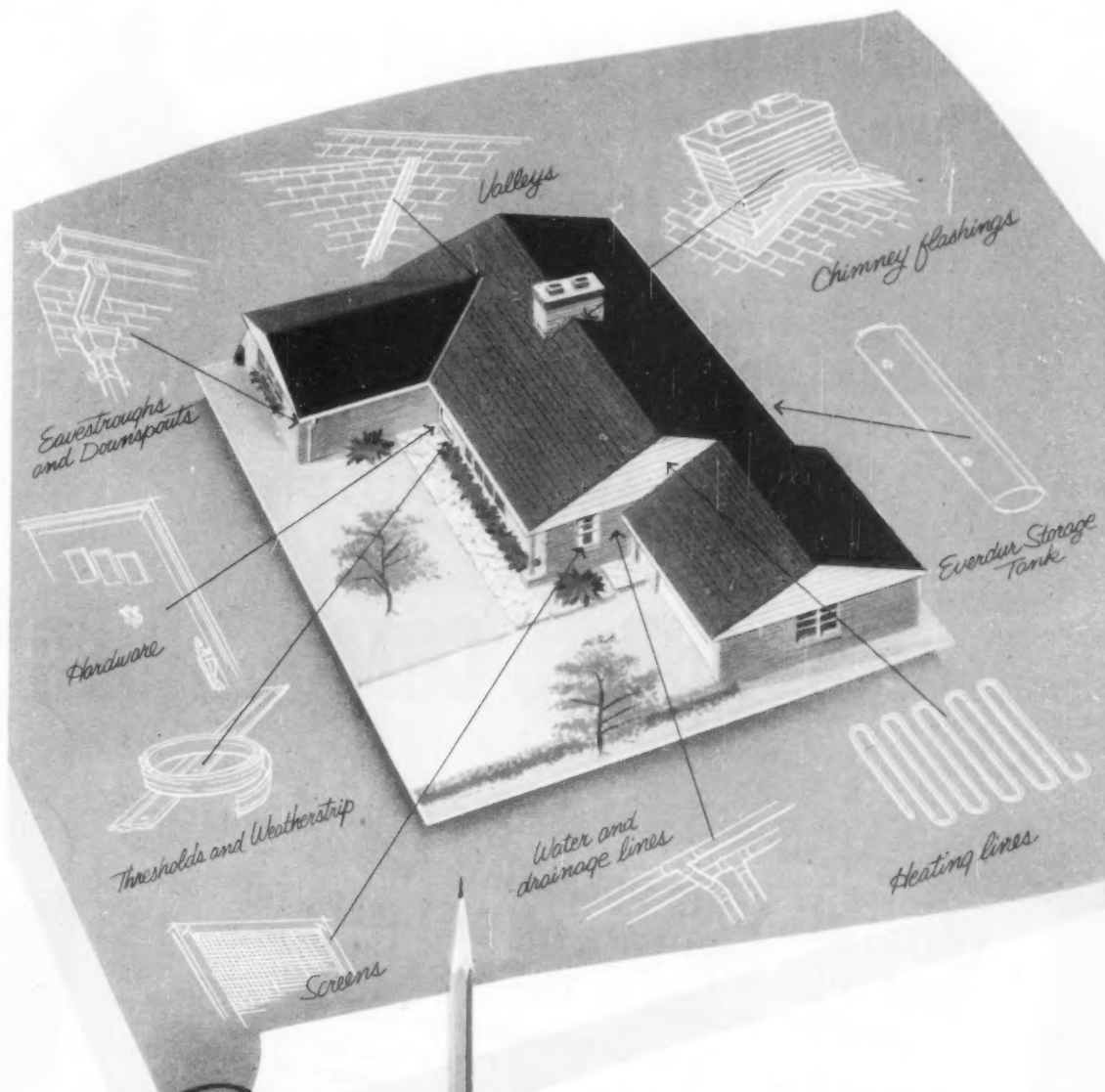
Fresh ideas keynote the fashioning of these selective "Trend Homes"; new uses of materials, functional trends in architecture, basic improvements in externals, all designed to meet the particular climate of each locality. These marked innova-

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may be able to start development.

Since leaving Pine Point I have been traveling down the Mackenzie, writing this report and, from the vantage point of a tugboat, contemplating this difficult problem of northern transportation. Now I have reached Fort Simpson, the lovely little century-old town perched high on the Mackenzie where I am writing these present words before taking off on a journey across the barrens. In front of me, the wide blue river rolls past the town in a great arc. Over to the west its greatest tributary, the muddy Liard, joins it and for more than

150 miles the two streams, one blue, one yellow, run side by side until they finally mingle.

The cheapest way to transport freight is down this river system. But it is still expensive enough to double the price of most groceries, and no wonder, for there are so many rapids that every parcel reaching Simpson must be handled nine times en route from Edmonton.

The little tugs face staggering problems. They must be built with shallow draft—as little as three feet—to navigate rapids and shallows. Even then they often change propellers each trip

from scraping their hulls on the rocks. But in the lakes the shallow draft becomes a liability. The tugs bob about like corks. The barges heave and buckle. If a storm comes up all the barges that are normally pushed ahead of the tug must be strung out for half a mile behind on a towline.

When we crossed Great Slave Lake it was glassy as a mill pond. One morning we rolled badly enough to send the cook to his quarters. But this was nothing to the real storms when waves rise over the decks and the wind blows so hard the 1,500-horsepower motors

can't turn the tug around. It is these delays, at lakes and rapids and portages, that raise the cost of freight and help explain why soda pop sells for thirty-five cents a bottle at Simpson.

The high freight costs explain, too, why the Mackenzie and Liard valleys haven't developed into rich farming areas as the Peace has. There is farmland here but only a handful of farmers. I met one on the main street, a lanky man in overalls named Fostner Browning. For twenty-seven years Browning has farmed thirty acres, grossed as much as \$4,000 a year and never known a crop failure. He keeps thirty-six cattle. One winter, at 68 below, seven of them calved successfully. Browning's big crop is potatoes but he cuts alfalfa twice each summer and one season he ripened eighty watermelons.

At Fort Simpson's federal government experimental farm, John Gilbey, a chipper Englishman, has for seven years grown just about everything that thrives on the prairies. Lilacs, honeysuckle and spirea bloom in his garden among peonies and delphiniums. Crab apples wintered successfully last year though the thermometer scarcely moved above zero from December to Easter. He has good crops of corn and tomatoes three years out of five and cucumbers almost every year. Such conditions exist all the way down-river almost as far as the Arctic Circle.

This does not mean the Canadian north is an agricultural paradise, as some enthusiasts suggest. There are one million acres of arable alluvial silt here, not a great amount in a land so vast. It has the further disadvantage of being scattered in isolated pockets of fifteen to 1,500 acres. From these areas unlimited tons of potatoes could be raised but there is no use farming on a larger scale for no one can foresee the day when it will be practical to export farm produce from the Mackenzie. All the same there is room for more farms on the Mackenzie. Canadian Army Signals here, for instance, still imports potatoes from California.

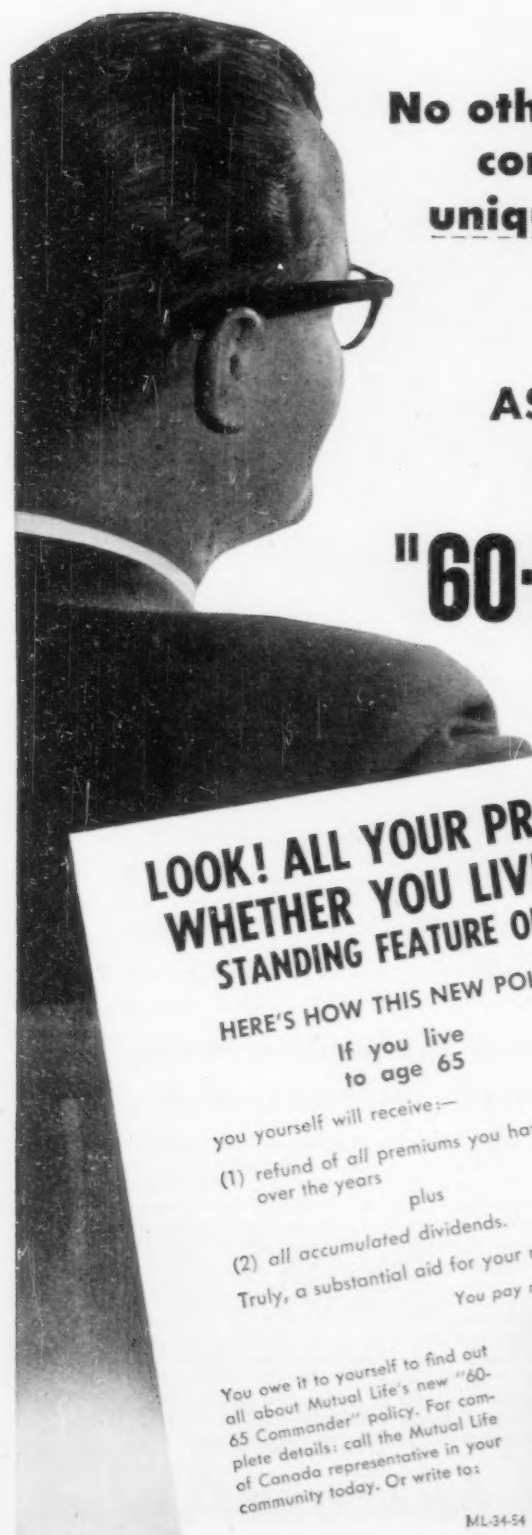
An Entirely Different North

So far this report has been concerned almost entirely with the western north, the land of big rivers, thick forests, airports, gold mines, tugboats, prospectors and mining and fur towns. Almost all the white population of the Canadian north lives in the western half of it. All the great mineral discoveries, except the nickel of Rankin Inlet and the iron of Labrador, have been made here. If the north has a banana belt, this is it.

But six hundred miles away, on the other side of Canada, lies another, entirely different north. The vast wastes of Keewatin and Franklin stretch off to the east and northeast, still largely unmapped and unpopulated, devoid of any hope of agriculture and forestry, scarcely scratched by the prospector's pick. Except for tiny isolated communities, this eastern land in the Hudson Bay area is much as it was in the days before the white man.

These are lands that still know starvation and tragedy. On Boothia Peninsula not long ago, an Eskimo youth named Beriyykoot complied with custom by garroting his 45-year-old mother at her own request. She was in an advanced state of TB. On Foxe Basin, in the winter of 1948, a man and two boys starved to death slowly and painfully while searching for a meat cache. The wife and daughter survived by eating the cadavers.

I visited the eastern Arctic this June before coming to the Mackenzie country, where I am writing this report. The contrast between one side of the Canadian north and the other is so



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sharp that one might be exploring two different worlds.

I set off from Ottawa, early one June morning, in a Spartan Airways plane, jammed with scientists. The expedition was one of several sponsored each year by the Arctic Institute. It was headed for Bylot Island, a spectacular but almost unknown pin point in the ocean just off the tip of Baffin Island.

The impetus for the expedition hadn't come from scientists at all, but from three enthusiastic bird watchers. One was Rosario Mazzeo, bass clarinetist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The others were Axel Rosin, the vice-president of the Book-of-the-Month Club, and his wife. Like many Americans they had always had a yen to visit the Arctic. So they organized an expedition.

Now here they all were, jammed aboard the aircraft, the two Rosins, five scientists and one scientist's wife. Only Mazzeo was missing. To his undying disappointment his musical duties kept him home.

Dr. William Drury, the thin spectacled Harvard professor in charge, told me what he and his colleagues planned. They would land at Pond Inlet and take their supplies to Bylot by sled. Few men have been to Bylot, which is virtually unmapped and unexplored. Here for six weeks the scientists would try to fit another piece into the northern jigsaw puzzle, studying animal and bird life, permafrost, the Eskimos and the mountains.

We were flying over the grey twilight land that skirts Henry Hudson's huge inland sea—a ragged monochrome of grey-green lichen, broken by patches of black stunted spruce and thousands of round little ponds. It runs back from the shore line for three hundred miles, flat and uninspiring, the most monotonous country on the continent. No human soul, native or white, lives or travels here. No tell-tale pillar of smoke curls up from the land. No trail or trap line crosses it. No hut or cabin breaks the tedium. Even the animals are scarce for this is old sea bottom, a wet, flat forbidding country of silt and moss, lichen and muskeg.

Only from the air does this dismal terrain take on drama. On the edge of the old sea bottom a strange formation showed through the cotton-wool clouds. The lakes changed shape and ran straight as rulers until they looked more like canals. The bays and islands took on similar shapes. Long ridges, straight as Roman walls, appeared between the lines of water. The whole land assumed a grooved appearance like a carefully ploughed field after a shower. These ridges, which are found from Hudson Bay to the barrens are called drumlins. They are the tracks of the great Keewatin ice sheet that once slid southward grooving the land from the Arctic to Minnesota.

The drumlins came and went. There were other odd sights. Shapeless tawny patches with black uneven lines, like enormous tiger skins, began to appear.

There is no explanation for them yet but most scientists think they are caused by the yellow bogs freezing and thawing and humping the black peat into ridges above the sphagnum.

Now the land sloped gently off toward Hudson Bay in a series of terraces marking each successive beach line in the gradual shrinking of the inland sea. For the bay is vanishing. In pre-glacial times it was a great river flowing across a wide plain. The glaciers pushed the land down and when they retreated water filled the hollow. Now the land is rising again like a compressed sponge

and the waters are retreating. The rise is measurable by the remnants of old Eskimo fish traps built on tide line and now thirty to eighty feet above sea level. Aeons hence the great Bay may once again be a plain with a river flowing through its heart.

Suddenly, as we flew northwest, summer vanished and the lakes below us were frozen white. Below us lay Churchill, the oldest civilized settlement in the north, stark as the rock on which it is built. The starkness is emphasized by the grey - and - white buildings which blend with the mono-

chrome of the landscape. The surroundings are all grey: the waters of the bay are battleship grey, the gravel of the beach is ash-grey, the lichens and grasses which form the only foliage are yellow-grey, and the rock is blue-grey. It is the same ancient Pre-Cambrian rock that skirts the shores of Great Bear Lake, hundreds of miles away. As much as the beaver and the maple leaf it deserves to be the emblem of Canada.

We stayed overnight in Churchill, the historic town founded three centuries ago by Jens Munk, the son of a Danish nobleman. Sixty of his ship-

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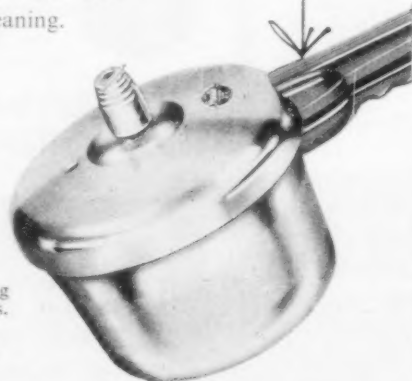
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In the world's oldest rock, near Churchill, the signature of Samuel Hearne, greatest of northern explorers, is legible after two centuries. Hearne's great journey across the tundra to Coppermine has never been equalled. He coined the name "Barren Grounds."

mates died there of scurvy, exposure, frostbite and gangrene. It is Samuel Hearne's town too. It was built as an impregnable fortress, but even the doughty Hearne couldn't hold it against three French warships. The French commander was a gallant man, and farsighted too. One of the conditions of Hearne's ransom was that his famous journal of exploration be published.

Today Churchill with a population of three thousand is half grain port and half army camp. Eleven million bushels of prairie wheat pour through here each year en route to Europe. In the summer the white whales bask by the hundreds on the beach and yield up their oil for hand lotion, soap, perfume and cooking fat and their livers for medicine and tonics. A mile or so from the town lie the army barracks, protected from the elements by miles of interlocking passageways. Here each winter the most arduous cold-weather exercises on the continent take place for, though Churchill lies far south of Whitehorse and Yellowknife, her winters, thanks to Hudson Bay, are much more bitter.

Next morning we flew northeast across the bleak bay, its ice sheet broken and veined below us, with the June sun glinting on the slushy water in the channels. At noon the ice was broken by the desolate expanse of Southampton Island, a bald treeless lowland rising from the mottled sea, the snow lying in long drifts between the ridges of Pre-Cambrian rock. Not since the Aleutians have I seen anything more uninviting. On this desert, larger than Ireland, live twelve men—RCAF personnel and Department of Transport employees.

"When is summer?" I asked the sergeant who greeted us on landing.

"Hell man, *this* is summer," the sergeant answered.

Here, at Coral Harbor, lies another wartime ghost city, equipped for 2,200 men by the U. S. Air Force, now a wreckage of unoccupied buildings, thousands of truck parts, stacks of

tinned food and barrels of Coca Cola syrup, all too expensive to move away.

Three hours after we left Southampton, Baffin Island loomed out of the horizon, an enormous expanse of jagged mountains and swirling glaciers. Here is the most spectacular scenery in all of eastern North America. Yet only a handful of men have enjoyed it. The eastern coast of this great island, almost as large as Manitoba, is an awe-inspiring sight. The ice caps, a quarter of a mile thick, come tumbling out of the clouds and into the limpid fjords that wind far into the mountainous shores.

We landed uneasily on a crude strip marked out with gasoline tins on the Arctic ice. It was snowing and the thermometer stood at 26 above. Dimly, on the shore, we could see the familiar line of square buildings: Hudson's Bay, mission and police barracks. Already a thin line of Eskimos and dogs was moving out to us. It turned out that this was only the sixth aircraft to land at Pond Inlet. We had reached a point in the north where any arrival was an event.

A Different Kind of Eskimo

Soon they were upon us, a hundred or so Eskimos and as many animals. They came racing up on long wooden sleighs jammed with parka-clad passengers of all sizes and shapes, each grinning broadly, and pulled by a dozen or so dogs fanning out in a wide arc, their lines inexorably tangled and confused. These eastern Arctic Eskimos are quite different from their western Arctic cousins. They live primitively in snowhouses, eating meat raw or cooked over a blubber lamp, and they seem to smile almost all the time, possibly because they have had so little contact with the white man.

I stayed in Pond Inlet until two the following morning, while the scientists unpacked their gear and made ready to cross over to Bylot Island, whose enormous blue cliffs seemed only a

"A swirling mixture of dogs and Eskimos, and a little girl crying for her mother"

short hike away. Dr. Drury wanted to start immediately until the RCMP constable gently broke the news that the island was eighteen miles away.

There are a dozen communities like Pond Inlet in the eastern Arctic. The population at Pond consists of two Bay men, two RCMP constables, two Oblate fathers, an Anglican missionary and 265 Eskimos. Of these, the two Roman Catholic priests have the most thankless task, for all the Eskimos except three families are Anglican and always have been. Both denominations arrived at the settlement the same year, a generation ago, but the Anglicans brought their bishop with them and the Eskimos bowed to this higher authority. They rarely change their creed and the priests have little or no chance of making conversions. (Two of the three Catholic families were imported from a predominantly Catholic community.) Nonetheless they maintain the mission. One of them, Father Daniello, a bearded gnomelike little man from Brittany, has been here nineteen years and has been Outside only once in all that time. He will remain here for most of his life, walled off from the world, nurturing his tiny little flock, until he is an old man no longer fit for duty.

No Cash at Pond Inlet

It is only the Eskimo that keeps any whites in settlements like Pond. The Hudson's Bay is here to trade for fox furs, the only exportable commodity. The police are not here to keep law and order for it is a crimeless community. Their tasks are less colorful and consist chiefly of distributing family allowances. These aren't given in cash but in vouchers for certain staples that can be bought at the trading post. In fact there is little or no cash at Pond Inlet. Life runs on the ancient barter system.

In the winter the police go on thousand-mile patrols for fifty days at a time. They live in snowhouses each night but keep on paying board and lodging to the government nonetheless. Like everybody else in the north they are here by choice and the life on this treeless, lonely beach, visited once a year by a supply ship and occasionally by an aircraft, fascinates them. Constable Doug Moodie, a neat good-looking Montrealer, had just finished his

three-year tour at Pond when I arrived and had promptly signed up for three years more.

We were sitting in Pete Murdoch's house, built by the Hudson's Bay Company on architectural lines that have become a northern pattern. Like most Hudson's Bay men who aren't Scottish, Pete is a Newfoundlander.

"Come on," Pete said. "It's time to go. I'll call a taxi."

A big sled, pulled by a dozen dogs, slid up beside the door. It was 2 a.m. The sun shone brightly and the little Eskimo children in their parkas were still playing around the tents. The scientists had all gone to bed. Pete said he probably wouldn't go to bed for another day or so. Pond Inlet doesn't run on any scheduled hours.

Off we dashed across the ice to the big plane, the Eskimos laughing and shouting and pushing each other off into the snow like happy puppies. We had two more passengers, two gnarled little women, both almost blind from an eye infection, bound for an outside hospital. They were quite bewildered and terrified as Pete helped them into the plane.

"Just a minute," somebody said. "Here's Annie. She wants to say good-bye to her mother."

An Eskimo girl clambered into the aircraft and stood in front of one of the little old women, who was squeezed tightly into a corner. They talked for a few moments and then the girl began to cry.

"It's all right, Annie," Pete Murdoch said, "they'll be back soon." He led her away gently, still crying softly to herself. That was my last view of Pond Inlet—the crowd of grinning Eskimos all waving good-bye, the swirling mass of dogs and harness, the thin line of buildings on the shore, the broad expanse of ice glinting in the sunlight, and a little girl crying for her mother.

Since writing the preceding words I have crossed another section of the north. This is the emptiest land of all, the vast Arctic tundra that Samuel Hearne named the Barren Grounds. The bulk of the tundra country lies between the wooded Mackenzie valley on the west and Hudson Bay on the east, but the tips of the Yukon, Quebec and Labrador are also treeless, as well as all the Arctic islands. Indeed, there are

"Hang On! I'll Call You a Taxi"



Scientist Mary Drury, on an expedition to Bylot Island, lugs her duffel from plane.



Later she hopped aboard this Eskimo "taxi," a sled pulled by husky dogs and jammed with natives who kept pushing each other in snow.

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"Some men have been moved to terror by the barren lands, some to awe and some to madness. And some like Jack Hornby have been drunk with their mysticism"

some 950,000 square miles of this Arctic desert.

And yet the barrens are not quite as barren as they sound for, according to the most recent scientific count, they support 76 species of mammals, 220 species of birds, and 474 flowering plants and ferns. But they have the stillness of death about them and since Hearne's day they have never failed to put men in awe. Here, if anywhere, lies all the majesty and mystery of the north.

We started out from Fort Reliance, on the eastern tip of Great Slave Lake—Constable Don Wilson of the RCMP, Harry Baker, the Wardair pilot, and myself. Fort Reliance might easily be named Fort Isolation. Its six permanent residents, four Signal Corps employees and two policemen, have little to do except exist. To fill in time, Don Wilson, a prairie boy who's never seen anything bigger than a police speedboat, constructs delicate scale models of three-masted sailing ships. The only reason for Fort Reliance is its position as gateway to the barrens, the funnel through which trapper, hunter and explorer must pass on their way to the tundra.

We were half an hour out when the trees vanished and the tundra began, an endless rolling desert of brown sedge, speckled by the inevitable lakes. The rivers here are more like thin lakes. Occasionally a sudden waterfall connects two lakes but otherwise the water rarely moves for there is no drainage on the barrens. The water simply sits in the shallow hollows, imprisoned by a granite-hard floor of permafrost. There is no more rain here than at Cairo but there is no evaporation, either. If the permafrost ever melts the water will vanish. Then the barrens will become a grey expanse of desert rock and sand.

This may happen some day for the north has slowly been warming up. The permafrost line is creeping north, perhaps at the rate of sixty miles a century, and so is the tree line. Cod and halibut have started to appear off the once-forbidding west coast of Greenland and the annual dog-team patrol from Moose Factory to Rupert House must now be made in April, not May as it was forty years ago. Yet this gradual warm-up may stop at any time and a new era of cold begin. No one can say for sure, for the very climate itself must be numbered among the northern mysteries.

Below us, in the land of the Snow-drift River, the tundra rolled on, majestic in its monotony. There is so little erosion on the barrens that the geological history of the country is still engraved here. Enormous boulder fields, miles across, stretched out below us. Moraines of rocky debris, marking the edges of old glaciers, curved across our line of sight. A long narrow ridge of sand and gravel wound off to the horizon, looking exactly like a man-made railway embankment. This was an esker, the most familiar of all tundra

phenomena, a bed of river sediment deposited by an underground glacial stream during the ice age. Some are a hundred miles long.

No man can fail to be moved by this empty country which for hundreds of thousands of years has remained exactly as it is today. Some have been moved to terror by it, some to awe, some to madness. Some, like Jack Hornby, have been drunk with the mysticism of the tundra.

The annals of the north know no more bizarre figure than Hornby, a wiry, unkempt little Englishman with his matted beard, his long tangled locks and his pinched hawk face. He was the son of a famous cricketer, a public-school graduate who saw the tundra in his youth and never left it again except for brief periods. His only desire was to live here and his only aim was sheer existence for he did not trap for a living or hunt or even collect scientific information. He thought of the barrens as his kingdom and he roamed them like an animal. His proudest boast was that he could be dropped naked into the heart of the tundra and survive. He shunned the symbols of civilization and even discarded his dentures on the barrens. With his single upper incisor he tore at the caribou and wolf meat which often enough he ate raw.

"Hornby is Trying to Murder Me"

One memorable winter Hornby brought another Englishman north with him, a pukka sahib from India named Critchell-Bullock who had been invalided to Canada with malaria. The two lived together, crouched in a cave in an esker, playing chess with hand-whittled men, while the winds howled around them across the treeless snows.

One day Hornby came into Reliance to the police. "Bullock is trying to murder me," he told the constable on duty. Then he gave him a sealed letter and vanished. The constable read the letter. It was from Bullock. "Hornby is trying to murder me," the letter said.

The policeman wearily made a patrol out to the cave and here he came upon two half-mad men, wild-eyed, squalid, incredibly filthy, Hornby gnawing on a raw wolf's head, Bullock chewing a caribou's intestine. The officer shrugged, sighed, and went back to Reliance again. Eventually the two Englishmen emerged alive from the tundra after walking the entire distance to Hudson Bay.

Now we were over Hornby's country. We could see the caribou threading their way south, in groups of sixes and sevens, on their annual trek to the tree line. All through the north at this time of year you hear the same question: "Where are the caribou? Have you seen the caribou?" For just as the MacKenzie depends on furs and Yellowknife on gold, the men who roam the barrens need the caribou.

And like the gold and the furs, the caribou are fickle. "They are like ghosts," the old Indian saying runs.

"They come from nowhere, fill up all the land, then disappear." They may pass the same point three years in a row and the fourth year they may not come at all so that famine truly follows feast. The caribou means meat and clothing and dog food and in its wake it brings fur—wolf, white fox, wolverine. Without the caribou there is nothing and the barren lands are truly barren.

Even as we flew across the tundra a group of primitive Eskimos far to the east at Ennadai Lake were slowly starving because the caribou had not come. They had been existing entirely on flour and water for a month. Only a government plane stocked with buffalo meat, sent out that week from Fort Smith, saved this tribe.

Like the fur and the minerals, the

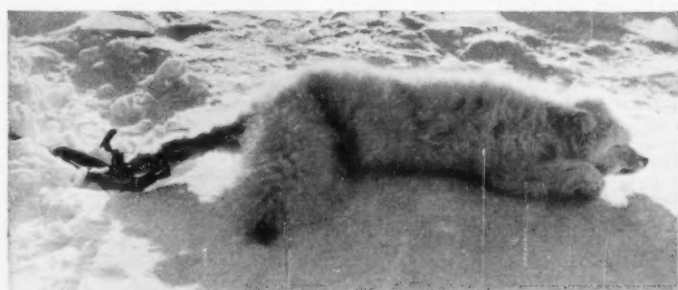
A Lonely Life on the Barrens



On the vast, boulder-strewn tundra, Gus D'Aoust, a veteran trapper badly blinded by snow glare, lives and sometimes nearly starves.



D'Aoust must kill 80 caribou a year to exist. They supply food, clothing, dog meat. If the herd doesn't come, he goes hungry.



White fox is reason why trappers still roam the northern tundra. The fur is valuable as a trimming and it can't be raised domestically.



Strangest of all tundra wanderers is the musk ox. There are only about 8,000 left. Musk oxen are now carefully protected by law.

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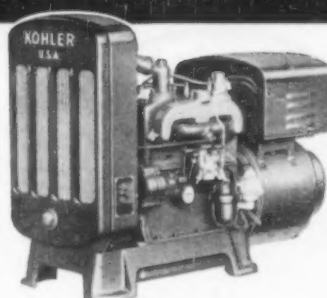
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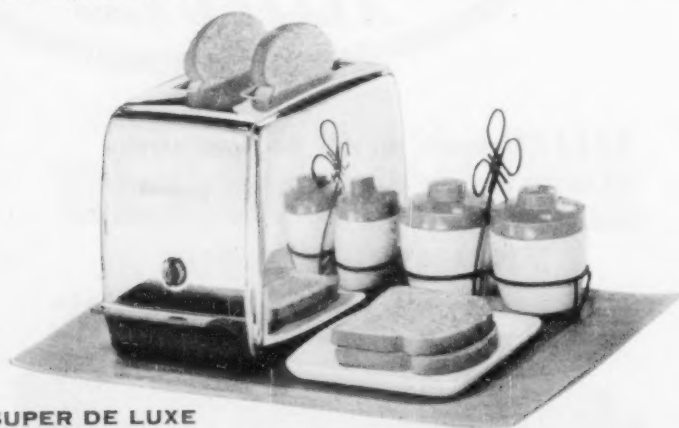


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"Nobody rushes in the far north—a land of patient men—and patience breeds optimism"

caribou is a vanishing resource, mined by the hunter and the trapper until recently. David Thompson the explorer once saw a herd of three-and-a-half-million animals pass him. Ernest Thompson Seton in 1907 estimated the caribou population at thirty millions. Now there are only 650,000 and the largest herd is only a quarter of a million in size. We could see them below us, a thousand animals, the groups growing larger and joining even larger groups as the trek to the tree line moved on. What makes the caribou move backward and forward like this from trees to tundra? This, too, has never been firmly answered.

"This is a Country for Waiting"

Out on the horizon a barren-lands storm was beginning to blow up, blanketing the country ahead in a black mist. We were headed toward the Thelon Game Sanctuary, three hundred miles northeast of Yellowknife, but it was plain we wouldn't get there. Harry Baker turned the plane around and we returned to Reliance.

"We'll just have to wait her out," Harry said. "This is some country for waiting."

And so it is. Nobody rushes in the north and nobody tries to keep a schedule. This is a land of patient men and the patience breeds a certain optimism. The Eskimo waits for the caribou and the bush pilot for the weather. The

trapper waits for furs to come back, the prospector for gold to rise. And because the caribou have always come sooner or later, and the weather has always cleared eventually, and the furs and gold have usually risen after a fall, each man waits in hope. Feast always follows famine as surely as famine follows feast.

Gus D'Aoust, the barren-lands trapper, the only one left in this part of the country, was sitting at Fort Reliance waiting too, and hoping.

"The waiting's the worst this time of year," Gus said. "I'm itchy to get back now. I don't like this sitting."

Gus is fifty-nine. He had forgotten his age but his sister wrote recently and reminded him. The tundra has taken its toll of him. One eye is gone from snow blindness and the other is badly weakened. His face is lean and drawn from exposure. Twice he has had to eat his dogs on the trail. Last year he lived alone on the barrens, working steadily from daylight to dark, patrolling fifty miles of trap line. His radio wouldn't work so he had no news for seven months. Nor in that time did he hear or see a single sign of human life.

On the trap line he lived in skin tents warmed by brief fires kindled from roots or wolf fat or caribou marrow. Back at his base camp he lived in a log cabin patched with mud and banked with snow. His furniture was made from peeled birch logs and upholstered with caribou hide. His clothes were

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caribou hide, too, tanned with caribou brains, stained with willow juices, decorated with porcupine quills and moose-hair rosettes dyed blue with kidney pills.

Toward February Gus ran out of dog food, for the caribou had not come in quantity this year. He needed eighty carcasses to keep him all winter and had had to make do with thirty-five. With his supplies failing he headed out onto the tundra for Reliance. The wind was blowing and the snow whipping around him. White horizon vanished into white sky and white lakes merged with white tundra so that the whole world seemed all of a piece as if seen through a dirty milk bottle.

Gus ran out of tobacco so he smoked his tea. Then he ran out of tea and finally out of food. After six hungry days he looked back at the four half-grown pups whom he had raised from birth and who had been his only companions in the cabin. They were floundering behind him. He killed them all, crying to himself as he did so, fed part to the dogs and boiled the ribs for himself. Twenty-six days after he left his trap line he floundered into Reliance.

He brought \$1,400 worth of fur with him. With \$1,000 he purchased his next winter's grubstake. The remainder supported him through the summer. Now, broke once more, he was ready for the tundra again and watching his eyes light up as he talked there was no doubt at all that this was the only life Gus D'Aoust knew or cared about.

"We're going to get her this winter," he said, recalling the days, years ago, when he brought \$9,000 in furs out of the barrens. "We'll get her this time. That's why we're going back."

A Green Oasis on the Tundra

The following day, with the skies clear, we were flying over Gus D'Aoust's country toward the Thelon Game Sanctuary.

Every desert has its oasis, and the Thelon country is the oasis of the barrens. Out of the harsh dry tundra a deep-green valley suddenly appears. Here two rivers, the Thelon and the Hanbury, meet and here are fat clumps of spruce, wide grassy meadows, green copses of willows, all growing on the bottom of an ancient inland fresh-water sea.

Here are sand dunes and beaches, white as Waikiki, and here the glossy musk ox comes to graze and grow fat by the edges of the round blue lakes. Here in this northern Shangri-la, ironically enough, John Hornby died by inches, of starvation, as he knew he would some day, along with two young Englishmen he had persuaded to come to the tundra with him. The caribou did not come that winter. The graves can be seen along the riverbank but few men have seen them, for few men—white or native—have managed to

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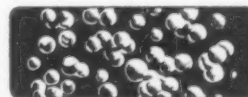
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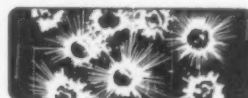
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For this great preserve has the toughest restrictive laws in the world. No one is allowed within its 15,000 square miles without a permit, and permits are rare. Since its establishment in 1926 until recently, hardly a soul ventured here. Now the door has opened a crack and a few scientific parties have gained access. The Thelon is a scientific oddity, unique in the world, a land where tundra and tree line merge. Here robins nest alongside Lapland larkspurs and marten, and wolverine mingle with musk ox, bear

and caribou. Fish lie thick in the waters. When I was in the Thelon a Harvard man caught a two-foot pike using a tomato-can lid as a spoon and a bent nail as a hook.

We landed at a point called Grassy Island, where a group of eight American scientists were trying to capture musk-ox calves alive without killing any animals—a feat never before attempted. Of all northern creatures the musk ox is the most mysterious. It has been said that its clinical record wouldn't fill three pages. John Teal, a big square-jawed anthropologist, who

is vice-president of the Vermont Animal Research Foundation, wanted to study musk-ox breeding habits and knew the only way to do it was to rear young animals in captivity.

Teal has some theories about the north. Sheep, goats and cattle, he points out, are really tropical animals that need artificial tropical conditions such as heated barns to survive North American winters. Why, he reasons, shouldn't we try to cultivate animals such as the musk ox already inured to the environment? Musk-ox milk is sweet and nutritious, musk-ox meat is

as good as beef, musk-ox wool is soft as cashmere.

So here he was with his party waiting for Harry Baker and his Beaver aircraft. For weeks these scientists had been chasing musk ox until their legs were rubbery and their faces blue. They discovered that the strange animals ran like antelope. The only way to get them was to herd them into the water and separate the calves from the angry bulls with canoes. But the musk oxen had vanished again into the tundra and it was Harry Baker's job to find them in the aircraft.

We got no musk ox that day, though Harry came back a week later and rounded up a herd from which the scientists were able to capture three. But we saw them below us as we flew back to Yellowknife, black as night, glossy as newly shined shoes, mysterious as ever with their sheep's horns and bull's faces, running in swift herds across the brown tundra.

And here, almost at its geographical centre, I had my last real view of the north before returning to the land of traffic lights and parking meters. We were 1,200 air miles from the tip of Labrador and 1,200 air miles from the Alaskan border. The end of steel lay 500 miles to the south, the Arctic islands 500 miles to the north. It is a good place to leave the north behind, with the tundra stretching out on all sides, with the caribou picking their way restlessly toward the trees over the pink rocks and the apple-green lichens, with the musk oxen crowding together on the lake's margin, with the green Thelon valley on one horizon and the grey waters of Great Slave Lake just over the other, with summer at its end and the fog of a new winter already rising from the waters.

If the north has a soul, it is here in this empty land which, harsh though it is, has a beauty that no man who has not lived here a lifetime can really understand. But an eloquent old Indian put it into words one day when talking with an Oblate priest.

"My father," the old man said, "you have told me of the beauties of heaven. Tell me one thing more. Is it more beautiful than the country of the musk ox in summertime, where the mists roll over the hills and the waters are very blue and the loons cry very often? That is beautiful and if heaven is still more beautiful, then I will be content to rest there until I am very old." ★

The Spirit of Scotland

In Scotland, the first foot to cross the threshold of your home after midnight at Hogmanay—New Year's Eve—must belong to a dark man.

Some say he should be tall, and some that he should carry silver, representing wealth; coal, for warmth; food and drink. Opinion varies.



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Wearing white man's headgear and smoking a white man's cigarette, an Eskimo in the East Arctic takes a white man's photo using white man's camera.

The Golden Dragon of Yellowknife

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

loaded? Might as well get going."

Henry hopped out of the plane, and Andy, with a last regretful glance over the dunnage, hopped out after him. Henry's blue shirt was marked with sweat. He hauled up his belt, tightened it. He glanced at Nell Ormick, standing with Bert, and then came to Mary. "We're all set."

The pilot moved along. He and Joe checked again the canoe on the far float, and he got in to examine the placing of the cargo. He knew his responsibilities, even if he didn't seem to care too much about his job. He was probably trustworthy.

Mary stood up. She was exactly the same height as Henry. She looked into his burning blue eyes, as eager as they had been on the day she had met him. He was young to her, as young as on that first day, with his quick springy step, his never-failing energy, his ways of getting around trouble, his eagerness, his love.

She said, "You'd better put on your Mackinaw, Henry. And don't lay it down on a rock out there on your dragon, and go off and forget it."

But their eyes met for half a second, and everything was said.

THE MEN were in the plane, Henry beside the pilot, the boys in the back. The doors closed.

Mary and Jennie and Andy stood together at the very end of the wharf. Nell Ormick was already on her way back to the town, with Bert peering from the glass door panel after her. Joe winked at Jennie and crossed his fingers at Andy, who answered with the same gesture. Henry was looking with an odd anxiety at Mary, the first hint of anxiety. She smiled at him warmly, and he relaxed.

The motor roared. The plane slid away from the wharf, turned, skimmed over the water, hesitated, rushed forward and then lifted. It was above the trees, turning, swinging to the north; it was a bird in the blue, smaller and smaller. It was gone. The sound of the engines died away.

Mary turned. Her hand was holding Jennie's tightly. Andy looked up at her, and the blue eyes so like his father's were bright with tears. They met hers frankly. "I wanted to go something awful, Mom."

"I know, Andy."

"There wasn't another sleeping bag. But I didn't care. I'd have made out. Maybe there wasn't enough grub. I'd have fished for them, or hunted. I wanted to go."

"There'll be lots more chances for you."

He said quickly, "You mean you don't think Dad's going to find his gold after all?"

"Even if he does, you've got your own gold to look for."

"Yeah," he said thoughtfully.

Someone was running down the path from town, a big figure, burly, carrying a roped box in each hand. It was Kruger, from the store.

Mary stopped. She stared up the slope at him. As he came in sight of the dock he stopped too, and let the boxes down slowly. He stood there, not moving, waiting for them to come up to him. His broad red face was miserable.

Andy said, "What'd they forget?"

"It wasn't them. It was me. I told that damned young pilot to bring down these boxes. I thought he had. He carried them outside, right enough.

But that Ormick girl come along, and the boys said he walked off with her. I ought to've had brains enough to . . . a green kid, that's what he is. He oughtn't to be up here flying, we ain't got no place for the likes of him."

"What's in the boxes?" Mary asked.

"Hell, it's all their meat and eggs. I was packing it at the last, getting it out of the ice to pack it." His faded eyes rested on Mary's face.

A chipmunk ran down a jackpine at the side of the path and sat listening, his eye bright.

It was Andy who said, "Heck, if it

had to be anything, meat was the best thing. They've got guns. They're swell hunters."

Kruger took a long breath. He nodded.

After a minute Mary said, "You couldn't help it, Kruger. It's not your fault."

"I wish I knew how to fix it. Maybe we ought to send that guy back in tomorrow. He'll be the only one knows where to find them. Maybe that's the thing to do."

"He's charging eighty-five dollars one way," Mary said.

"Well, eighty-five dollars . . . if Henry's needing the meat . . ." he stopped. A blank look spread over his face.

"What is it?"

"He ain't comin' back here. He's goin' up to Edmonton. He's tryin' to get into the Air Force. They told him to be down for some kind of test in the next few days. He's been sick all winter, he has to take a lot of tests. Maybe he won't come in again until time to go for Henry, in two weeks. And there ain't a soul knows where Henry's gone but him." He took off

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his checked cap and rubbed his bald head. "Sometimes I think there's too damn much hush-hush up here. This here keepin' things quiet about where the gold is all right up to a point, but it puts an awful load on one spot. Do you know where Henry's gone?" He looked at her directly.

"Not exactly."

"I do," Andy said excitedly. "I could find them, I know I could. I'm sure of it. I've heard Dad tell it so much, I could find them."

Kruger shook his head. "It's a big country, lookin' down from the sky,

kid. If they was lookin' for you, sendin' up smoke, you might find them. If they ain't, if they don't want no plane to see them, you might as well forget it unless you know within a pretty small territory."

Jennie, standing close against her mother, began to shiver again. Mary said evenly, "Andy's right. They're all good hunters. If they've got matches and coffee and bread and the other things, they'll make out." She managed a smile. "Henry always makes out, Kruger."

Mary walked back to the cabin, over

the packed earth of the trail, past the poplars, past a stand of fragrant spruce, dipping down into a grove of wolf-willow and up again to the clearing through the pines. Jennie walked beside her, silent.

TWO HOURS out of Yellowknife, Henry bent forward suddenly and looked away ahead of the plane, toward a long break in the trees lying on the earth like a ragged blanket. From this distance the break looked like a scar, like a tear in the blanket, a long narrow crooked torn place. As he saw it, the

pilot veered north again, as if he had let himself get off course and was straightening out. Henry glanced up at the thin dark face, disinterested, a closed face behind which the boy was thinking his own thoughts.

He leaned over and yelled, "Slide over east a few miles. See that break? I want to have a look."

Morrison nodded and swung the plane back. He dropped down a hundred feet or so. The plane passed three small lakes in a row, a chain of round beads, moved again over thick evergreens, and then came to the beginning of the break. It was a ridge of rock that lay below, long and twisting, a bare ridge, broad at this southern end, tapering off to the north into a bent tail, with two wings as plain as the wings of a bird, stretching off one to each side. But it was not the shape of any bird which lay below—but of a dragon, shaped and molded out of the bare hard rock.

Henry turned and looked at the boys. Both pairs of eyes were startled. They knew what he was seeing, what he had seen on that trip two months ago, and they were seeing it too. Bert's eyes had gone black and remote. Joe's were sparkling with excitement.

This thing about the dragon, Henry knew quite well, was silly. But it had always been his particular story, about a boy named Jason and a hideous, threatening, dangerous dragon. His father had told it to him when he was not much more than a baby, and he knew well why, out of all the Jason boys, his father had given the legend to him for his own. He was small, the smallest of the family, the youngest, and his father had been trying to give him something special of his own, a special strength and courage that he could use all his life. That dragon in the old story, a Greek story, had been guarding the biggest treasure in the world, and he was very strong and clever; but still young Jason had been stronger, and cleverer, and bolder, and he had tricked the monster at last and killed it, and he had taken away the gold.

He stared ahead. There was a good-sized lake at the tail end of the dragon, and just offshore a little three-cornered island, as if the long tail had dipped down under the water and its tip was sticking up.

He edged over on his seat and yelled to the pilot, "That lake suits me, I guess. See that island? You can set us down there."

The pilot peered down at it. In some ways he was careful enough, this green kid. He was a good flyer and he was careful of his plane.

The sight of the dragon, so plain and clear, was almost more than Henry could stand. For two months he had been dreaming of it, telling Mary and the boys about it, but back in his mind he had been thinking secretly that he must have imagined some of it. The rock in this country came up through the overburden in patches, irregular and meaningless; a man didn't know where to start prospecting. Men went out and tramped over the country for a lifetime, trying to find something different, some special formation, a streak of rock that came from a particular underground fold or sweep that might carry the hidden gold. Why had no one seen this strange and striking formation until now? Plenty of men had flown over it. He, Henry, hadn't had much chance to fly until last June. His trip north to Johnson Lake had been his first long flight, and he had seen the dragon then. He hadn't been able to believe that Peters, the man from Toronto flying in with a geologist and an engineer, wouldn't look down and see the dragon and say



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at once, "There it is . . . set us down there."

Peters hadn't paid any attention to the dragon. He had a folder of maps and notes that had belonged to some prospector who had been killed in an accident. He was a stockbroker, and a rich man, and of course anybody would want to make a strike, but his trip down north was nothing urgent. He wanted to look over the country the dead prospector had thought might be interesting. Henry had been hired in Yellowknife to check over supplies, and then to ride with the pilot in the plane chartered in Edmonton and help set up camp. He, Henry Jason, had a reputation for a close mouth, and he wasn't supposed to be a prospector. He ran a water taxi in Yellowknife, brought in logs for the electric light poles, built cabins for newcomers, and was a general handy man in the town. Nobody knew that he was a prospector at heart and had just been biding his time.

This was gold-heavy rock.

THE PLANE circled again over the little island. It was bare; only that spur of rock, with a few pines, some clumps of birch, a little grove of spruce trees at one end and on the north, at the very tip of the tail, a thin carpet of what looked like wolf willow and a few low bushes. It was only a few rods from shore. It looked perfect for a camp. There was nothing on it to attract bears, so their camp would be safe.

Henry said suddenly, "Turn around and fly back a few miles, will you? I want to get this layout straight in my head."

The pilot gave him a sideways glance and a lofty smile, but he turned the plane. Henry leaned to the side door and fixed the whole pattern of the formation in his mind, judging distances, trying to figure trails, the easiest ways of getting up to the knobbed rock and covering it, making a map of the outlying wings. The rock was right for gold; even from here, you could almost see the gold lying along the ridge. He knew gold-bearing rock.

Peters and his party hadn't seen the dragon because their minds were fixed farther ahead.

Henry had seen it twice on that trip—once going in, sitting with his heart in his mouth for fear Peters would see it too, and once coming back out with Hickson, the grizzled pilot from Edmonton. His mind had been full of ways and means to get in here himself. He didn't have enough money. You had to charter a plane to come and go, and you had to have equipment and food. Three hundred and fifty dollars would do it. He was just getting on his feet in Yellowknife. How soon could he get together three hundred and fifty dollars?

That flight had been around the first of June. In three weeks, Hickson had come back in for Peters and his party, and Henry had seen them and talked to them when they came back to Yellowknife. Henry had a feeling that Peters wasn't really looking for gold so much as sizing up the place and the people, so that if some prospector made a strike he'd be able to figure whether he wanted to finance it, back there on Bay Street in Toronto.

He had been a good-natured fellow, and in more ways than one his trip had been a godsend. He had unloaded all his gear at Kruger's for a reasonable price, because, he said, there'd be other men needing it and there was no sense his carting it all the way back to Toronto.

It was his tent, his sleeping bags, his dynamite that Henry had got from Kruger. Kruger was a nice fellow. He

was struggling along himself, not on his feet yet. He owed Henry for bringing in a load of supplies in the spring, and he had said, "You take this stuff of Peters and your grub, and I won't have to fork out cash."

Henry had talked it over with Mary, drinking a cup of tea from the end of the white oilcloth-covered table in the cabin at Yellowknife. He hated not to take out his credit at Kruger's in food and things for her. But she understood. "When I get to the dragon and find the gold," he had told her, "we'll fly in a cow, Mary."

He had taken a sip of the strong black tea. "We'll have cream on everything, and you can make butter again, if you want to."

Mary had said gently, "Milk wouldn't do Jennie any harm." Then she had looked down at her hands, as if she saw the butter paddles in them, and Henry had looked at her hands too. They were thin, and the bones showed, and the scar on her left wrist was red. Henry didn't like looking at Mary's hands. Looking at Mary he hated himself, in a way; but he couldn't help himself any more than he could

help breathing. There was something he had to do.

The young pilot said now in a flat voice, "Well, you seen enough? You want to go back to that lake, Mr. Jason? Or what?"

"Well," Henry decided, as if it didn't matter too much, "sure, I guess it's as good as any. Set us down there and we'll make camp."

The plane swung around, flew again the length of the dragon, settled to the lake, slid up to the small island. The sixteen-foot canoe twisted the plane a little as it hit the water; the kid wasn't



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used to flying with a canoe lashed to the float. But they skimmed over the water and got to the island, up against a slab of flat rock pushing out into the water. The engine stopped.

The silence was like a blow after the roar of the engines. It took a minute to feel it. There was not the breath of a breeze; no whisper rustled in the leaves of the white-barked birches.

Henry sat for a moment in the open plane door and looked at the island. Then he got out, stepping on the float and then to the flat grey rock, lined with heavy grime farther up to show the high-water mark. His heart was pounding, but he walked as if this was something he had done a hundred times before.

The boys got out, wordless, and began unloading the plane. Henry walked up the rock, across a strip of rounded boulders, and into an open stretch between some pines. Two good-sized spruce trees grew a few yards away. The boughs would make their beds.

The boys brought the duffel up and stacked it neatly at one side of the camp site. Henry checked the pieces over in his mind. Tent, sleeping bags, food, knapsacks, tools, guns, ammunition, fishing tackle. They wouldn't need the guns and the tackle; they had plenty to eat, and they didn't want to waste time on hunting. But a man was a fool to travel without guns in the north. Anything could happen when you had to depend on a plane for transportation . . . storm, accident, anything. He had been half-tempted not to bring the rifle . . . the boys liked hunting, and so did he, but he hadn't wanted to take time for it. Still at the last minute he'd known he was a fool not to bring it.

"Seems to me we got everything . . . you sure the plane's empty?"

The pilot put his head into it again. "Cleaned out," he said, and came back to Henry. He glanced at the pile of stuff on the ground and there was suddenly a quick surprised look on his face. But he rubbed it out. It was something that bothered him, though. He turned some thought over in his mind.

Henry put his hand into his pocket and got his money out. He counted out eighty-five dollars. There was exactly the same amount left on the roll, as he knew well. Should he give the boy the whole now? With any other pilot, that would have been the thing to do. You had to trust men in the north, and it was silly to carry the money around for two weeks. Maybe he *would* take his Mackinaw off and leave it on a rock, as Mary had said. He had intended to hand the money all over. But the boy's face wasn't right. It had a shifty look now, almost a guilty look.

"You coming in yourself for us on the seventeenth? Or will you leave a map for Savage? He's safe."

"I'm not likely to get into the Air Force in two weeks. They say I've got a spot on my lung, or something. I had pneumonia."

"Well, then," Henry said, and put the other eighty-five dollars back in his pocket. "It's all right to talk to Savage, but you won't tell nobody else where we are, will you? We can get along without visitors."

Morrison looked down at him. He folded the money and put it into the breast pocket of his leather jacket. "You guys all have your big secrets." He turned back to the plane. "I won't even be in Yellowknife, anyway, for a few days. Maybe not until I come in for you. But I'll be back." He stopped. "You guys brought your guns, did you?"

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"Sure," Henry looked at him quickly. "You come back on time, we won't need them."

"I've heard you're kind of famous hunters, all three of you," He went on, opened the door on his side of the plane, hesitated with a foot on the step. "I'll be along on the seventeenth. You don't need to worry." He pulled himself up, slid into his seat, slammed the doors. The motor roared, the plane slid backward, turned, then hurried forward, ruffling up the water. It went into the lake, stopped, and then rushed forward again, to lift in a moment over its own shadow, black and wavering on the clear water. Then, in no time at all, it was gone.

IT WAS four o'clock when the plane disappeared in the sky, heading south for Edmonton. Within the hour the three of them had set up the small tent, cut spruce boughs for a bed, put the sleeping bags on it, got a supply of kindling, put their boxes of food on the boulder behind it and got out their packsacks and some dynamite.

Bert straightened. He ran a hand over his black hair. "I'm ready to go."

"Well," Henry said, and found him-



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self taking a quick breath. It was an exciting, almost a frightening kind of time, the end of something, maybe the beginning of something else. Things kept going through his head, as he got his plaid Mackinaw and fastened his Colt to his belt. He never went anywhere without that old Colt; it had saved his life a couple of times, and they might need it now. There were bears in this country, plenty of them.

Bert said suddenly, "I feel kind of unlucky. That pilot had a go-to-hell way with him. We'd be in a fine fix if he just dropped us out of his mind, come the seventeenth. There ain't a living soul knows where we are, not even Mom. Not a soul but that scatterbrained guy, and a lot he cares. We could find the biggest gold mine in the world over there on your dragon's back, and what good would it do us if nobody ever came to get us out of here?"

Henry said, "Don't be so uneasy. I had that figured out. He ain't going to forget that money, here in my pocket just waiting for him to pick it up for flying a couple hours. I didn't take too much of a liking to him either. But money talks to his kind. Now let's get to it. We got hours of daylight ahead."

Joe was always hungry. He said, "Maybe we better take a lunch." He went over to the canvas bread bag and got a loaf and a wedge of cheese. He dropped them into his packsack. "That'll hold us till supper," he said.

As they paddled across to the mainland the water of the lake was quiet. The rock ahead was interesting; the

long low ridge of the dragon's back was made up of sharp horny projections and deep divides, more uneven than it had looked from the air. The whole formation sloped down into the lake and dipped under it, with their dot of an island only the tip of the long hidden tail. There was little growth on the harsh rock, a few white-barked birch trees, a sparse scattering of pines, and some stunted small bushes crawling down into the chasms. Henry, peering at the mainland as the boys paddled, tried to plan their route. "That ain't going to be so easy to climb," he decided. "It's not so high, but it's steep on this side. Look, Joe . . . take a curve here around the end and see what it's like on the west. Maybe the slope'll be easier. I sure do intend to see what's on the top of that ridge."

The canoe turned and went along the shore, past the rock sloping down into the water. It looked right, that rock, just right. The sight of it stirred Henry all up inside. They came around on the western side of the ridge and there was a long triangular cove tucked into the bend, a cove with a marshy beach and a stream trickling through it to the lake.

"There, that's better," Henry muttered. The boys turned into the cove and Bert jumped out, to step to the soggy earth and drag the canoe ashore. Henry and Joe got out. They faced a long narrow ravine, cutting into the fold of the heavy rock. Along its east side the stone was sheer, rising ten feet or so, as if a giant's knife had sliced it. The men pulled the canoe well up on the land and started up the ravine along the stream. After a hundred yards or so the triangle came to a point, then came through a final thicket, to the edge of the sloping rock.

Henry got his hammer and squatted down. He hit the rock a smart crack and a piece broke off. He regarded it carefully. "Well, I dunno. I don't like this stretch of stuff anyway. I want to get right up there on the back. I got a feeling there's gold running along that back, like the yellow stripe on a snake."

Joe grinned. "Maybe pure gold, already poured into bricks, ready to be lugged away."

They made their way up the fifteen-foot rise of the rock, clutching and scrambling. A few yards along the formation, Bert, in the lead, stopped sharply. He said under his breath, "Moose, Dad. You want it?"

Across the ravine, standing with his back to them, a moose with a wide spread of antlers stood against the green farther slope. Henry felt for his Colt; the moose was within range. It was an easy mark. But killing it would mean making their way across the ravine, skinning the animal, cutting it up, getting the meat back to camp. "We don't need it. It's a good sign, though, if we get so we do want fresh meat. Probably plenty more around."

"Well, okay," Bert said dryly. "I kind of hate to see good meat go to waste, though, and that might be the only moose in the country."

Joe said, "You sure you don't want him?"

Henry shook his head, and Joe put his fingers into his mouth and whistled like a siren. The moose, who had thought himself alone in his safe wilderness, flung up his head as if he'd been shot and leaped up the ravine and over the top of the low ridge. He was gone.

They scrambled on up the slope. After ten minutes or so they came out on what had seemed to be the top, but was only a fold of rock. Between them and the true dragon's back was a crevasse, dark and slippery, and narrow, but not narrow enough to



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leap over. Joe dropped a pebble into it; it was deep.

"Well," Henry said, "this just wasn't the way to come. I guess we can't get there tonight. In the morning we'll start back at the tail where it slides down into the lake. That hump ain't more'n twelve, fifteen feet high. We'll make a way up it someday." He got a stick of dynamite from his pack.

"I'm going to try this spur, though," he said. "I don't have the feeling for it, but you never can tell."

The boys watched him as he set the dynamite in place and cut a fuse. He

glanced round, marked the spot where they would have to be when the explosion came, lit the fuse and set off rapidly, the boys striding with him. The rock burst open and went up in a shower of pieces.

They went back. Henry took up a sharp-edged chunk with eagerness. It looked dull, but as he turned it and the light caught it there were tiny glittering specks on its surface.

"Fool's gold," Bert said flatly.

Henry spat on the rock and rubbed it with his thumb. The glitter did not dull. He said, "No, it's the real thing.

Not much, but it's the real thing." He turned the rock over and over in his fingers. "I was sure of it."

"Well, I be damned," Bert said, and sat down.

Joe sat down too. He got the bread and cheese from his pack and broke off chunks of each, to hand them to his father and brother. He said comfortably, "No use finding a million dollars on an empty stomach."

It was nearly eight o'clock. The country was warm and still, with the sun not too far down on the horizon, but Henry suddenly felt tired. He said,

"Maybe we ought to get back to camp and cook ourselves something hot. Then we can turn in and get a real sleep and be up at daybreak."

Bert was turning the piece of rock over in his hands. Joe, chewing on his bread and cheese, was looking at it, thinking. He said, after a minute, "Dad . . . if this really is gold . . . I mean, cripes, I don't think I ever really believed you. It don't make sense in our family, anyway. But if it is gold . . . the kind some of the others has found . . . real gold, piles and stacks of it . . . what're you going to do with it?"

Bert lifted his eyes to Joe. He had been thinking, too. His mind was far away. "What do you mean? What do you think people do with gold?"

Henry said slowly, "There ain't many things you can't do when you got a million dollars. But as for the first one . . . that's a thing I've had figured out for a long time. I'm going to buy your mother a diamond ring, as big a diamond as I can find, and a fur coat. That's the first money that gets spent. She had a diamond once . . ." he stopped. He said steadily, "The very biggest diamond I can get my hands on, and a fur coat."

"And then?"

"Well," Henry said, thinking. "I guess we'd go down to Edmonton and buy us a house, with bedrooms for everybody, and electricity and a bathroom. And Andy and Jennie'd keep on at school, go to high school, and on to college, get a real education. They got a fine college in Edmonton. I only had about three years at school myself, before I was ten, and you, too, coming through the depression and the dust and the trip north . . . well, you certainly didn't get much. Your mother feels real bad about that. She had quite a bit of schooling."

Bert got up and walked to the edge of the slope. He stared down into the crevasse. Behind his back, Joe and Henry looked at each other. They were both thinking the same things. Bert would have his problems, if there was gold in this ridge.

Henry got up. He picked up his hammer and put the rest of the dynamite back in his pack. "Maybe it's a little early to count chickens. Let's go make camp."

He had an uneasy feeling as they went back to the island in the grey and yellow dusk, with the night chill beginning to creep over the water. There was no sense in being uneasy. Things would work out. Maybe it was that he kept thinking that if this really was the big strike, it was late. But he couldn't have hurried any faster, and it was never too late to find gold, it couldn't be. As soon as Mary had a good house, with flowered wallpaper and soft beds and lots of running water, once she got rested, she'd be fine again, not pale and quiet and sort of lost, the way she was a lot of the time now, as if she were giving up. She'd be herself again, full of hope, and eagerness and joy. Money would make all the difference. It always did. Surely it always did.

They beached the canoe against the lengthening shadow. Bert went to chop more wood for morning, mostly because he was turning a lot of things over in his mind, Henry decided, and wanted to be alone.

Nobody else thought the black-haired girl, Nell Ormick, was much good; but Bert couldn't stay away from her. Bert had always been shy with girls before. Mary was sick about the whole thing, but it had seemed, so far, like nothing much more than waiting until somebody with money came along, and then Nell would throw Bert over. It would hurt, but he'd

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pick himself up, and he'd have learned a lesson. But if there was gold on the ridge . . .

Joe lit the fire in the stove and put the coffee on, so that in a few minutes it began to make the place smell homey and somehow safe. Henry stood staring across at the dragon's back, lying under the red rays of the sinking sun, fading and changing shape as the light slipped down and the shadows crept along its sides.

Behind him, Joe was rustling papers, going through the boxes. He said, "Hey, Dad . . . I can't lay my hands on the bacon. There ain't no meat here at all."

"It's there," Henry said. "Kruger never forgets anything. There's ten pounds of bacon and half a big ham. There's six dozen eggs in the case too, for breakfasts. Try the big wooden case. It was heavy, it's got the meat."

Joe said, "There ain't no meat in that case. The meat didn't come."

Henry turned quickly and went to him. All the food was spread out on the rocks: flour, sugar, bread, butter, jam, some cans of pork and beans, coffee, tea, cans of milk. Nothing else.

The biggest wooden box, its top boards loose, was behind Joe. "What's in that?" Henry demanded.

Joe lifted a board. "It's grapefruit juice, see? Kruger said to take it along. He made us a present of it, for luck."

Henry said slowly, "I didn't hear him. I thought that box was the meat, when we was loading."

Bert came back with an armful of wood. He piled it neatly near the stove. He'd heard them talking. He said, "I had a hunch about that moose. I should've played my own hunch that time. I sure should've."

"Oh, well," Henry said firmly, "it don't matter. Tonight we'll have pork and beans . . . there's six cans. Tomorrow we'll just have to take along the rifle and pick off a moose or a deer, that's all. And the water's full of fish. Kruger's sent the grapefruit juice out instead of the meat, that's what's happened. I should have been watching. I sure should have been watching."

They started out before five next morning, after a filling breakfast of pancakes and coffee. "Have to go easy on the butter," Bert said, acting as cook. "We haven't got no bacon fat for grease. We better try to get a deer or something, today. We'll sure need meat."

"We'll take the rifle," Henry said absently. His mind was on a way to get up that rocky wall on the other shore.

Joe packed up a lunch. They set off in the canoe in the still morning. There was a light mist rising from the water, and no sounds at all: no wind, no bird chirpings, not even the splash of a leaping fish to break the quiet water. The paddles dipped smoothly, and except for their silky whisper, the world was silent. It was deserted.

Waiting.

It didn't feel quite right, Henry thought to himself and knew that he was nervous, tense as a wary cat.

Getting up on top of the dragon's back was simple, after all. They drove three pegs into cracks and used them for steps. After the first ten feet the rock began to slope off to the right and left in little side runs, and was not smooth and slippery but scored deep with old glacial scratches, running from north to south where the ice had once pushed forward and then melted. The walking was easy. Here on top the rock was bare, except for patches of moss and lichen, and like a roadway over the top of the world. It was high, here on the ridge, much higher than any other part of the geography around, so that the straggling forest, the lakes

and small streams, stretched away below them on all sides. They walked south, toward the buried head and wings of the dragon, so plain from the air, so hidden and unsuspected here. They walked upward toward a central hump, watching the world around them, a world of dark pine and fir and spruce, of lakes glinting in the morning sun, of the brilliant green and white of the birches set in clumps among the darker evergreens. Henry knew the terrain well; there were thousands of miles of it all across the top of the map. His mind skipped over it; he was

thinking of the rock under his feet, watching it, considering every change in its color, its texture.

They came at last to the peak of the ridge, and Henry stopped. This was his goal, the place to start. He laid down his axe and his rifle. He put his packsack on the greenish rock and took from it his hammer, his miner's glass, his bottle of acid, the roll of dynamite sticks.

Bert said, "I haven't laid eyes on an animal since we got up here. Kind of a queer thing. Haven't even seen a squirrel in the trees. I been watching,

too. I wouldn't mind a squirrel stew for supper, if nothing else turns up. But there don't seem to be a thing."

"Too early in the morning," Joe said. "There'll be plenty before the day's out. And if we don't shoot nothing we can catch us a couple fat whitefish for supper."

"August ain't the time for good fishing," Bert reminded him. "They'll be all out in the bottom of the lake."

"Oh, not all," Joe said comfortably. He kicked at an outcropping of quartz. He said to his father, "What you waiting for? Don't it look right yet?"



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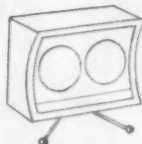
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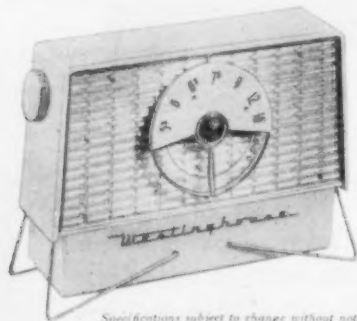
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"It looks all right," Henry said. He pushed away the sickish feeling that had crept over him, a thing of fear and anticipation, of knowing that one little burst of dynamite, even one stroke of his pick, might open up not only the surface of the rock, but the whole stuff and pattern of their lives... his own and Mary's, Bert's and Joe's, young Andy's and little Jennie's. Open them up to what? To a new force, something much bigger and stronger than his own. So far he had run this family, been the centre of it, in control. Times had been bad and the going had been tough, too tough. But they'd stuck together, they were a family, with him carrying the load and directing the course. Now... if there was gold under this smoothed-out surface of mottled, greenish-grey rock, under the glacial patterns, woven into the heavy stone... now what would happen?

Bert wasn't waiting. He got some dynamite and had set a small charge under an overlapping ledge fifty feet away. He turned and looked at his father. "Shall I set it off?"

Henry said slowly, "Might as well."

The fuse sizzled. Bert hurried back. The small blast came and the rock showered up.

They went forward, all three of them together. The blast had broken off the overhang under which the charge was set, and split down into a small crevice. Henry put his hand down and drew up the loose slab lying along the inside of the crevice. He held it out in the sun and stared at it. It was quartz in big squarish chunks, and in it, in flecks and spots, in patches as big as a child's fingernail, was what looked like gold, dark yellow, glinting in the sun.

The boys held their breaths while he tried it with the acid.

Henry found himself after a while

sitting on a big boulder. He was still holding the chunk of quartz in his hand, staring at it. The sweat was running down his face, but he felt cold. He turned the chunk over and over. He looked at his boys, and Bert was kneeling in a funny stiff way with his hands on his thighs, staring at the rock; Joe was sitting on another boulder, his eyes on the flecks of gold patterned in the quartz.

Henry said in a voice that sounded like somebody else's, "I guess we come to the right place. I guess we did."

Bert's voice was husky. "You couldn't be making no mistake, could you, Dad?"

Henry turned the rock over and studied it again from every angle. He touched the spots of dark yellow. "Don't see how I could. I watched 'em testing for gold a thousand times, ever since I was fourteen. I mean, I knew then what gold was. I been seeing it for the last ten years too. It's gold, all right. Only, my head's thick, this ain't penetrating real good, not yet."

Bert said heavily, "Maybe we just turned up a little strike, a skinny thin vein. This is too quick to be true, that's why it don't make no sense. How do we know?"

"There's a lot of gold in that piece Dad's got," Joe said. "If it really is gold, and he ought to know. Far as that goes, I know myself. It sure looks like all the gold rock I ever saw, it sure does, boy. You're hard to satisfy."

"No matter how good it is, if there ain't enough of it, it won't get us nowhere," Bert said stubbornly. "I've heard lots of prospector's talk. You can find patches of gold, and it don't get you nowhere unless there's enough to make some big mining company, or somebody with money, get behind you. You got to be awful careful. You can't

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carry your gold out in chunks in a canoe or a plane."

"What's to stop them getting it out of here?" Joe demanded. "They could swing barges up to the edge of this here rock and pile the stuff on. They don't even need to dig deep, it's laying right on top."

Henry got up. "Bert's right, in a way," he said. He laid the piece of quartz down carefully and got his pick from beside the boulder. "Only one way to find out," he said, and set off along the steep harsh ridge.

Every twenty feet or so, at first, they put down a charge and blew the face of the rock open. The pieces that came out of the solid mass were all the same, flecked and spotted, almost painted over with the shining stuff, heavy with it. They went on along the rock, over humps and through hollows, around a strip of spruce trees growing in a cleft, past a gaping pothole, away along the dragon's back to the place where one of the spreading wings joined on and flung itself off to the west. They were half a mile or more from the lake shore, from the tail dipping into the water, and the rock had not changed. The gold did not quite lie in bars ready to be carried away, but it was peppered into that whole strip down the dragon's back just as Henry had thought of it, like the yellow stripe down the back of a snake. They set their charges deeper as they went along, down into crevasses, poked into hollows under overhanging spurs. The rock was the same. Henry had never seen samples marked so strongly, no matter how good the prospector said it was. Never.

They stopped at last, there at the beginning of the big wing. Joe said to Bert, "Well, you old stick-in-the-mud, you satisfied? Maybe we ought to tie a string around this here animal of Dad's and drag the whole thing back

to Yellowknife. Maybe, if we got him stirred up, he'd walk back. Maybe his belly is solid gold, laid on like scales. You think we ought to take the whole thing back, prove something or other to you?"

Bert looked at his father. He swallowed. His eyes were black now, filled with fear mixed with a kind of crazy believing. "It don't seem as if it's really us," he said.

"No," Henry agreed. "No, it don't." "Well, *somebody* has to find gold sometimes, always has," Joe said sensibly. "Just because we've always had it kind of rough . . . well, maybe all that means is that our turn has come. We sure been waiting long enough."

Henry got his things together, still numb. There was a dead feeling in the pit of his stomach. This wasn't the way a man ought to feel at a time like this. Here was his gold, as he had dreamed it. He ought to feel excited, happy, wild with joy, not numb and queer; lost, maybe even a little scared. His gold stretched all along the dragon's back, as he had known it would. There was lots to be done before it could be got out of here, but other men got through that part of it. Maybe it was just that he didn't know much about that part of it. Other men had to get in to file claims . . . it would start a thousand new patterns in a thousand lives, this gold of his. But it was good gold, found in an honest way, and his own gold, here on the dragon he'd always dreamed about. He began to let the exultation rise in him, to push the foolish fears away. Gold . . . it was life, really. It meant everything. It meant planes and houses and diamond rings and cows, fur coats and automobiles and college educations, silk dresses and good things to eat, places to see and things to do . . . all of those things were here, everything a

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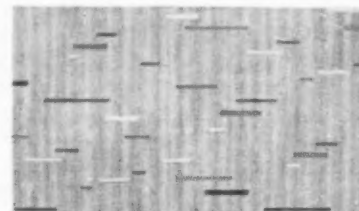
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man could hope for or dream of, all in this glittering stuff frozen into the rock, gold that had been lying for a million years, sealed, useless, hidden and guarded in the solid, grim old stone.

The next ten days and more went by in a dream. There was gold everywhere, up and down the dragon's back, under the overburden along the spurs which Henry Jason had seen from the air as the sprawling buried wings of the defending armored creature, out beyond them in the flying masses that lay miles off. They made two or three tentative explorations to those masses, and the gold was always there. But it was richest and heaviest along the first central ridge.

The three of them worked incessantly, tramping, sampling, testing, measuring distances, trimming stakes, figuring out where to set them up, changing them again and again to try to encompass the best territory. They tried to centre them on the richest deposits, to figure out where the mine shaft might go down to cut into the heaviest veins. Among them they could lay claim to more than two thousand acres. If they chose the right ones, strategically fitted together, they would control the whole area. Each man could stake six claims for himself, and six more for each of two proxies. Henry staked his own six right in the centre of the dragon's back, with his first stake on the central hump. Next to his were six for Mary. He took great pains with her stakes, printing her name with his neatest pencil strokes. His remaining claims were staked for his mother, Rachel, living alone now on the old ranch down at Elbow. Bert staked for himself, and Andy, and then came to his father with a curious look on his face and said he'd like to take Nell Ormick as his other proxy.

Bert said, "She's had a kind of hard time, Dad. She ain't got no folks... maybe if we let her in on this... I mean, I have to stake my six other claims for somebody."

Henry sat down on a small boulder. He said carefully, "How sure are you of the girl, Bert? You think she... you... you think you want to marry her?"

Bert's open face flushed. "Well, I ain't had nothing to offer her yet. And she's had a tough life. She come up here to Yellowknife to get away from the kind of ways her family lived... all huddled together..."

"I thought you said she didn't have no folks."

"Well, she hasn't. I mean, she ain't going to live like them. She wants to be somebody, get somewheres. She says she can't carry a whole mess of people like them along with her. Her mother can't talk English, and her father drinks home-brew and gets into fights. She don't want no part of them."

Henry looked up at Bert. "You made love to her yet?"

Bert got redder. "She won't let me. She's... she says she's a good girl. She has a time keeping the men away that's after her."

Henry found himself thinking, she's smart, that one. But how could you tell a boy when he wouldn't understand?

He said instead, "Know what I think? Maybe we'd be right to keep this whole set of claims in the family, this core here in the middle. Then when we get back to town, when we get these claims registered, then you bring Nell out here and let her stake her own, out on the edge of our stuff. That'll do it, Bert. You can let her in on the ground floor that way, and still not break up our centre in case... you see," he said quickly, "a woman don't like to feel bought. You do it this way,



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she's beholden to you and always will be. Do it the other way, and she's her own boss. She's free. She'll feel a whole lot better about it."

Bert said nothing. He pushed a hand into the pocket of his khaki pants and stared at the edge of the sky.

Henry read his mind. He risked saying one more thing. "You buy a woman, son, you can't hold her. She never feels she ought to be true. You bought her. She ain't her own anyways. See what I mean? It's dangerous."

After a little Bert nodded.

Joe, sharpening claim stakes on the rock nearby, said curiously. "How do you know so much about women, Dad? Never saw you pay no attention to any, except Mom."

"Ain't never needed to," Henry said. "It's like looking at the back of a mirror, looking at other women. It ain't often a man's as lucky as me. I got what every man wants, but he don't often get it. So he keeps on hunting." He got up again and took off his plaid cap, to settle it over his unruly hair. "I never had to look for women," he said.

"So you settled for gold," Joe said with a grin.

Henry stared at him.

"I guess a man's got to look for something," Joe said. "Maybe what I ought to be doin' right now is figuring what I want to find. Maybe I had. If you don't do that maybe you just climb on a horse and ride off all directions at once, all your life." He looked up at his father. "You sure didn't. You been heading north, to this ridge of gold, ever since I can remember." He looked up, his blue-grey eyes half laughing, half serious. "But I still don't know what happens when you find what you been hunting for, whether it's women or gold or something else."

Bert walked away, down along the ridge alone. Joe looked after him. "He'll do what you said," he muttered. "He knows that's right. But he's worried about Nell. Me, I don't think she's any good. In the first place, she knows a lot more than he does. And as far as I can tell," Joe said, his eyes darkening, "she makes the same kind of moves at me as she does at Bert. I ain't told him. But she's got a trick of walking up beside a fella . . . well, me . . . and puttin' her hand on his arm . . . you can feel it, warm and kind of soft, through your shirt sleeve . . . and then her voice gets low and she says somethin' kind of sympathetic . . . like 'you worked awful hard today, didn't you' . . . you know, something like that." Joe whittled a slice off his stake. "Hell," he said, "I'm only eighteen. Seems to me she spreads herself out a good deal, laying that kind of thing on when I'm only eighteen. I'm not thinkin' about getting married . . . so it seems to me . . ." his voice trailed off.

Henry took a long breath and went back to work. There was bound to be a little while now, before the gold really meant anything, when things

weren't straight. They were all three, even Joe with his high spirits, feeling gaunt, unsatisfied, undernourished. They'd found gold so fast, they hadn't thought much about food, except to eat hearty meals as long as they could. The pork and beans were gone and they'd been living on bread and jam and pancakes. They had forgotten about hunting; two or three times they hadn't even taken the rifle out of camp, although it wouldn't have made any difference. There wasn't an animal in sight; it was as if something had given a signal and every living thing had

vanished when the men arrived.

It was true that Joe had set the fishlines each night when they came in, but there hadn't been a bite. There were no berries in this part of the country. No fish, no berries, no game . . . it didn't make sense. Something would have to be done.

When they went in to camp that night Bert said, "What do you think of trying some dynamite on the water to bring up a few fish? We're just about down to the bottom of the grub barrel."

"Too bad we can't fry up a mess of gold," Joe said. He went for the

dynamite. Henry built the fire and looked over the remains of the food. This was only the thirteenth. Four full days to go, maybe only three, if Morrison came on the morning of the seventeenth, and not enough flour for more than three or four pancakes for breakfast, only enough bread for one meal, only a scraping of jam, no canned milk, a couple of cups of sugar, some tea and coffee, nothing else. The grapefruit juice was gone.

Joe went down to the end of the island and threw the dynamite charge out into the water. In a moment there

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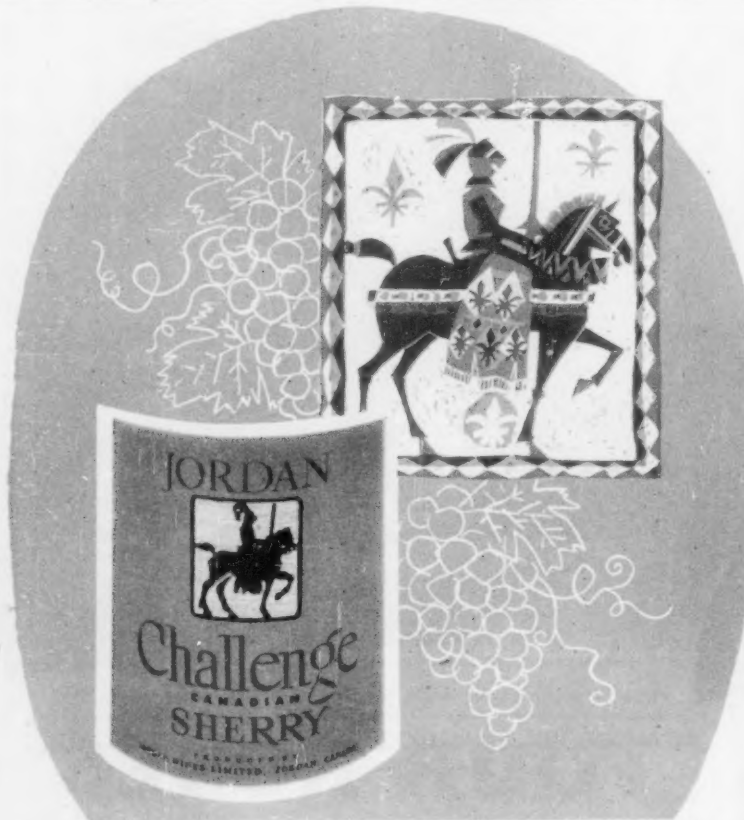
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was a muffled roar and then the water spurted up in a wide fountain. They waited.

Nothing came to the surface; no fish at all. The waters were empty.

The darkness fell. "Tomorrow we'll have to take time off for hunting," Henry said.

Joe broke the last half loaf of bread into three pieces. They were all quiet, struck suddenly, almost as if it had come up on them without warning, by this business of needing food. They were foolish to have paid no attention until now.

ON THE morning of the fourteenth they woke up feeling weak. Joe was all right, and he didn't say anything about being hungry, but he was. Bert looked white and drained, and Henry felt as if his legs wouldn't work. Joe said, "You two better stay in camp. I'll go over to the mainland and find us that moose. He likely comes down to that stream to drink... I'll see if I can find his tracks and go after him."

"I'll come with you," Bert said. "Two sets of eyes is better than one. We got to have something to eat." He looked at his father, worrying.

Henry said, "I'm all right. But I'll stay here and try the fishing again, really go after them. You boys come back at noon with a moose and I'll have a big pan of fish."

He fished all day, but there were no fish. There were no birds flying over the island, no birds in the air over the mainland; although he watched everywhere with his sharp practiced eye, nothing moved among the trees. There was no game.

The boys did not come home until dusk. They got out of the canoe silently, and they had no moose. After they were out Bert reached back into the canoe and brought up a thing, a skinny bird, an old hawk.

"There wasn't nothing else," he said. He got the fire going. Bert pulled the feathers off the bird and cleaned it. He cut it up and they put it into the pan, with salt. When it began to cook, it stank.

Bert put a spoonful of sugar into the stew, and shook the flour tin over it. They drank some coffee in silence, waiting for the tough, stringy meat of the hawk to get soft enough to eat.

Henry said, leaning against his tree, "It ain't the first time we had it rough. Maybe it'll be the last."

Bert said roughly, as if he had been thinking about it, "I don't trust that pilot."

The acrid smell of the hawk meat hung in the air. Henry thought about it, and then about the dragon's back, and the gold claims, staked out over there on the mainland. Only half of them were staked yet; there would be twenty-one hundred acres for the Jasons, all of it heavy with gold. It gave his heart a warm feeling. Never mind the hawk meat; it was the last of the miseries.

Bert got up again. He poked at the hawk with a fork. He got the big enamel mugs and dipped out the stew, dividing it carefully. He handed a mug to his father and a mug to Joe.

"Well," Henry said, gagging a little at the rank smell. He forced himself to swallow. "It's got strength in it, anyways."

They ate in silence. The broth was bitter, even with the sugar in it, but it would put some life into them. Bert took the empty mugs in silence and went down to the lakeshore to wash them. Joe got out his jackknife and set to work whittling on the block of wood he'd brought with him, the rabbit he was making for Jennie. He had a way with wood and a knife, Joe did.

Henry sat watching the quick thin hands.

Joe's rabbit was beginning to look lifelike. His hands were smart. It was always Joe who fixed things in the house for his mother, making the table legs stand even, fixing a shelf out of a scrap of crooked board, making a broom out of a bunch of twigs and a peeled poplar. He had made his own canoe, the one they were using.

What would happen to Joe? He talked about planes, but he didn't really care too much about them. He didn't hang around them the way young Andy did. How did you find out what boys ought to do?

Henry said, "I don't know's I'd have thought so much about gold if it hadn't been for that land my brother George bought sight unseen, up at Athabaska, worthless land. Maybe if I hadn't gone up there to look it over, and seen prospecting, I'd have stuck to cattle raising, or wheat. Funny how things happen. What makes them happen?"

Joe said, "I might've liked farming. I might've liked to go to school and learn about real farming, and settle down to steady living, not moving along all the time, having a chance to read and find out things. But farming the way we seen it... I sure never liked being poor, and any farmer I can remember was dirt poor."

"You seen them in bad times," Henry reminded him. "It seemed as if the whole world began to blow up all at once when you was three, four years old. There was something happened down in the States, a stock-market crash, and then right away the bottom fell out of the world... the price of wheat went to nothing, and then the dust began to blow and there wasn't any wheat anyways. The cattle starved in the fields and died, and people lost everything. Maybe it's as well that we'd got started north..." he stopped.

Bert said flatly, "Mom would rather have stayed on a farm. Women don't want to go traipsing all over the map. They want to get settled and stay there, have a nice pretty house. Mom's had it pretty tough."

Henry looked at him, knowing where he'd got the words. Nell. The grasping, dissatisfied woman. After a minute he said gently, "She ain't complained."

"She ain't the complaining kind," Joe looked from one to the other. He was sensing what was going on in Bert's mind, too, and he didn't like it. Joe was a peacemaker.

Lying that night in his eiderdown bag, smelling the familiar good spruce smell, secure against the chill, Henry could not get to sleep. His mind was full of Mary... There was so much he needed to talk over with her... if only the plane would come in the morning! Bert's words, even if they had come from Nell, had made him feel guilty and sick.

Mary wasn't the complaining kind. No. Somehow it hurt to hear it said. She'd had plenty to complain of.

He got up out of his sleeping bag and went out to sit on a rock on the shore, shivering a little in the night chill, but not caring. He just sat there, staring at the faint light lying on the water. If only the plane would drop out of the sky like a miracle, tomorrow. If only he could get to Mary soon, soon... to talk to her, to tell her... to say he was sorry for the bad times, to let her know they were all over. He'd buy her a diamond ring like a headlight, and a fur coat that would make all the women in the country jealous.

But he couldn't give back to her—he could never give back to her—the baby girl she'd wanted so much, the baby she'd lost there in Meadow Lake, lost because he hadn't brought her enough

to eat or things to keep her warm. She'd got pneumonia there, and she had nearly died; the baby was born dead, a tiny little thing with blue eyes and silvery hair . . . she was buried there in the woods, lying alone.

That was something Mary could never forget or forgive. She had never mentioned it. Could he cover that over . . . with gold?

BACK at Yellowknife, for the two weeks which had to pass before the seventeenth of August, Mary lived in an apprehension that was almost like a spell. She had lived in fear and dread before this, waiting and watching and hoping for Henry to come with food, or a job, or just to come home out of the dangers of the life he lived. Often he had gone out into blizzards with the doctor in Lucky Lake, bundled in buffalo robes in the sleigh, facing into a storm that would last for three days or more. When Henry had been working on the big dam at Elbow, going down in a diver's suit to clear the mud out of the pump at the bottom of the icy water, there had never been a day when she was sure he would come again.

But this time of fear and waiting was worst of all. Perhaps it was mixed with a little hope that Henry really would find his gold—or perhaps it was colored with a really serious fear of what would happen to him if he didn't. He had always been able to get up and start again from every apparent defeat, but that was because he had never counted any of the battles so far as real. It was his dragon that was real to him, and the gold it must be guarding. If he lost this battle he would lose his dreams, and dreams were all that he lived on.

Yes, that was true. It was never reality that sustained Henry, but dreams

Morrison didn't come back to Yellowknife with the Norseman. Nobody else knew where Henry was.

Signals had found Morrison in Edmonton, or found his family, rather, who said yes, he was certainly coming back in a few days. He hadn't come.

Would he come?
If he didn't, what was to be done?
The fear had grown and grown that he would not come. He had still not arrived at bedtime of the sixteenth, and Mary had tucked Jennie into her cot and then gone outside again, to find Andy hanging around outside the cabin, as worried as she was.

He said, "What'll we do, Mom?"
"He may come first thing in the morning. Or he may go in straight from Edmonton and get them. Maybe that's what's been in his mind."
"Yeah," Andy said. "Maybe that's it. It could be, couldn't it? It's sensible."

They had gone to bed, and Andy had dropped off to sleep as he always did, the moment his head was on the pillow. But she had lain awake; and then, long after dark, she had heard the sound of the plane's engines, the Norseman's engines, and had known it was down on the little bay. She had wakened Andy and told him, to make it real.

Now, in the early morning, she was sitting on the doorstep of the cabin, drinking coffee. Everything was all right again. Morrison would be tired and not anxious to start out too early, but that didn't matter. Up at the dragon's back, wherever that was, Henry and the boys would be out of bed, packing up their camp, getting ready for the plane. Maybe Morrison wouldn't get to them until noon; maybe they wouldn't be home until evening. But they would be home today, and all the bad time would be over. She



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"They spent six months trying to make a hunter and fisherman out of me before they found out I was a girl . . ."

had to think what to say to Henry if he hadn't found gold. He would be suffering from something a good deal worse than disappointment, if he hadn't. Disillusionment, a feeling that life had let him down. She would have to make him feel that it was all part of a pattern, that he could try again until he really did succeed.

She leaned her head against the peeled upright log that was the doorpost of her big cabin. It was a good cabin, one of the first built here in Yellowknife. It had windows, four of them, and a good chimney; and even if there weren't any real partitions, she knew by this time how to divide one room off to give them all a little privacy.

She hadn't really believed, not deep in her heart, that Henry would find gold on this first real trip, but she couldn't help hoping that he would. If he didn't, now that he thought he'd seen the dragon that belonged in his own story, now that he'd tied the whole meaning of his life to it, it wasn't going to be good for him. He was like a child about that story, that dragon. In a way it was a shame that his father had ever told him the tale of the daring courageous young Jason of long ago, of the vicious clever dragon and the treasure of the Golden Fleece. Just because his name was Jason.

She knew the real story of the Golden Fleece; she always had. Back in Greece people had looked for gold, as the world had always looked for gold. They didn't always use it for money, but they wanted it for ornaments and for jewelry. They didn't know anything about mining. The gold was found in streams, and when they wanted to separate it from the earth they put the muddy mass into a sheepskin and poured water through. The thick wool of the fleece would catch and hold the heavy gold, and so a fleece that had been used for such a sieve could be valuable, before they picked all the gold from it. And somewhere, sometime, there'd been a scramble and some fighting for such a loaded fleece; and in the end a man named Jason had got it. The whole story had grown from something as simple as that. But

back in the old days there had been storytellers, just as Louis Jason was a born storyteller, with his darting imagination and his quick easy tongue, and he and his kind had embroidered the old story until it made a long, long adventure, full of dangers and hard problems, even with magic and the dark beautiful sorceresses mixed up in it.

Sitting on the doorstep, Mary took a deep breath of the pure cool northern air. Their log house was set up on a rocky slope, out of the muskeg and the swampy ground at the end of the bay. The new town was building farther away. Henry had brought in poles for the electric system and most of them were already up, along the main street and dipping into the new part of town. But these old cabins were going to be abandoned, and sitting here, there wasn't much visible that looked like civilization.

Her mind was still turning over the old Jason story, matching it with Henry's own life. It had had great bearing. It had always been a challenge and a promise. She thought, there've been plenty of dangers and hard tasks mixed up in Henry's life, and most of them he's conquered; some of the things he's done have been like magic. But there hadn't been any tricky women. It was a thing she was sure of, and it was worth the whole world to her. Never, since the minute Henry had walked across that dance floor to look at her with the burning, sparkling blue eyes, never had he looked at another woman.

Joe was like his father. He probably wouldn't see any girl until his own girl came along, and then he'd go straight to her and stay there. Bert . . . he didn't have the gift. He wouldn't be safe. He would need help.

Her eye caught a sudden cautious movement at the back of the log house over on the ridge. It was Ole Larsen's house, but Ole was not there; he had had to take his wife back to her home in Regina last month. She had cancer. But his house wasn't empty; three of the men who had come north to set up the electric power plant and get it going were there, batching. They were young men, quick and smart, espe-

cially the job boss, Les Jones. The few Yellowknife girls found lots of excuses to wander along past the places where these newcomers were working, no matter how their mothers tried to keep an eye on them. These young men from outside, they seemed to think that Yellowknife white girls were fair prey, as so many men felt the Eskimo and Indian girls were, as if living up here in the wilderness changed a girl's value and meaning. There'd been a good few tales of their goings on, and three or four times in the last month that house of Ole Larsen's had been lit up all night.

Now, as Mary looked toward it, she saw a girl's figure come out of the back door and pull it quietly shut behind her. She moved along the back of the house, keeping close, until she got to the far corner; then she was gone out of sight beyond it, and probably slipping down through the rocks and the bush to the path that went down to the bay and along the shore. Mary's mind went over the possibilities. This was not good, this girl slipping out of that cabin; most of the women of Yellowknife were wives or daughters . . . or sisters.

There were three women in town who might have been expected to be in that cabin but this slim girl was not one of them. The girl had moved gracefully. She was young. She was wearing a red dress with no sleeves and her arms had flashed white and bare in the morning sun.

BACK in the cabin, beyond the patch-bed cotton sheet Mary had hung for a curtain, she heard Andy stirring. It took him about a minute to dress. He came out from behind the curtain and across the floor, quiet in his bare feet. His hair was tousled, his eyes crinkled with sleep, but his mind, as always, was wide awake. He said, "Hey, Mom, why didn't you wake me up? Has the plane gone? Did you hear it go?"

"It's only barely six," Mary said. "I wouldn't think he'd go for a couple of hours. Thank God he came in last night. I don't know what I'd have done." She looked at him, this youngest lad of hers and Henry's. "There's bacon ready for you in the frying pan, Andy. You want to bring it out and cook it over the grate? It won't do Jennie any harm to sleep some more."

He went back and got the pan with the thick bacon striped neatly in it. He set it on the grate near the chopping stump over the smoldering fire left from the one she had built to make the coffee, and then dashed off down the path to the brook below the slope. He came back with his face wet and

shining. "It ain't everybody's got running water," he said, and took down the coarse towel hanging beside the door to wipe his hands and face. He said in a low voice, "Gee, I'm excited! Morrison had to come back. He had to. Gee, Mom, what if they really have found gold at last! You know what I'm going to do? I'm going to go all the way around the world and see everything, that's what. Every single thing there is in the whole world to see."

She said evenly, "You'll go to school. You can travel in between times."

"School's too slow." But his eyes met hers, and he grinned. His thick black lashes fringed the eyes as blue as a blue jay's wing, eyes exactly like his father's. He turned and set to work cooking the bacon over the iron grate Henry had put up for an outside fire. There was a stove in the house, but they cooked outside when they could. It saved fuel and work. The chipmunk sat on the stump, watchful, and eyed Andy's movements.

He got two thick slabs of bread from inside the house, set his bacon between them and came out to sit down beside her. The chipmunk, sniffing at the air, began to creep closer through the small litter of twigs and pine needles on the clean dark earth.

Andy said, "I sure hope they shot a deer or a moose right away. Old man Kruger keeps on feeling awful about that meat. I told him, don't you worry. My father will be all right. But Kruger says the hunting isn't so good this summer, and he was awful bothered. He just said that last night. He's been worried sick."

Mary took a deep breath. "I'll be glad when they get safe home. Your father doesn't get along so well any more, when he doesn't have the right things to eat. His stomach's bad. He's nervous, that's part of it."

"Mom . . ." Andy sat up sharply. "Mom, listen!"

There was a quick burst of sound down at the bay and then the steady hum of a plane's engine warming up. The two sat together, listening. In a few minutes the plane rose above the low ragged rim of trees, circled, and then darted off through the blue sky.

Andy said slowly, "But he's going the wrong way! He's off south, to Edmonton!"

Mary strained her eyes. Andy was right. The plane went on and on, straight across the lake, south and south, never veering, until it disappeared. She got a shakiness inside her, but she said, "It isn't the only plane. There's another. He must have told Savage where to go."

"But that was the Norseman, Mor-

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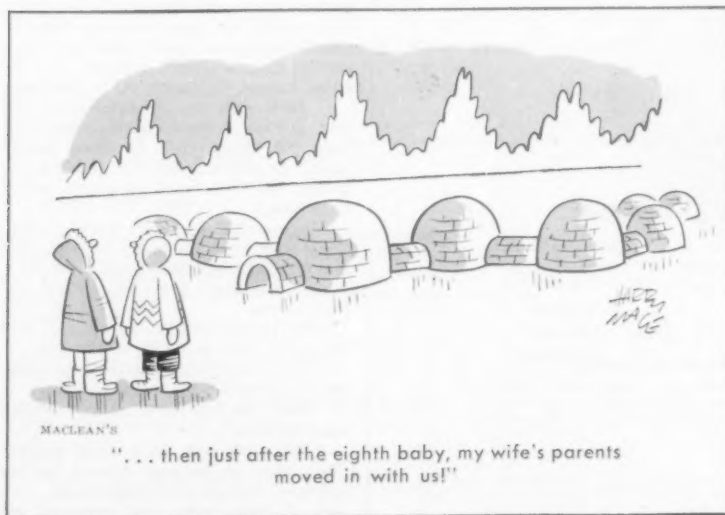


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risson's plane. Savage only has a little Moth. He wouldn't go after Dad and the boys with all their gear. He hasn't got room. That was the big plane leaving. Anyway, Savage can't go. He doesn't know where to go! It isn't as if they were on the map."

"Surely Morrison is coming right back!"

Andy got up. He wiped the crumbs off his face with the back of his hand. "I'm going down to the bay and find out what's what. Don't worry. I won't spill any beans."

He darted off. Mary got up slowly and stood thinking. Her heart was fast and she stood still, trying to quiet it.

There was a sound above her on the pathway from the house and she turned. Jennie was there, slender and pale in her striped flannelette pyjamas cut from a pair of Andy's, her hair braided in two long ash-blond braids, roughened a little from the pillow. One front tooth was still out, and she lisped a little. She said sleepily, "Andy's up and gone. Mommie, is the plane back

yet? Has Andy gone to meet Daddy and the boys?"

"Not yet," Mary said calmly, "but they'll be along. Here, wet your face in this cold water, Jennie. It'll give you some color."

Jennie bent slowly and dabbled her fingers listlessly in the stream. Her mother looked at her carefully. She wasn't sick, she was just as she always was. Maybe girls were all like this, limp and not too lively, not like boys. Mary didn't know much about girls. She'd had no sisters, and her other baby girl . . . she pushed away the memory. Losing the other baby had been such a heartbreak to Henry; she mustn't think about it.

She said briskly, "I'll go boil you an egg, Jennie. Kruger sent down a dozen from the box the men had left behind."

"I don't want an egg," Jennie said dreamily. "I'll eat when the men come, Mommie. When they come home, I'll eat, Mommie . . . will they bring the gold right back with them?"

Big pieces of it, so we'll be rich right away?"

"Maybe they will," Mary said. "They'll bring gold if they've found gold . . . but don't let's count on it too much. You know how many men go out looking and come back disappointed. Gold isn't that easy to find, Jennie. If it was, everybody would have lots of it."

"Daddy was awfully sure. He said he knew the gold was on the dragon's back. He knows all about that bad dragon, trying to keep the gold hidden. Only in the story . . ." her eyes, resting on her mother, were thoughtful.

"Jason had to kill the dragon," Jennie said. "How can you kill a stone dragon? How can you even fight it? Maybe it . . . maybe it will come to life and get up and just . . . fall on them, mash them, maybe it will kill them. There's no witch to make magic and save them, like in the story. It's what I've been dreaming about—that big awful dragon getting up . . . pulling himself up out of the earth . . .

and then falling on them, catching them between his sharp claws . . ."

"Hush!" Mary said sharply. "You mustn't let your imagination run away with you, child! You mustn't!"

"But they haven't got any magic," Jennie said.

Her mother set her arm around the thin shoulders. "They've got us, darling. We love them, and love is magic. You remember that, Jennie. Remember it always. Love is magic. As long as we love them, the dragon can't win. No dragon can win. Never, where there's love."

Jennie stared up at her. She said slowly, "You don't talk like that much. You talk about . . . socks and . . . stove wood, and me not eating."

Up at the clearing, Andy burst through the trees and came tearing down the path. His face was white. "Mom, something terrible has happened! That plane that went . . . it was the big plane, the Norseman, and it's gone to Edmonton for a party and then on up to Aklavik. It will be gone ten days or more. It didn't go after Dad and the boys at all, and it isn't coming back!"

"Why?"

"Because Morrison isn't here . . . he didn't come back yesterday after all! They let him in the Air Force at last. And the pilot that came in last night, he's an old man—he took over from Morrison, but he never said a thing to Savage about Dad and the boys . . . not a word. So Morrison didn't say a thing to him, that's what!" Andy began to cry, tears of rage and fear and frustration. "And Savage is getting his plane ready to go to Resolution . . . there's a sick missionary's wife there, he has to go in and get her, and he says anyway, he hasn't got the least idea of where Dad went!"

Mary started for the path, with Jennie at her heels in the striped pyjamas, her pigtailed flying. Andy tore on ahead. They skirted the clump of trees at the foot of the slope and ran along the path below the old part of town, toward the sheltered part of the bay where the planes rode at their moorings. Only the small plane was there now, the two-seater. You could get four men into the two narrow seats. It was really an emergency plane. Savage, tall and bony, was standing at the edge of the water, his hands on his narrow hips as he frowned at his little plane, bouncing a little on the water. He was worrying. He turned to Mary with relief. "I sure don't know what to do, Mrs. Jason, I sure don't. I didn't know your men were to come out today. Even if I knew where they are, even if I didn't have to go to Resolution, I still couldn't bring them out. They've got a tent and a canoe and sleeping bags, and I can't carry all that. If they were in trouble now . . . but there isn't any special rush, is there? I mean . . . we have to get in touch with Morrison . . . he'll still be in Edmonton, he only got his letter yesterday, and we'll need his directions. Damned young idiot," he said angrily, "he didn't know much, but he ought to know better than this."

Mary said, "We mustn't wait." And knew that what she said was true. She had pushed away the urgency for days, but it was upon her now, heavy and demanding.

"But they've got their stuff . . . and Henry's a fine shot. So're the boys."

"What do you know about the hunting up there?"

"Well," he said, and his eyes on her face darkened.

"They left half their food behind. They were on skimpy enough rations anyway, three hard-working men . . . and all their meat and eggs got left

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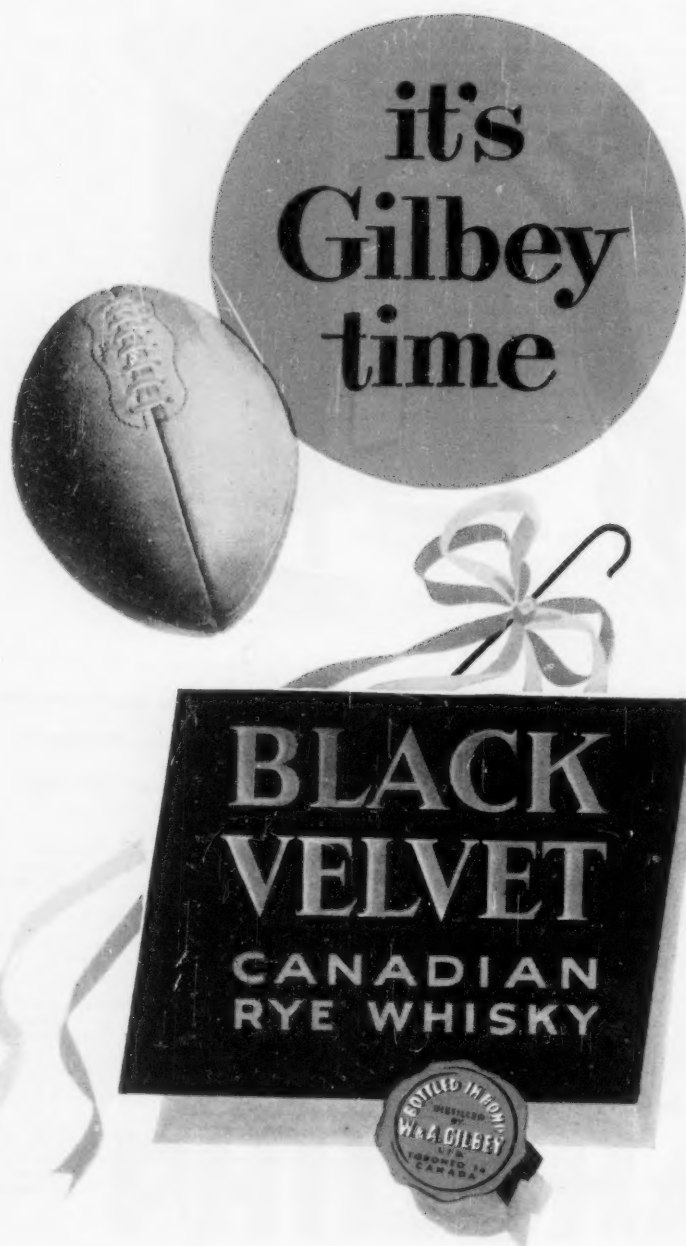
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behind. Kruger's . . . he feels pretty bad about it. They didn't have nearly enough without the meat, and if the hunting's not good . . . Savage, they could be in bad trouble."

"I'd trust Henry Jason to get out of trouble better than any man I know. But . . ." he stopped. "Anyway, I don't know where they are, except north."

Andy said, "I can find them, Savage. I know I can. I *know* I can. Dad talked about it so much . . . I can find the very spot. Take me. I can find them!"

Mary looked at Andy. "I think he can. Probably Henry will be sending up smoke. He hadn't too much confidence in Morrison, maybe he'd expect him to need help to find them. They're on the way to Johnson's Lake . . . halfway as the crow flies, Henry said. Andy knows the formation his father was heading for. He's small and light. Henry's not too heavy. You could bring the men back and never mind the gear." Then, as he hesitated, "Henry will pay you. He has the money with him."

"Oh, to hell with the money," Savage said angrily. "But I've got to go to Resolution . . . they had a fire, this woman's burned bad."

Mary thought of the woman, maybe waiting now for the sound of the plane, lying in torture . . . "How long will it take you?"

"I don't know how bad she is or what I've got to do. Maybe I have to take her to the city hospital at Edmonton. Look . . ."

Mary waited. Her face felt drawn, thin. He looked at her. He pressed his lips together. He said, "I'll go to Resolution fast as I can get there. I'll do what I have to do there. Then I'll come back, soon as I can, and go for Henry and the boys. Better than that, I can't do."

He went out and got into his plane. Mary and Andy and Jennie watched it skim over the water and lift. They turned on the path to go home, walking slowly. Andy put his hand on his mother's shoulder, a warm, strong hand. Jennie tucked her fingers into her mother's palm.

They turned up the hill from the lake, as if none of them wanted to go home. They got to the wooden sidewalk running along the slope and stepped up to it, to walk along past the frame buildings. Nothing was open yet except the eating places.

The café on the corner had a good-sized glass window. Inside, behind the cash register, a girl was standing. Mary glanced at her and then looked again. It was Nell Ormick, wearing a red dress with no sleeves. She was the girl who'd crept out from the Larsen cabin at six o'clock this morning.

She looked up from the cash register, caught sight of Mary and the two children out on the sidewalk, and lifted her hand to wave. She smiled, a wide smile that showed her sparkling white teeth.

Mary found herself catching her breath. This girl was no good. She was bad for Bert. He was going to be the weakest in the family, the one most easily led.

If Henry had found gold . . . if he really had . . . this girl would make terrible trouble. It was gold she wanted, too, for clothes and travel and jewelry and living in shiny luxurious places. Mary knew. She knew the girl through and through; but how could you tell Bert, make him believe, save him?

Mary said to the children, "Wait here a minute. I'll be right back."

She walked into the café. She knew how she looked, in her old blue jeans and her shabby cotton blouse with the

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skimpy sweater buttoned over it. She wasn't anybody Nell Ormick had any respect for or fear of.

Nell looked up. She said, "Oh, hello. I seen you going by. This is the day the boys come home, isn't it?"

Mary stood quietly on her side of the counter and looked at Nell. She said in a low voice, "Yes, I hope so. But I just wanted to tell you that I saw you at six o'clock this morning."

Nell stared at her. Her face went white for a second, and then the angry color rose in it. "Oh, you did, did you? Well, you want to make somethin' of it? I don't know's it's any of your business, Mrs. Henry Jason!"

Mary said, "Just see that it isn't, that's all," and went back to the children.

Savage did not come back from Fort Resolution for two and a half days, until the late afternoon of the twentieth. He'd had a bad time. The woman had been terribly burned, was in great pain, and she'd had to be taken to Edmonton. In the city, Savage had tried to find Morrison, to get from him Henry's location. But Morrison was already on his way east, in a plane, and not to be reached.

There were dark circles under Savage's eyes and his face looked haggard with fatigue. Mary said, "You

day before yesterday. We could make it back to Yellowknife in four-five days. Maybe even a half a day's paddling would've brought us to game country. The animals ain't all dead. They just ain't around here. We should've tried to make it."

Joe came along the trail from the lake. He had a bunch of leaves and grass in his hand. He said to Bert, "Aw, shut up. Why should Dad've thought that guy wouldn't come in for us? We'd look like a bunch of fools, wouldn't we, out in the canoe paddling to Yellowknife and all the time that

plane on its way in for us. It don't make sense." He got the frying pan from its twig on a tree and sat down with it. He started pulling the leaves off the twigs and putting them into the pan along with the handfuls of grass. He poured water over them.

"What's that for?" Henry said dully. There was something wrong with him. He got waves of a kind of hot sickness over and over, when the pain in his stomach hit him. Hot and then cold, he would be, and all the time a dullness in his mind.

"Well, we can call it soup," Joe said.

He set the pan on the wire grill over the flames. He grinned. He was thin, too, as thin as Bert, but there was no anger in him.

"Fine stuff," Bert said now.

"Rabbits live on it. What's a rabbit got that we haven't got? Must be something in it," Joe reached for the salt. "It'll be hot, anyway." He looked at Henry anxiously. "Hot water's better than cold. Mom always gives you a hot drink when you get this pain."

Henry got up. His legs were like old potato sprouts, but he got down



Nell leaned on the cash register, stung by what Mary had told her.

must be tired. Too tired to think of flying."

"No, I'm all right. I got in a few hours of sleep last night, while some of the boys were trying to track down that no-good Morrison for me. Fine air-force pilot he'll be, off to save the country with no more sense of responsibility than he's got!"

Mary said, "If the hunting is any good at all . . ."

"I've been checking on it," Savage said gruffly. "It's too dry up there this summer. Even the bears seem to have left. So if your men were short on supplies to begin with, they might be a little bothered. If you think the lad can find them, we better get going. I'd trust Henry to have things figured out and have a good big smoke signal ready when they hear the plane. If it's halfway to Johnson's Lake, and the kid knows the formation . . . well, I think we better get going."

Andy was already racing out along the narrow runway. Savage looked at Mary and grinned. "That kid's bright as they come," he said. "We'll be back in three-four hours with your men. You just stop worrying, Mrs. Jason. Andy and I'll find them."

BERT got up again and looked at the row of notches on the birch tree beside the door of the tent. He said for the tenth time, "We didn't make no mistakes. We cut a notch every day. This is the nineteenth."

Bert sat down on his own log. He said the thing that was in Henry's mind, torturing him. He said, "We should have started off in the canoe



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Mad with hunger he watched the dot in the sky. Did he really hear engines?

to the shore to stand beside the boys. He said, "I want you should go to Yellowknife. You can make it. There'll be lots of portages. You take the rifle. You can make it in four days. And then you can come right back for me."

They looked at him. They weren't alike, those two, but the look on their faces was alike now, as if the same thoughts and feeling were printed on like a pattern in calico.

Joe said, "You think I'd ever dare face Mom, if we left you now? Say, what's the matter with you, Dad? You quitting?" He put an arm through Henry's and walked with him back to camp. He sat Henry down on the log again, as if he were an old man. He took up his frying pan and poured the hot water from the leaves and grass into three mugs. He gave one to Henry. "Hi, Bert, soup's on," he called, and Bert came slowly up the trail.

Henry sipped at the hot liquid and tried not to gag. It wasn't that it tasted bad. It was just that his stomach couldn't seem to take anything.

Joe drank off his hot water. "Not bad," he said, and smacked his lips. Bert sat turning the mug round and round.

THE DAY went on. Three times they thought they heard a plane, and there was no plane. The boys had the fishlines set, but they all knew it was useless. Their last bit of dynamite had brought up nothing, not even minnows. The fish were away out in deep water, lying on the bottom away from the warmed water. There were no fish, and no partridges, no rabbits, no game of any kind. There was nothing.

Night came. They sat around the fire chewing on willow twigs for a while, to ease the gnawing. They weren't really hungry any more, not what you could call hungry. They were sick men now, Henry knew, all three of them. Nothing sounded right or looked right; the world was a haze of confusion.

He heard somebody groaning. Then he heard Joe say to Bert, "We got to do something, fella. We got to."

Morning came again, and Henry tried to get up, but the minute he moved he had to spit up some drops of blood. He didn't tell the boys. They were already up. Joe came into the tent after a minute and said, "We're going over to the mainland. We're going to find something moving, and shoot it, and that's that. I've fixed the sleeping bags for you down on the rocks, right near the fire, so you can watch for the plane."

The canoe slid off through the soundless water. Henry lay on the soft bed and slept, or dreamed, or did something. Mostly he kept thinking about Mary, but he couldn't get to her.

She didn't look at him with soft warm eyes. Her eyes were accusing. She was thinking of all the times he had failed her... why should any man make any woman suffer the way she had suffered?

He had been lying there a long, long time. He opened his eyes and saw a bird, far off in the southern sky. He looked at it. It was a hawk, as all the others had been hawks. Hawk meat was rank to eat. The hawk circled around, away down there in the south, and then came on north. It got bigger and bigger, and if a man didn't know he was out of his head he'd say it had engines.

It came right overhead, following along the dragon's back. It wasn't a hawk. It was a plane.

Henry sat up. He stared away up at it, flying off in the pale blue sky. It was a plane. It was gone.

No... no... it circled again... He struggled up. He tried to find the matches, but the box was lost. After a long time he found the box, under the edge of the sleeping bags. The plane was gone.

But the fire... he should have lit the fire. It was too late, but he should have lit it.

He struck a match and held it to the crumple of dry grass and dead leaves the boys had put there under the branches. The first match went out. The second one caught. The flames whispered a little, and then crept along slowly, like a stalking cat's feet, silent and quiet, creeping up into the heavier tangle above.

What was the use of lighting a fire? The plane was gone.

He sank back on his bed. He heard the fire crackling. It didn't matter. He heard something like the beat of an engine, but the plane was gone. He heard something like a rifle shot, and that would be the boys, over on the mainland, shooting at an elephant. He heard something like Andy's voice, but that was part of his dream.

He had found his gold.

It wasn't his gold. That was what the north was telling him. You fool! You search for what is not your own. You find it. I will teach you a lesson. It is not your gold. It is mine, forever and forever. I set the dragon there and he will never give it up.

DUSK fell. The evening chill began to creep into the air. Mary shut the log door and built a glowing fire in the wood stove. She went to the orange box nailed to the wall in the corner and surveyed her larder. Savage had emergency rations with him, canned soup, coffee; all the pilots carried them. And Kruger stood ready to give her anything she might need.

It would be more like Henry to bring home half a deer and a couple of fat ducks than to come home hungry . . . but if the hunting was really bad . . .

Suddenly Mary thought, "I hope they have found gold. Please God . . . even if it's only a little bit! This child needs help . . . and Henry ought to go to a doctor . . . and Andy must go on to school. And Bert needs to get away from here, find a place where he feels needed and strong, and Joe ought to get some kind of training. If Henry hasn't found gold this time . . . he'll still have to go on looking, because that's the way he is made. Even just a little bit, God, not the big strike—just enough to give us another start . . . and keep Henry dreaming. He'll die if he can't dream."

The hands of the round black clock on the table moved slowly. Mary got a dipper of water and poured it into the grey enamel dishpan, to set it on the stove to warm. She got her dishcloth, and then washed the white oilcloth on the table again. There were some specks of wood ashes on it. She said, "Jennie, it still isn't dark. It's only nine o'clock. Go out and gather a few spruce boughs, nice tidy ones, and we'll put them on the table in a lard pail. They smell lovely and they'll look nice."

That was something Jennie liked to do. She went quickly. Mary put more wood on the fire and put water into the lard pail, ready for the spruce boughs. She filled the teakettle again and set it on the front of the stove.

Nine o'clock. They would surely be on their way back. They might be almost here. Savage wouldn't be wasting time loading gear, because he couldn't carry any. They'd have to go back in for it. If they'd found gold . . . there'd be money to pay for the trip. If they hadn't . . . well . . . it would come from somewhere. Nothing mattered except to get them home.

It was as Jennie was settling the dark evergreen boughs into the pail on the table that they both heard the tiny far-off beat of the engine's heart. They looked at each other, not breathing. Jennie's eyes were wide; Mary felt her own wide, too. After a moment she went slowly to the door and opened it, looking to the north, listening.

The plane was coming.

They went down to the lake, to the water's edge, and stood waiting with their cold hands clasped together. The plane was still far away, but the faint tick had turned now into a heavier pulse, into a hum. Then, at last, there was a small dark bird against the darkening sky, and almost at once the plane was down, alighting on the water, rushing toward them. Mary strained her eyes, trying to see who was in the cabin.

The door burst open and Andy, triumphant and shining-faced, leaped over the pontoon to the wharf. He said wildly, "Mom, Mom, we found them! I saw the dragon miles away, I was sure where they were, and we circled round and round it, and they lit the signal . . . they're starved, but they found . . ." he stopped. He turned back and put out a hand.

Henry got out of the plane, his hands on Andy's shoulder.

The two boys followed him, and for a moment they all stood still, with the seaplane behind them outlined against the darkening sky. They made a picture Mary knew she would never forget. Joe and Bert were gaunt and unshaven, hollow-eyed. They had been hungry. And Henry looked sick. But Joe's blue eyes sparkled as they looked at Mary, and Savage, the pilot, was trying to bury a deep excitement.

Mary's eyes lifted at last to Bert.

He was changed. No matter how

starved his body might be, it was as if his spirit was starving no longer. He took a step toward her and put his arms around her. His cheek touched her hair; he hugged her hard, and said in a queer voice, "Dad didn't really care about gold after all, not the kind that's in the rock. He did a lot of talkin' in the nighttime. I guess he always did know the difference between fool's gold and the real stuff."

Mary heard him, and realized that he was telling her something new about himself. She loosened her fingers from Jennie's cold little hand and went to

meet Henry. He was haggard, so weak he could scarcely stand. In him there was no pride, no triumph, no glow of happiness. His eyes seeking hers were full of a strange doubt, a questioning she had never seen in them.

She put her arms around his shoulders. "I don't understand," she said. "Wasn't it right, after all? What is wrong, Henry? Wasn't it your own dragon? Was there only a little gold?"

"I thought we wasn't going to get back so's I could tell you."

"So you could tell me *what*?"

Joe said, "Hey, break it up, you two,

and get moving! Mom, we're plain ordinary starved. We haven't had nothing to eat for a week but an old dead hawk and a skinny rabbit, and the soup and coffee Savage brought. You got half a cow boiling on the stove, or do we head for Kruger's?"

Jennie was dancing with impatience, clutching Joe's hand. "Joe, did Daddy find . . ." she stopped, looking at Savage, not sure what he knew or ought to know. "You'll have to go to Kruger's and get things," she said. "I'll come and help."

Bert bent quickly and kissed his



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little sister, something Mary had never seen him do. He took Jennie's other hand and the two big boys and the little girl started off after Andy, tearing ahead up the path to the store.

Mary was really puzzled about Henry. She led him along the wharf, up the bank, along the path to the cabin. Two or three times he started to speak, but she quietened him. Inside the cabin she took off the old felt hat and the plaid Mackinaw and laid them on the bed. She looked into his face. It was very pale, and the blue eyes were dull and empty. They fixed

themselves miserably on hers.

"Henry, don't grieve. Whatever happened, if you lost all your gear, if there wasn't much gold, it doesn't matter. The boys look happy so I know *something* good happened. You'll get to your real strike sometime, if the dragon let you down. Don't break your heart over this."

But he said, "Oh, we found the gold. All the gold in the world. Only—I got to thinking, the last three-four days—it's too late, Mary. It's too late. You've had too hard a time. No woman could stand it and get over

it. Nothing can change that hard time, nothing can change what I done to you."

Something warm and new stirred in Mary's heart. For a good many years she had hidden there a little hurt, a pain, a secret aching sorrow, always pushed away in shame at her own self-pity. She had always understood Henry and known what to expect from him. She needn't be sorry for herself. Now she knew that if it had ever really existed, that pain, Henry's first acknowledgment of it had taken it away.

She said, "You've found your gold,

Henry? And you're worrying about me?"

He put out his hands, groping, and clasped her arms above the elbow. Through the sleeve of her shirt she felt the coldness of those hands. He kept looking into her face, his eyes searching hers. He was sick with unhappiness and self-accusation. He lifted her hand, her left hand, and looked at it; at the bones showing, and the blue veins, and the twisted scar across the wrist and up the back where the four-inch sliver had gone in when she had been scrubbing the mill floor at Waterways. It wasn't a pretty hand any more. Mary didn't often look at it.

He said, "I been a fool. I always thought . . . if only I could buy you a diamond again! Your other diamond, your engagement ring, that you gave to the man in Saskatoon to get gas so we could start north . . . I always thought, that wouldn't hurt you any more if I could just get you a big new diamond. Not that you ever complained or asked for one. I guess it was me I didn't want hurt knowin' what I'd done to you. I guess that's what it was."

"Oh, Henry, Henry . . . hush! Was there really gold on the dragon's back? Gold, at last?"

He said numbly, "The place stinks with gold."

Mary thought, he has found his gold. But it is meaningless. He has lost his dragon, it is dead at last, the enticing thing that led him on and on through all the pain and the danger. Having the gold will not be enough. He has lost his dream.

A man cannot live without a dream. Reality is not for men.

What must a woman always do? What could a woman do now?

She lifted her chin and laughed suddenly. She made herself look young again, with pink in her cheeks and a sparkle in her eyes. She said, "You're right about me wanting a diamond. I loved my engagement ring, but it had only a little diamond, Henry, much as I loved it. But I'll tell you a secret . . . you know what? All my life I've wanted a ring with a diamond in it as big as a postage stamp. A square diamond. I've seen them in pictures. Only, what use was there for me to say such a thing? If you didn't find your gold I could never have it. But if you really have found your gold . . ."

"You mean that? You really mean that?" The blue began to come back into his eyes again, a hint of the old blue fire.

"A great big diamond, shining and glittering like a piece off a blue moon, too wonderful to be true, Henry. I don't think they make diamonds as big as the one I want! And . . . if you can afford it . . . if there's enough gold left . . . I want a long fox coat, soft and thick and pure snowy white."

He stared at her. He straightened his shoulders a little, but the old swag-ger was not quite in them. Knowledge lay in his eyes, a new knowledge, as if out there with the dragon he had tasted the bitter fruit of the tree. He had seen himself and judged himself and his innocence was gone.

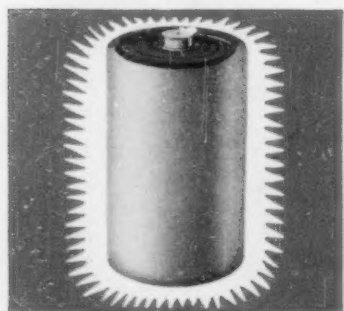
Mary put her arms around him quickly and pressed him close. "You found the gold for all of us at last, Henry. We need it, all of us. Jennie and Joe and Andy and Bert and me. It will make a new world for us all. You've won through for us all."

He put his rough scratchy cheek against hers. His hand patted her shoulder, a new comforting kind of patting. He was trembling with weakness and sickness. But he said, "I'll get you your coat. I'll go up to the Arctic. I'll trap the foxes myself." ★

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How I Became An Eskimo

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

rhubarblike leaves of the sorrel plant which grows to a height of six inches. When boiled, the juice makes a pleasant drink. There is a nameless root that is the size of a small carrot, looks like a parsnip, and tastes like a banana.

We pack the sled for our trip. We take a grub box and another box with extra traps, sealskin boots, mitts, ammunition, and snow knives to build houses. We carry a primus stove and two quarts of fuel—not enough but all we can afford since kerosene costs \$1.50 per gallon. A kettle to boil water, a pot to boil meat, and our packing is complete. There is not much food aboard but we will hunt seal and rabbits as we go along.

Anyway, we don't think much about this now. Why worry about tomorrow? Idloun melts snow, paints a layer of ice on the runners of the sled, harnesses the dogs, and we are off. It is at least fifty below zero. But deep inside the layers of fur and with my belly full of hot fish, I feel snug and warm. I am elated and ready for anything. This land is my home. Idloun cracks his whip at the dogs and the sled moves off over the vast white wastes.

Hunting With a Harpoon

After we leave, Kidlik returns to her chores. Making and patching sealskin boots is an endless job. The soles last ten days in winter and often only one day in summer. She visits the local food cache for seal meat and fish; she lays in a supply of seal fat and pounds it soft with a stone. She makes frequent visits to a nearby iceberg, fills a bucket with pieces of ice, then melts them down for water. Now that Idloun is gone, she has more time to gossip with her neighbors, in the meantime keeping her eye on the children who play around the igloos.

Sometimes the children go over to see what Akomalik, the old man of the camp, is doing. He is Idloun's father and is seventy-four years old. The children follow his activities with interest. Sometimes he cleans foxes or repairs sleds or walks over the sea's surface near the shore, with harpoon gun in hand, searching for the seals' breathing holes.

There is no fixed bedtime in the camp. Kidlik and the children go to sleep when they are tired. This may be at six in the evening or at four in the morning. Apart from the early morning snack and breakfast, meal times are not fixed. The Eskimo eats when he's hungry.

Our sled breaks fresh tracks in the snow, mile after mile. Here is my diary of the trip:

Wednesday: Camped for night. Very cold in snowhouse. There's a high wind blowing and we haven't enough fuel to use the primus for heating. It is dark outside. The dogs are fighting among themselves. Idloun is

shouting at them. Today is the second day of the trip. Yesterday was clear and cold. Today, despite heavy wind, we covered thirty-five miles. Had hard time to keep face from freezing. Visited ten traps yesterday, fifteen today, but only one fox. This is worth seven dollars. Should have had fifteen foxes by this time. Looks like a bad year for fur.

Thursday: Camped early today as both of us ill. May have been the rotten seal meat we ate for supper last night; it is really our dog food but had to eat it since no rabbits or other game around. Hope I feel better in the morn-

ing; diarrhea with three suits of clothes on is no fun at forty-five below. Igloo very small tonight, barely room for two of us to lie side by side in our sleeping bags but not strong enough to make it bigger. No supper tonight, only two cups of tea.

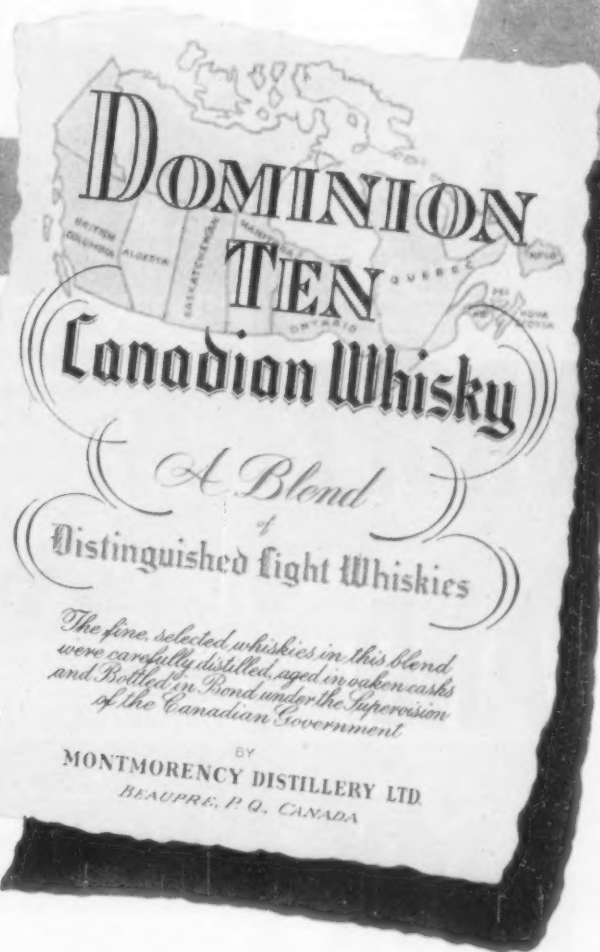
Saturday: Over illness okay but still a little weak. Have lots of food since shot five rabbits and Idloun got one seal at a breathing hole. Twice, much to Idloun's delight, I shot at lumps of snow that looked like rabbits in the moonlight. Almost got some ptarmigan but the .22 jammed in the cold. Too

bad—they're delicious, raw or boiled. Have visited over seventy traps but only five foxes in all.

Sunday: Very quiet day. Lie in sleeping bags all day eating, sleeping, talking. Idloun will travel on Sunday only if absolutely necessary. Have done nothing but shiver all day. I believe Christianity has done a lot for the Eskimo but cannot understand missionary teaching in this regard. Refuse to think that by lying in this cold house for twenty-four hours, we come closer to God.

Tuesday: Feast to famine. We are

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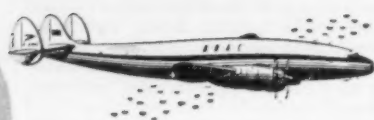
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out of food. Camped at an Eskimo camp at Tay Sound and found three families there in a bad way with barely enough food to keep them alive for the past month. Twenty of their dogs are dead from starvation and yesterday the people were chewing old sealskins to try and get nourishment. Have given them what remained of our tea and rabbit. But now we have no food. These people didn't put in a big enough cache of food last fall. Will have to send message to police. Hope they will be all right till then.

Wednesday: Starting home now. No luck hunting but we found a piece of fish in the food box on the sled. Ate it frozen for supper as no fuel left. Only five foxes. At current rates that means \$35. Very discouraging. But as Idlouk says, "Iyonamut"—it can't be helped! A hundred miles to home.

Friday: Only one day from home and we are weather-bound. The wind howls outside and it is cold. Hard to write as fingers cold and lead in pencil brittle. No heat. Nothing to do but spend day in igloo. Yesterday we got a rabbit which we had for supper but nothing today. Dogs are hungry as haven't eaten for three days. Froze nose and chin yesterday. In dark, Idlouk cannot see face freezing and at times I forget to watch for it.

Sunday: Arrived home late last night after a nightmare trip. Half-starved and cold, in the dark we ran into a field of rough ice. The sled broke down twice. Once the traces got gnarled on the ice, causing the sled to run over two dogs and breaking their hind legs. Crossing the rough ice on the sled was like riding a bucking broncho. We tripped and fell over every obstruction. But we are okay now. We were given a big meal of boiled seal meat. I arrived home cursing the Arctic. Now, an hour later, my stomach full, I feel

peaceful and relaxed. This tranquillity can only come after prolonged hardship and struggle.

During my fifteen months in Oulatsievik Kidlik did all in her power to treat me as one of her sons. She would put my sleeping furs out to air. She would chew my sealskin boots till they were soft when the frost got into them and froze them as stiff as a board. When my turn came around, I would get the soft part of the bannock, the tail end of the raw fish and the fish's head when that dish was served boiled. I, in turn, acted as I was expected to. I was obedient to Idlouk's wishes at all times.

Proud to Share Wife

Nevertheless it took several months before I began to feel like a member of the family. The main barrier was the traditional relationship between Eskimo and white man. All the white men the Eskimo know—the trader, the policeman, the missionary—are in a position to improve the Eskimo's position. He is therefore usually very anxious to please them and carries out suggestions made to him without complaint. Sometimes it means doing things he does not like. Just before I stepped on the plane that took me from the Arctic, Idlouk said to me, "Kingmik, I will remember you for many things, but most of all because you didn't ask me for my wife or for any other woman in the camp."

This was the first time I had heard an Eskimo suggest that he didn't like his woman being with a white man. There is nothing in the Eskimo's attitude to indicate this feeling. Eskimo women seem proud to bear the child of a white man; the husband is not at all reticent in telling others who the real father is.

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The white man's a fool. He can't hunt seal, build a snowhouse or drive dogs

There are no unwanted children among the Eskimo. Kadloo, for example, in our camp, is the son of Gaston Herodier, a scientist who spent a few winters in the Arctic. Herodier bequeathed an estate to Kadloo which yields an annual income of four hundred dollars. This is delivered each summer at ship time. It is true that to some extent the Eskimo wife is regarded as a piece of property to be lent out on occasion according to social custom. But evidently the custom does not, comfortably, include the white man.

Living with the Eskimo, I learned something of their views on the white man and his world. By and large, they regard the white man as a rich fool. He is thought of as rich because he seems to have a great many possessions. Doesn't the airplane pilot have an elaborate machine? Hasn't the Hudson's Bay post factor an entire store full of goods? The white man is a fool because he can't do simple things like build a snowhouse, handle a dog team or hunt seal. The skills which give the white man status in his own country have no meaning for the Eskimo.

Some aspects of the white man's civilization frighten the Eskimo. One night Idlouk saw me glancing at a population chart in my dictionary. In reply to his questions, I gave him the population of the various Canadian provinces. He was amazed. I capped our discussion by telling him that in a city called New York, fourteen million people dwelt in an area no larger than that covered by his small island. "This

cannot be," said Idlouk, over and over again. The next morning he complained, "I couldn't sleep last night." He told me that he had been tortured by visions of hordes of New Yorkers, piled high on each other, struggling for enough space to breathe.

War talk had a similarly disturbing effect on my Eskimo family. Usually the discussion would be touched off by a magazine picture—the walls of many homes are papered with magazine pages. "What is that?" Idlouk would ask. "That is a new type of bomber plane," I would reply.

"What is it used for?"

"To drop explosives from the air and kill many people at once."

"Why do they want to kill many people?"

"That's war."

"Does the man dropping the bomb have a grudge against the people he's killing?"

"He doesn't know them."

"Then why does he want to kill them?"

"That's war."

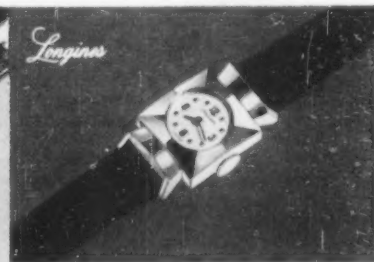
Neither of us was satisfied with this explanation. I was much more comfortable explaining what kept the white man's bridges from falling into the sea, or how you could have water running out of taps on the top floors of high buildings. I soon found that the Eskimos were asking for explanations only of things they felt they could understand. They avoided questioning me about such phenomena as radio communication or airplane flight. The



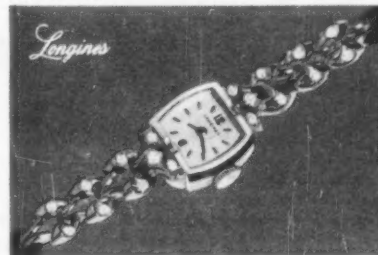
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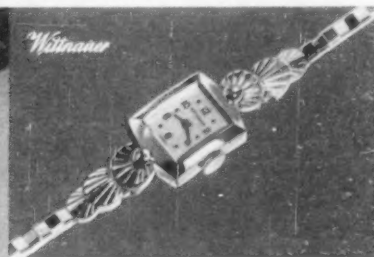
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DECEMBER 1

mechanics interested them, but the underlying theory was beyond their grasp.

But the Eskimo is too busy with his family and the struggle to survive to concern himself too much with the miraculous devices of the white man. Nothing about the Eskimo's life is easy. It's not true, for example, that all women deliver their children rapidly and painlessly. When Kidlik bore Susan the midwife asked us to leave the tent at 9 p.m. and we were not permitted to re-enter until after the birth some seven hours later. I have known

of other births which lasted for almost twenty-four hours.

Idlouk was happy about Susan's arrival. "I wanted a girl," he told me. "I have enough hunters." If the child had been a boy, Idlouk had been planning to give it to a friend whose wife had borne him four daughters and was now past childbearing. Idlouk was very vocal and jubilant about his new daughter with the other men in the camp, boasting of what a fine woman she was going to be. Yet, the next day, at the trading post, it was only as he departed after an hour's visit, that he

casually mentioned that his wife had borne him a daughter. Such is the Eskimo's reticence with the white man.

By our standards of child rearing the Eskimo youngster is somewhat spoiled by his parents. Children are allowed to play with all their parents' possessions: the boys with harpoons, whips, dog harnesses and sleds; the girls with needles, scissors and thread. No matter how serious the misdemeanor, it is the Eskimo tradition that the child should not be spanked. "The soul of a dead relative lives in each child," I was told. "It is not right to beat a dead relative."

Because of the influence of the white man, some of the Eskimo have started to spank their children. Most of the adults disapprove of this trend. Idlouk, who is in the spanking faction, justified his stand by finding six references in the New Testament which sanction corporal punishment. But Idlouk's spankings are not serious affairs. No Eskimo would care to father a child who reaches adulthood bearing a grudge against his parents. He knows that some day, when he can no longer hunt, he will be completely dependent on his children. "If my child does not like me he will not treat me well," says Idlouk.

It is Pauloossee, the eight-year-old, who most angers Idlouk. He is forever snatching things from other children and teasing them. Because Eskimo children are less aggressive than our own, this type of behavior is conspicuous. "Why should Pauloossee act this way?" Idlouk asked me one day. "It worries me."

The age-old conflict between age and youth is typified in the relationship between Idlouk and Oodletetuk, his eighteen-year-old son. Like his father, Oodletetuk is intelligent, strong and a good hunter. Yet, by convention, he must obey his father implicitly, even though he is now married and has a small son of his own. In many cases, where the son hasn't the self-confidence and ability to replace his father as natural leader of the family, he goes on doing as he is told indefinitely. I have seen men of forty being ordered around by their fathers like school children.

Two Husbands for Rebecca

One of Idlouk's family problems was solved recently with the marriage of Rebecca, who is the oldest child. As is often done in the case of the first-born, Rebecca was given to her grandparents at birth. When she became of marriageable age, the grandparents began to look around for an eligible bachelor. Marriages among the Eskimos are still arranged; romantic marriages are practically unknown, although a married couple may become very fond of each other in due time. The grandparents finally settled on two likely husbands for Rebecca, but were unable to decide which one would be the better provider. At this point, the wife of another Eskimo died suddenly and everyone agreed that the widower was superior to both prospects. The match was made and Rebecca was married at the Anglian mission at the Pond Inlet post.

In our society, we tend to isolate and reject the handicapped person. We gawk at him in public and we won't give him a useful job. The Eskimo attitude is exactly the opposite: the cripple is treated the same as anybody else and is expected to pull his share of the load.



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This type of primitive therapy seems to
work miracles. One of my neighbors
had a shriveled arm and leg. He
moved about camp by pushing himself
on a sled with his good foot. His skill
with a rifle was unmatched. He regu-
larly went on hunting trips and bagged
more than his share of the game. He
was married and had three healthy
children.

Jacko, aged 27, is a hunchback; Kya-
kootchuk, 45, is deaf. But they are in
no way excluded from the group. Even
Tuktuk, who makes no contribution to
the life of the camp, is not discrimi-
nated against. Instead of hunting, fish-
ing and trapping like the other men,
Tuktuk mostly just sits around camp
doing nothing. Everyone agrees that
this is just as well since he makes a
botch of everything he tries. When he
shoots at a seal, the bullet goes wide
and the animal is frightened away.

Once he stopped in at a neighboring
camp for a drink of water while on his
way to the hunting ground and stayed
a week, forgetting the original purpose
of his trip. He is always getting messed
up with his traps. Once, while on the
trail, his two-year-old child fell off the
sled and it was an hour before Tuktuk
noticed its absence. The Eskimos,
aware of Tuktuk's low intelligence,
treat him with the same leniency as
they do their children.

An Open Seam of Coal

Although our little settlement was
strongly Anglican, a belief still re-
mained in the powers of the "Angakok"
—a combination of medicine man and
sorcerer. Our own Angakok, a forty-
year-old named Kowtinyah, had the
reputation of being a kind of Arctic
Dr. Doolittle. It was said that he could
communicate with the animals, espe-
cially the polar bear. Once he an-
nounced that some polar bears were to
be found at a certain place, at a certain
time. A group of hunters dispatched
to the area proved him right.

According to one of my neighbors,
several years ago an Angakok gathered
a group of men inside an igloo and
started them singing. Then, he smashed
a small hole through the wall of the
igloo with his fist and a second later he
jumped through it to the outside with-
out making the hole any larger! An-
other Angakok repaid an enemy by
making his wife barren.

My Eskimo friends and neighbors
expected little from life. They got up;
they ate; they hunted; they went back
to sleep. They accepted the fact that
all this is to be accompanied by a cer-
tain amount of deprivation and suf-
fering. "Iyonamut!" ("It can't be
helped.")

In many cases I found that it could
be helped. The Eskimo is often cold in
his caribou-skin tent or house. Yet, in
our district there are six open-seam coal
mines. The Hudson's Bay post uses
this fuel to heat its buildings. "You
can use this fuel too for heating," is a
suggestion that has been frequently
made to the Eskimo. Many of the
hunters say that this sounds like a good
idea. But they never do anything
about it.

One November day we set out for the
fish cache about sixty miles away.
Since there was not yet enough snow to
build a snow hut we brought along a
tent. When we stopped that night in
the midst of a howling storm we dis-
covered that the tent was full of holes and
lacked guy ropes. Nobody had thought
of examining it before the trip started.
Again, through lack of foresight our
supplies contained only enough kero-
sene for the primus for one night, al-
though our trip was to last four days.
So we ate frozen fish and sucked pieces
of ice.

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One morning I worked with one of my neighbors building a food cache. This is a large oval pit burrowed out of a pile of stones for the storage of food. It took four hours to dig the pit, fill it with food, then cover it with rocks. My neighbor grew tired of the job during the last stages. It was doubtful whether we had piled on enough rocks to keep away marauding dogs or bears. Another fifteen minutes of work would have definitely safeguarded the food. He surveyed the work carefully and concluded, "Maybe the bear won't get the food." One night, after we had pitched our tent, somebody said, "A storm may soon blow; perhaps we need more rocks to hold the tent down." But this was not done, because most of my companions agreed that "Maybe the storm will not blow the tent down."

The sense of competition is almost entirely lacking among my adoptive people. In spring, under the light of the midnight sun, we would play a peculiar version of the English game of rounders, using caribou skin stuffed with hair as a ball, and a stick for a bat. At no time did any of the participants have the idea of winning. This lack of competition in all branches of the Eskimo's life means that there is seldom any personal animosity between members of the community.

Whatever I left behind in Tununermiut, I know that it is something less than I took away with me. Before I became an Eskimo, my main ambition

was to have a good job and to accumulate as much money and goods as possible. Today, I am without a regular job or wealth but I am a good deal happier. I have found a worthwhile mission in life—to help the Eskimo find himself. At present, he is in a quandary and drifting aimlessly.

We have in Canada about 9,700 Eskimos scattered along the northern coasts and in the interior of the vast Arctic prairies. Despite his contact with the white man and his new goods, the Eskimo is still a primitive person. He has not changed his pattern of thought and his over-all conception of his place and position on this earth remains the same. But even though he is primitive in thought, he has been suddenly confronted with a bewildering array of rifles, engines, boats, and foodstuffs. He has given little or no thought to the ultimate effect of such goods on the lives of his sons and daughters.

The advent of the trading post where he could barter his furs for goods profoundly changed the life of the Eskimo. In earlier times, he lived exclusively on the products of the hunt. Now, by gathering up the skin of the fox—a hitherto worthless animal—a whole new world of foodstuffs and materials is available to him. As long as fur prices in the world market remained high, all seemed to go well. But when the demand for white foxes dwindled, the Eskimo was left helpless. He had no understanding of the white man's com-

The Play of the Seasons in the North



SUMMER. Among the mountains and fjords of Baffin Island tents blossom out and boats dot the black surface of the sea.



WINTER. The whole world becomes a monochrome of white where snowhouses blend with frozen ocean and white hills.



"I just got sick of everything being white, white, white . . ."

merce that for years paid him well and then suddenly, could pay him little or nothing. He still doesn't understand it.

Down through history, when a primitive culture has come in contact with a dominant civilization, the primitive culture has been shattered and lost. The old Eskimo is already lost. But must his descendants disappear entirely from the Canadian scene?

I don't think so. I believe we can start working on a plan to help the Eskimo.

First, we urgently need a number of white men who, with their wives and families, would live their lives among the Eskimo. Their job would be to study and to help. How does the Eskimo live? How does he think? What capacities do they have for other work? One man should be assigned to each group of Eskimos.

Handicrafts Mean Money

The more intelligent Eskimo children should be given an education. They will be the future leaders of their people. Furthermore, it might help them to get jobs that are now beyond them. Why shouldn't Eskimos eventually have responsible jobs in military establishments, air fields, weather stations, missions, trading posts, mining developments? Most white men hate living in the Arctic; the Eskimo loves it. This is his land, his home.

Some Eskimos are now earning money through their handicraft, aided by the federal government and the Canadian Handicraft Guild. Soapstone and ivory figures, basketry, sealskin slippers and rugs are a few of the objects that are now being sold in Canadian cities.

And finally, we must carefully watch the Eskimo population figures. In recent years, the Eskimos have been increasing. This is going to make it increasingly difficult for them to live off the land. Eventually some of them will have to be transplanted to other regions or other means will have to be found to care for the surplus population.

The starting point, of course, is to understand the Eskimo. That's why I became an Eskimo in the first place. That's why I plan to keep my promise to Idlout to return "home" once again. ★

Backstage in the North

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

married, putting in an Arctic year to save up the down payment on a house. A few are older men about to be unmarried, for the Arctic is a fine inaccessible retreat from domestic troubles. Still others are merely enduring, with varying degrees of good cheer, an assignment that comes eventually to all weathermen of this rank.

Part of the equipment at each satellite station is a set of boxing gloves. I couldn't find a single instance when the gloves had been actually used ("When it gets to that stage, nobody stops for boxing gloves," one of the boys said) but the Weather Bureau chiefs believe they have a certain deterrent effect. Maybe they just serve as a reminder that physical combat is a pretty childish resort.

In any case, all the satellite stations report a fairly high state of morale in spite of the lonesome life.

It's an exercise in international relations in a small way, for all staffs are half-Canadian and half-American. The officer-in-charge is always Canadian, the second-in-command always an American. Other jobs can be held by men of either nationality, but one important post seems invariably to be held by an American. That's the job of cook.

It's no coincidence. For some reason, Canada's Department of Transport will not pay to cooks the \$100-a-month "isolation allowance" paid to the weathermen—the chief financial inducement to work in the far north. The U. S. does pay its own isolation allowance, \$133 a month, and so is able to recruit first-class camp cooks. This is one important reason for the high morale.

Another is the keen awareness of mutual dependence, for these jobs are not without some elements of danger. During the dark period of the first winter at Resolute, a man going out to take the morning temperature reading was struck down and badly mauled by a polar bear. If the cook hadn't happened to hear him moaning outside the back door, he'd have frozen to death.

No other attacks on human beings

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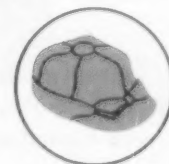
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CARLING'S



Red Cap
Ale

have taken place, but another polar bear was shot right in camp at Mould Bay last year. Wolves killed two of the five dogs at Alert last winter, and are also a common pest at Eureka. They've never been known to attack a man during the seven years Eureka has been operating, but none of the boys there is anxious to test the theory that a wolf pack will not go after a lone man.

Aside from wild animals, the Arctic itself can be dangerous. During a blizzard in the dark period last winter, one man at Eureka was nearly lost

trying to find his way from one little clump of buildings to another.

Why do men volunteer to put up with these perils and troubles?

Partly it's the money, which isn't bad considering the relatively low educational requirements. Junior matriculation is enough to get a bright boy into the radiosonde school at Toronto, where he is paid full salary during a course that lasts six weeks to three months. Basic pay starts at \$2,400 a year, plus the isolation allowance of \$1,200. Food, housing and Arctic clothing are provided free, except that

the income-tax department adds \$50 a month to each man's income for taxing purposes; otherwise, everything's found. Finally and perhaps most important, opportunities to spend money are nil. A young man who spends a year in the Arctic can count on coming out with more than \$3,000 cash in hand.

For some, though, it's not so much the money as the life itself. The Arctic isn't everybody's cup of tea, and some of these weathermen hate it with a bitter hatred, but some love it. Standing in a midnight twilight at the edge

of the polar sea, and looking at the clean bare ice and the clean bare hills, you can understand why.

PROBABLY the most visited igloos in Eskimo history are the five that make up the Eskimo village at Resolute Bay.

The village is four miles from the RCAF and weather station, and the men posted there are not allowed to drop in on the Eskimo without special arrangements. But the arrangements are made often enough, and the trickle of outside visitors to Resolute is steady enough to make these Eskimos thoroughly accustomed to having their homes invaded by crowds of gaping white men.

They're quite good-natured about it. The women and children even seem to enjoy it—they greet the tourist with beaming smiles and a few amiable words in English. (One three-year-old speaks English quite well, but in parrot fashion without understanding what the words mean. When you say "Hello, Jimmy" he answers "Hello, Jimmy," and so on through a routine patter of half-a-dozen phrases: "How are you?" "How are you?" "I'm fine." "I'm fine.")

The igloos are a queer mixture of old and new. On one side of the door, as you enter through the snow tunnel into the semi-spherical living quarters, you see a seal-oil lamp made of soapstone which Eskimos have been using since time immemorial. On the other side is a Coleman lamp burning gasoline. The family still sleeps on a shelf of snow, but instead of lying on seal or bear skins they have kapok mattresses. Outdoors the women wear the traditional caribou-skin parka, with the huge hood in which they can carry a child completely hidden, but underneath they have cotton house dresses.

Inside walls of the igloo used to be lined with skins of the Arctic fox, to keep the melting ice from dripping on the family. Now they are lined with old copies of Life magazine and Canadian Aviation.

But the touch of modernity that struck me as most incongruous was the tin of ammoniated tooth powder that sat on top of a box of breakfast food.

ESKIMOS are at Resolute Bay as part of a government experiment. Until fourteen months ago they lived in Port Harrison on Hudson Bay, except for one family at Pond Inlet. In both these places the Eskimo population has risen to the point where wild game will no longer support the people.

Resolute, empty of humanity for three or four centuries, has proved to be an Eskimo gold mine. Last winter the five families killed twenty-three polar bears and four hundred Arctic foxes to earn a substantial cash income, as well as the daily kill of seals which provide northern Eskimos with their staple meat diet.

Whether the experiment will be a permanent success, though, remains to be seen. It may be that the new settlers are killing off the game faster than its own reproduction rate; maybe next winter, or the next, the Eskimo will again be short of food.

Anyway, the underlying problem will not have been solved. All over the Arctic the Eskimo population is increasing, at the unheard-of rate of one percent per year. This has never happened before—Eskimo numbers have been stable for generations, as they must be if they are not to outgrow their meagre and fixed supplies of food. It is happening now because government payments of family allowances and old-age pensions make it possible, and profitable, to keep alive children and old people who once were allowed to die. ★

The women of France agree with the men:

"What Smoothness..."

... it was a real awakening to discover that such fine wines are grown in Canada," said Mlle. Jacqueline Trotteau. One of the foremost fashion models of Paris, Mlle. Trotteau works with many leading couturiers.

Jacqueline Trotteau



"What Delicacy..."

one sip... and what pleasure!" exclaimed Madame Lucie Neveu, who savoured her first Canadian wine in her own restaurant, Tante Lucie, in the St-Germaine des Prés district of Paris.

L. Neveu

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To waken up Canadians to the quality of Canadian wines, we decided to get opinions from the most famous wine-drinking country in the world. We shipped Canadian wines to France and asked Frenchmen and Frenchwomen to sip them, savour them and give their verdict.

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wines have a surprising smoothness and delicacy of flavour!"

If you have not yourself found out already about the good things that have been happening to Canada's many choice wines, put them to the supreme test... the sip that you yourself will take. You, too, will say, "Here is real pleasure!" And it's pleasure you can afford to enjoy again and again. Try a Canadian wine today! *The Canadian Wine Institute, 111 Richmond St. West, Toronto*

The Swiftest Spender The Klondike Ever Had

THE MOST curious exhibit to come out of the Klondike gold rush was the figure of Swiftwater Bill Gates, a one-time river pilot who struck it rich on Eldorado Creek in 1896.

Swiftwater was never one to hide his wealth. When he gambled he used to cry out: "The sky's the limit. And raise her up as far as you want to go, boys. If the roof's in your way, tear it off!" Swiftwater invariably lost. He once lost \$50,000 in three weeks shooting pool.

While other Klondikers went around in Mackinaws and mukluks, Swiftwater wore a silk topper, a Prince Albert coat, and a 14-carat diamond stickpin. He owned the only starched white shirt in Dawson and he wouldn't be seen in anything else. While it was being laundered, Swiftwater went to bed for three days.

Swiftwater was a romantic. He fell in love with a dance-hall girl named Gussie LaMore. One day Swiftwater walked into a café and found Gussie having dinner with a rival. Gussie ordered eggs. Swiftwater got so mad he bought every egg in town, at around \$2 apiece, had them fried and fed them to the dogs outside the restaurant. Gussie capitulated. She promised to meet him in San Francisco and marry him.

Swiftwater's excursions into the outside world were always bizarre. He didn't drink, but he liked to bathe in champagne. In Seattle, his hotel bill had one item tacked on: \$1,500 for "damages." In San Francisco he paid all the bellboys to whisper to hotel guests in the lobby: "There goes Swiftwater Bill Gates, the King of the Klondike."

Alas, in San Francisco, Gussie decided not to marry him after all. Swiftwater was unperturbed. He married her sister, Grace, instead. He bought her a mansion in Oakland. Three weeks later she threw him out. Swiftwater ran right back in again and emerged with his \$7,000 worth of wedding presents tied up in a bedsheet.

Back in Dawson, Swiftwater found himself the butt of a score of jokes. The hit musical at the Combination Theatre in the summer of 1898 was entitled, *The Adventures of Stillwater Willie*. Appropriately, Nellie LaMore, a third sister, played the feminine lead. Nellie later won first prize at a masquerade ball dressed up as Swiftwater. Gussie sang from the stage of the Monte Carlo: "Dear Old Swiftwater Bill . . . I loved him once and I love him



still!" Swiftwater, surrounded by girls and champagne, applauded loudly from a box seat.

His second wife, Bera Beebe, was only fifteen years old. He married her Outside and returned to the Klondike to find himself \$100,000 in the hole. He decamped with Bera to Nome, made a new fortune and lost it all gambling.

He married another fifteen-year-old named Kitty Brandon. The nuptials were somewhat complicated by the fact that Swiftwater already had a legal wife and Kitty was his own niece.

Swiftwater followed the gold-rush trail to Fairbanks, Alaska, where once again he struck it rich, cleaning up \$75,000 on Cleary Creek. He'd no sooner banked the money when the police whisked him back Outside on bigamy charges.

Swiftwater wasn't the least perturbed. In Seattle, he passed around gold nuggets, each attractively gift-wrapped in a twenty-dollar bill, to reporters and court officials. The charges were dropped, Swiftwater got a double divorce and announced he was looking for a new wife.

From this point on the trail of Swiftwater Bill Gates grows cold. He appeared for brief flashes, making a fortune in South America, wiring his friends for funds. He died in 1935 in Peru, mining gold. He had just managed to wangle a twenty-million-acre concession from the Peruvian government. If he'd lived he'd probably have got another fortune . . . not to mention another wife.—Pierre Berton.

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

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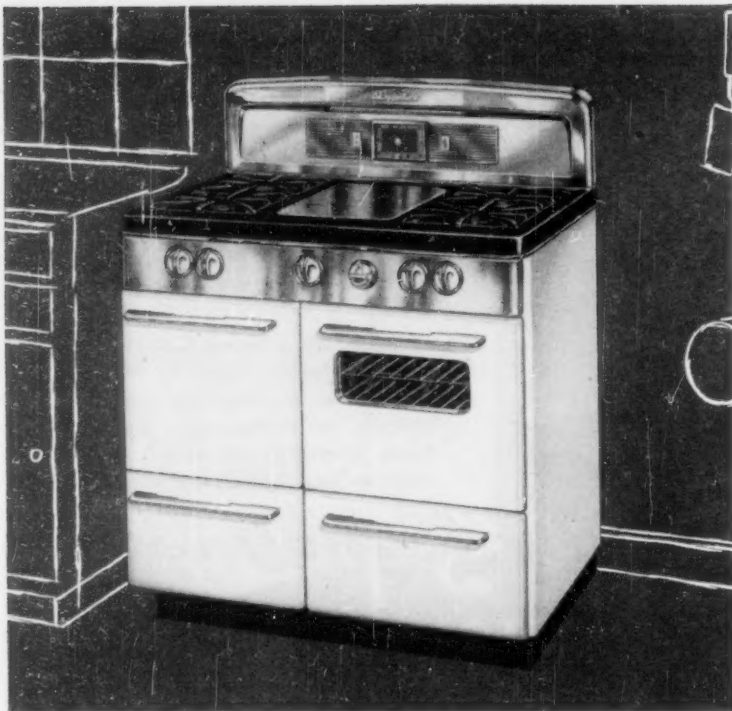
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DECEMBER 1

ON SALE NOVEMBER 23

Gifts of distinction
for women

Gifts
of distinction
for girls and boys

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for men

London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

when a transcontinental train whips away like a greyhound out of a trap.

North Bay! The air was bracing and the waters of the bay looked chilly, but there was the romance of distance about it all. No longer was Niagara Falls to be the farthest place I had journeyed. In the evening we did our stuff in St. Andrew's Church where the chairman explained that if it had not been for the rival attraction of a hockey match the church would have been crowded.

But what did we care? Ten dollars each we boys were paid and that was real money. I found that I liked earning money. I still like it.

However, that was not to be my only experience in the north. A few years later I journeyed to the mining country of Cobalt to sell Nordheimer pianos. It was the dead of winter and my mother had bought underclothing for me of a thickness which would have astonished a polar explorer. May I quote a short extract from my book, *Strange Street?*

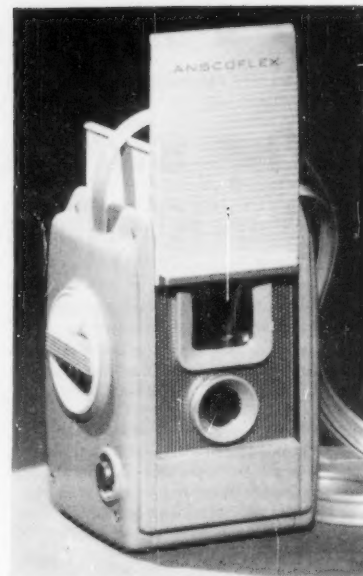
"Early next morning we left North Bay for the final run to the mining country that had excited the whole world. At last it appeared, hideous and magnificent, with rough buildings, thrown up overnight, sprawling like drunken men across the landscape, towering shafts driven into the rebellious earth, smoke nosing its way through the falling snowflakes, men in fur caps over their ears and their breath steaming in the wintry air.

"The Cobalt House was a large wooden hotel that served as first-class accommodation. I was given half a cubicle in which there were two tiny iron beds. The noise in the hotel was terrific. The rush was on and the adventurers of a continent were there, full-bearded, hard-eyed fellows who had struck lucky and were celebrating in laughter, drink and blasphemy. The others were there too, the failures. They had gambled and lost—not like the Monte Carlo pygmies with counters on a green table but with hunger and heartaches and defeat. There were promoters as well, preparing the bait for the public, and confidence men content with quicker profits, and the harlots were beginning to arrive. All mining rushes are the same.

"Dazed by the roughness of it I was hopelessly lonely and depressed. I sat all day in a leather chair looking at the snow and listening to the clamor at the bar. I spoke to no one and no one spoke to me. The interminable day at last came to an end and I went to bed. To my relief the other occupant was not there and I was soon asleep. About midnight my fellow lodger burst into the cubicle drunkenly brandishing a bottle of whisky and a bottle of olives. His eyes were bloodshot and his beard was full of crumbs. Stretching himself on the bed and ignoring my presence he alternatively drank from the one bottle and swallowed olives from the other while he talked to himself of bastardy."

There is nothing kind or gentle about the word "north." Even when it comes to the arts you do not expect the sensuous or the voluptuous. The only warmth Ibsen ever showed in his plays was when someone's house burned down and the owner had failed to pay his last insurance premium. My own impression is that Ibsen was so chilly that he put in a burning house to warm himself.

One has only to look back to the American Civil War to realize that the north was certain to defeat the south. There was a gracefulness about the



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IN MACLEAN'S DECEMBER 1 ISSUE

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By Yousuf Karsh

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DECEMBER 1 ISSUE

ON SALE NOVEMBER 23

life in the south; there was a chivalry, an elegance, formality, charm and, of course, slavery.

But in the north there were factories and hard-headed men who knew how to manufacture guns. The whole affair was not unlike the schoolboy's description of the English Civil War which ended with the decapitation of Charles I. "The Cavaliers," wrote the schoolboy, "were wrong but romantic; the Roundheads were right but repulsive."

Yes, the north must always conquer the south. Look at the way the Scots have invaded England through the centuries. They become the heads of English banks; they rise to power in industry; they secure high posts in the fields of science and education, and they make us drink whisky instead of wine. The only thing they cannot do is make us eat porridge.

The World's Finest Poets

But the English need the rugged qualities of the Scot. Left to themselves the English would be just dreamers and poets and visionaries and explorers. They know that there is something lost behind the ranges and that they must go and find it. Captain Cook is a good example. He was sent out by the navy to chart the transit of Venus, but discovered Australia instead. A grateful government gave him £250 but warned him not to do it again.

So out go the Scots to organize what the Englishman has found. On every British liner that sails the seas today there is an English captain and a Scottish chief engineer. That is the traditional combination of the north and south.

England has produced the greatest poets in the world, whereas the Scots have had to get on with one poet. But that is the north and south of it.

Over here we speak of Yorkshire as the north, and it is therefore not surprising that although the Romans invaded Yorkshire they could not subdue it. The men of York gave the Romans no peace and I am certain that they, the Romans, were glad to leave it eventually. Even today that tough little Yorkshireman, Sir Thomas Beecham, is the terror of the musical world.

This brings us to the question of whether the vast Canadian north will breed a new race of artists and dreamers in the white silence of the snows. This

much is certain—it will inspire the painter, the novelist and the poet but they will almost certainly be southerners.

I saw the effect of the far north on Lord Tweedsmuir when he was your governor-general. I stayed with him at Rideau Hall just after he had come back from a flight to the frozen north, and one could see how it was obsessing him as a novelist.

The silent temple of the snows, the selflessness of a priest ministering to his far-flung little flock, the simple kindness of people to each other, a remoteness which gives the soul a chance to be heard, the whispering music of the snowflakes . . . it was a pity he could not have written a novel with that background.

Here indeed is food for the artist, the dreamer, the poet. Yet oddly enough the grandeur of nature more often subdues than inspires the creative artist. Arnold Bennett, living in the hard, materialistic industrialism of the Five Towns, sought escape from it through his pen. Charles Dickens as a small boy in a bottle factory experienced that divine discontent which is the very basis of literature.

Beauty in itself does not necessarily inspire the creative artist. More often it is the ugliness of things that drives the artist to his canvas, or the novelist to his manuscript.

But there is a terrible fascination about the unconquered north. Few of the Arctic explorers going to their death trying to find the North Pole would have asked for a better end. It had to be. The call was stronger than life itself.

Nor can we forget the questing spirit of Frobisher who, as far back as the sixteenth century, sought to find the Northwest Passage to the Orient. He failed and was almost lost on the coast of Greenland. He eventually reached Labrador, and Frobisher Bay is named for him. Dreamers, heroes, poets, adventurers—for so many of them there was just the memorial of the eternal snows.

The northern heritage of Canada is vaster than a miser's dream. There lies the stubborn wealth that will sustain the strength of the democracies in peace and war. And perhaps the poets, the dreamers, the painters and the composers of young Canada will find their inspiration there.

It challenges imagination, and imagination is the parent of expression. ★



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Should Artists Look at Politics?

Canadian artists Varley and Aldwinckle proclaim that they are above politics and sociology (What Two Canadian Artists Saw in Russia, Oct. 1). How quaint! Maybe they should have gone to Pontypool or Wasaga Beach?

No wonder our artists have been in the doldrums for so long and are, albeit good craftsmen, inferior artists. Canadian artists are synonymous with lakes, trees, mountains—never people's faces! That is why our art is dull.

When Varley and Aldwinckle and the rest take an interest in the life, work, problems of Canadian people, they then may emerge as artists.

Right now, who are they kidding?
—D. Singer, Toronto.

How Oakville Stands

An article in Maclean's, Why Live in the Suburbs, by John Gray (Sept. 1), says: "Many suburbs, lacking the industrial assessment to support their . . . residential building, have gone deeply in the red. Oakville, Ont., had to get the provincial government to bail it out of a half-million-dollar hole last spring."

Oakville was not, and is not, in financial difficulties. Between 1946 and 1953 some \$467,600 (including \$45,800 bank interest) was spent by the town on the construction of sewers, sidewalks and water mains, and financed by borrowing from the town's bankers. The town authorities . . . neglected to secure approval of the Ontario Municipal Board for the works prior to their construction. Consequently an act of the provincial legislature was necessary to enable the town to issue debentures to repay its bankers and establish a procedure for imposing rates to repay the debenture loan.

The town had no difficulty in selling the debentures, and in fact arrangements were made to sell them many months before the act was passed. The town has since arranged to sell a substantial amount of new debentures at a considerably lower rate of interest. Its credit is first class.

No financial assistance from the province was either required or received at any time. The provincial legislature passed an act enabling the town to use its excellent credit to solve the problem itself.

I venture to say that it would be hard to find a municipality in Canada less "in the red" than Oakville.—John H. H. Depew, Oakville.

Mr. Depew's account is right, and Maclean's account was wrong. The editors and author Gray apologize to the Town of Oakville.

Wrong County for a Tory

In the article, The Haughtiest Suburb of Them All (Sept. 15), the author refers to "a gerrymander carried out during Sir Robert Borden's regime when it looked as if the local Conservative candidate, Sir George Perley, might not poll sufficient support to carry Russell County. To ensure his election voters from the true-blue Tory county of Carleton were switched to Russell, and Perley won."

This story is absolutely untrue. The

only constituency Sir George Perley ever represented was Argenteuil in Quebec. Sir Robert Borden was Prime Minister from 1911 to 1920. Russell has not elected a Conservative to the House of Commons since 1882—twenty-two years before Sir George Perley entered Parliament.—Hugh C. Farthing, Calgary.

Learning to Creep

Re Dr. Berrill's article, We'd Be Better Off on All Fours (Sept. 15):

*And now I see it's been all wrong,
The way we walk around.
Should have been crawling all along,
With bellies to the ground.
Our backbones have been wishbones,
Not fit to take the strain.
That's why we hear the moans and groans
As we are wracked with pain.
Professor Berrill, you may be right
To creep might do the trick:
At least cut out the rat-race fight,
That helps to make us sick.*
—H. D. Hulbert, Campbellville, Ont.

Racial Prejudice

Your editorial on Racial Prejudice and the Law (Sept. 1) was a timely answer to those who are continually decrying the use of legislation for this purpose. These people are like those of a previous age who argued against compulsory education, and their arguments are just as fatuous. Naturally

prejudice isn't eliminated merely by passing the law; illiteracy wasn't eliminated merely by passing a law of compulsory education. Schools had to be built and staffed under that law, and generations of children had to attend these schools before the result was obtained. But without the law in the first place . . . the schools would never have been built, and we now know that no country has ever attained mass literacy without such a law.

If you scratch beneath the surface of the antilegislationists, you will probably find that what they really want is to keep racial and other minorities "in their place," just as their predecessors who fought compulsory education really wanted to keep the masses "in their place."—G. H. Mossop, Toronto.

Cads and Poets Kiss and Tell

This is an open letter to Robert W.



Service after reading his poem, Old Tom (Sept. 1):

Dear Bob, I'm glad it was not I
You used to call your sweetie pie,
In days of that mad rush for gold.
For you're the guy that kissed and told.
—E. McLeod, Calgary.

JASPER

By Simpkins



"Boy! You really are lost."

Two Sides to Snob Schools

Beverley Baxter's attack on what he calls Britain's "snob schools" (Oct. 1) made me boil. This in spite of the magnificent cartoon which said a great deal more than Baxter's illogical argument that the major bad influence was that such schools were not co-educational. Very few good schools in the Old Country are . . .

Maybe Baxter has not studied Kinsey's Sexual Behavior of the American Male and ditto of the American female, or he might find there are two sides to co-educational schools. In any case it has little bearing on snobbery. There is just as much class distinction in Canada as in the Old Country, only it is based on material possessions rather than on birth, breeding and education.—C. Sargent.

● Thank you for that picture of the Etonians and the Cockney sparrows. I can almost hear the urchin in the middle as out of the corner of his mouth comes—"Garn knock 'is blinking 'at orf. I dare yer." Truly the picture of the year.—D. Adams, Saint John.

● Assuming that Beverley Baxter might assume that it would be officious if he sent President Eisenhower a copy of his Sept. 15 London Letter (Come to England, Mr. President!), I took it upon myself to cut the article out, mount it, and have mailed it to HIS EXCELLENCY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.—R. Randolph Chamberlain, Prescott, Ont.

The Vanished Rivermen

Just want to say how much I enjoyed The Vanished Glory of the Rivermen (July 1).

I was especially interested in pictures of the rafts that went down to Quebec in 1908 . . . It was quite a thrilling experience, shooting the rapids and timber slides between Waltham and Ottawa. At times we worked hard, and long hours, but I have many pleasant memories of the trip.—A. M. Acheson, New Westminster, B.C.

Loves Being Miss Canada

I was amused by the article, My, Uh, Dazzling Career as Miss Canada (Sept. 15), but I was also saddened to think that with all the opportunities Miss Canada had she couldn't have made better use of them.

No more demands are made of a Miss Canada than of any other person



Miss Canada 1955
Girls who lost got scholarships

in the public eye, in any field . . . So far I have loved every minute of my reign and am looking forward to new experiences and opportunities and meeting fascinating and wonderful people every day. It's the best thing that could happen to any Canadian girl.

This year the pageant was held in Windsor's Jackson Park Auditorium (during centennial celebrations) and 15,000 people saw it. Twenty-four girls came from across Canada; every one of those girls went home with a \$100 scholarship at least and encouragement and experience to continue in her own field of talent from sword fencing to just plain living . . . I was proud to

be associated with them and with the Miss Canada Pageant officials who I know have young Canada's best interests at heart.—Barbara Joan Markham, Cornwall, Ont., Miss Canada 1955.

● All this is supposed to help the youth of the nation. If someone had deliberately tried to debase youth he could not have used a more effective method.—L. A. Fowler, Calgary.

We're in the Field

My unit has received copies of the Sept. 1 edition of your magazine. I



was a regular reader of yours back home in Toronto and it certainly is good to get Maclean's over here too.—Cpl. John C. Vassair, In the Field, Korea.

● Thank you for the many pleasant hours of reading I am deriving from Maclean's and while I am at it I would like to throw bouquets to one Robert Thomas Allen. As today's teen-agers would say, "He's the greatest," and I hope we'll see lots more of his work.—Mrs. H. G. Basil, Vancouver.

Three Women: One Writer?

The samples of handwriting published with the article, Three Women: One Body (Sept. 1), were interesting to anyone examining disputed writing. In my opinion the evidence of identical authorship of the three samples should be sufficient to convince any court. There are a large number of inconspicuous features, departures from standard writing, that taken together prove conclusively the work of one hand. The differences are no more than are commonly found in the writing of the same person at different times or in different moods.—A. G. Farmer, Examiner of Questioned Documents, Toronto.

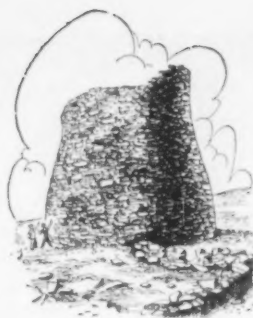
A Gnome Named Jerome

The author's account of The Mystery of Jerome (Sept. 15) differs in many respects from what I gathered on long acquaintance with the subject, which included meeting Jerome. This occurred years ago when I was a commercial traveler in the district between Yarmouth and Digby and stopped at an Acadian farmhouse for a meal . . . While eating with the elderly couple who were my hosts I heard a rustling which seemed to come from a large wood box behind the kitchen stove. A gnomelike figure glided swiftly through the room and out of the back door. That was Jerome, close to the end of his mysterious career, attired in a suit of long underwear, the legs doubled over his stumps and held by safety pins. He whimpered as he ran like a very young pup. As I remember, he had a bald pate by that time, an intelligent head with extremely high forehead, and as colorless as a corpse.

I was told by the old folks that he was found at Sandy Cove in 1854 and that he spoke neither then nor after. His name was given him by the villagers who cared for him and no information was ever gleaned from him as to his name or racial origin.—H. D. Lewis, Vancouver. ★

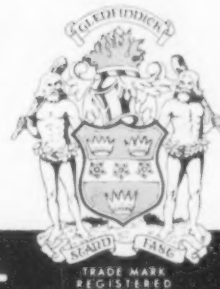
REFUGE OF THE IRON AGE

The Brock of Mousa, historic fort of the Iron Age, is one of 300 ancient war towers still standing along the waterways of Scotland. Laid stone upon stone, but without lime, its walls are sixteen feet thick and forty feet in height, even without the top.



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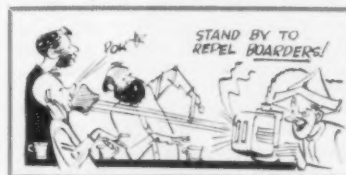


THE BLEAK and characterless Arctic terrain can play hilarious spoofs on travelers, providing they live to laugh about it. One American aircrew became lost on a flight home to the States, finally force-landed out of gas on what they thought was an Alaskan glacier, and wired Fairbanks for help. The Fairbanks operator, puzzled over the location they gave, took a careful bearing on their radio signal—then dispatched the rescue plane to one of Greenland's icy mountains half a continent away. That's where they were, all right.

The secret of survival in the far north is being able to improvise, and Arctic dwellers will go to any lengths for a laugh. During the early days at Eureka, farthest north of all the meteorological stations, the little band of weather pioneers had been looking forward to the arrival of two mechanical aids to gracious living—a pop-up toaster and an electric mixer. The two men detailed to unpack the next payload of supplies were pleased to note both gadgets had arrived. Then they uncovered a set of springs ordered as spare parts for a small electrical generator—and temptation was born.

They sat up half the night taking the toaster apart and installing one of the heavier generator springs in place of the spring intended to make the toaster tick. Then they sat up the rest of the night rewiring the three-speed mixer to run at full speed when set at low. And they installed both items in the kitchen just in time for breakfast.

The pair sipped the first sweet reward for a hard night's work when the souped-up toaster, instead of



popping, exploded toast skyward to shatter on the ceiling. And they choked in helpless delight when one fellow who had been dreaming for days about having a good glass of milk, dumped a pound of the powdered stuff into a gallon of water, shoved the bowl under the new beater and cautiously turned it on "low." At full speed the beater sucked the stuff out of the bowl and hurled it like a white wave all over the room.

No two men knew their way around the trackless wastes better

than the veteran Mountie and his Eskimo guide who headed their dog team back toward Baker Lake, on the tundra, after visiting some outlying villages. When a blinding blizzard closed in on them they pushed on for a time, but knowing it was foolhardy to chance getting off the trail they built a snowhouse in which

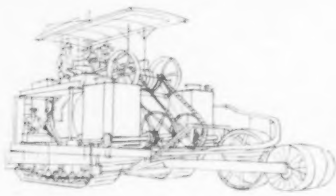
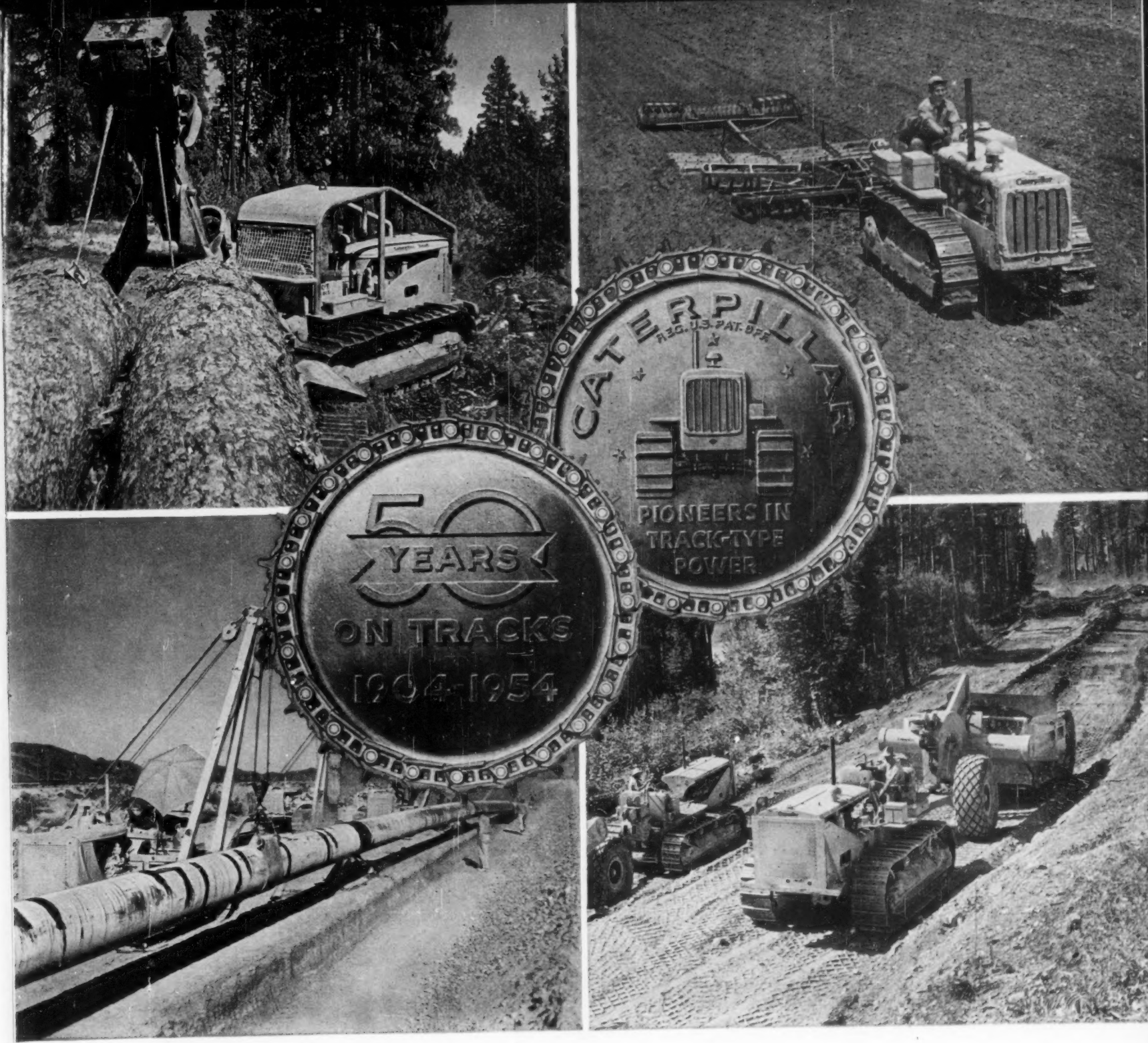


to wait out the storm. As the Eskimo started a small stove for heat the Mountie dug into the floor for chunks of clean snow to melt down for tea. His knife struck something and he pulled out an empty tin can, then another and another. Slowly it dawned on him that they had pitched camp on top of their own garbage dump behind their base at Baker Lake.

Those mix-ups that provide amusing chitchat anywhere else can become bleakly painful under conditions of isolation. The residents of Chesterfield Inlet, on the west shore of Hudson Bay, were in such a rush to get their mail away on the annual boat one summer that they bundled it up in a mailbag they had just emptied—and neglected to change the tag. Months later a passing plane dropped in with an extra bag of mail addressed to Chesterfield that had turned up at Churchill. Nobody laughed at all when the sack was opened and out cascaded all the letters the men had written home.

A Parade scout in the north was also moved by the story about the big beauty contest held a few years ago on a brisk spring day to choose Miss Yellowknife. The spectators were all sensibly bundled in their parkas and you couldn't help but admire the pluck of the dozen shapely contestants who paraded in the chill open air in bathing suits. But the judges couldn't see anything beautiful in bare legs turned blue and bare backs covered with goose-pimples. They gave the crown to the one sissy who turned up in sweater and skirt.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



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